

The
Supplement



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The Supplement



A Collection of Hymns and Tunes

Specially Designed as a Supplement

to

Any Hymn Book

MORGAN & SCOTT LD.
12, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS,
LONDON. E.C.

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THE PUBLISHERS.

WHEREVER a hymn-book has been in use for some time, the desire naturally arises to bring it up to date.

This constantly recurring experience has usually been the chief reason for bringing out revised editions of hymnals ; but a revised edition is only possible when a sufficient number of new pieces of high merit have been given to the world.

Further, such a revision does not always completely meet the need. Experience has shown that the result of putting a popular hymn-book into the crucible of an Editorial Committee, and bringing out an entirely different book under the old title, does not always command the approval of those for whom it is intended.

The present Publishers have been fortunate in securing a large number of very choice new tunes as well as words ; many of which are of such exceeding merit that it has been urged, by those most capable of judging, that they claim for themselves a permanent place in Christian hymnody.

It has, therefore, been decided to issue a carefully chosen selection of these pieces under the title of THE SUPPLEMENT, giving what is considered to be the choicest work of modern hymn writers and composers. They have particularly avoided overlapping with other hymn-books, by excluding any music that is contained in them ; so that THE SUPPLEMENT may *bring up to date any hymn-book with which it is used.*

The adoption of THE SUPPLEMENT, for use along with a favourite hymn-book, has the further merit that all old favourites are retained, whereas whenever a new edition is published the Selection Committee is almost sure to omit some of the hymns which the people can least spare ; with the result that such a new book inevitably produces keen disappointment. Further, the adding of THE SUPPLEMENT involves much less expenditure than any other plan by which the required variety can be provided, seeing that there is then no necessity to buy the old indispensable hymns over again. Well-known hymns have been included where

new choice tunes have become available which seemed to demand a hearing because of their appropriate musical sympathy with the words, thus giving to some of the hymns, it is believed for the first time, the full significance of their message.

In regard to the selection of the music, no tune has been adopted unless by sheer merit it has seemed to force itself into its rightful place. In fact, a large number of the pieces have been actually practised by choirs of varying ability; and the test of actual use having been applied, only tunes have been retained which could really pass with acclamation.

Those who sing in parts will doubtless appreciate the skill shown in the harmonizing of many of them, giving as it does an interesting part to each singer.

It is believed that in public use the hymns and melodies contained in THE SUPPLEMENT will meet with hearty appreciation; while choirs and soloists will find a wide choice of new pieces specially suited for their use in the service of praise, as well as in every other branch of Christian work.

MAY, 1914.

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THE SUPPLEMENT.

1

Sing, Christian, Sing!

"Sing forth the honour of His name: make His praise glorious."—PSALM lxxvi. 2.

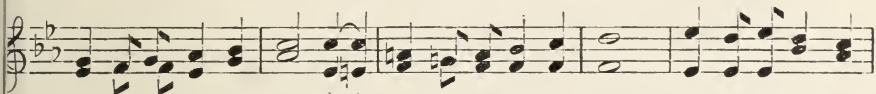
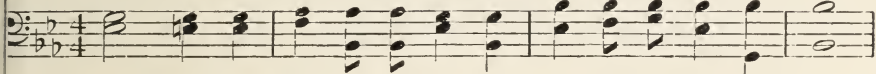
L. SHOREY.

OWEN MEREDITH.

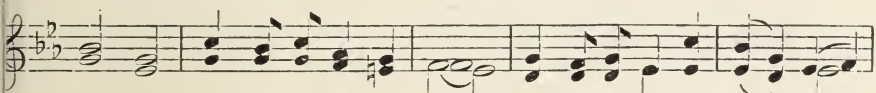
$\text{♩} = 120.$



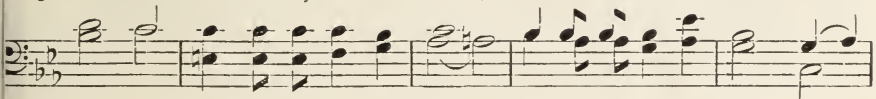
1. Sing, Chris-tian! sing in the morn-ing, Sing at the op-ning day;
2. Sing, Chris-tian! sing in the noon-tide, Sing in His blest em-ploy;
3. Sing, Chris-tian! sing on thy jour-ney, Wea-ry thy way may be;



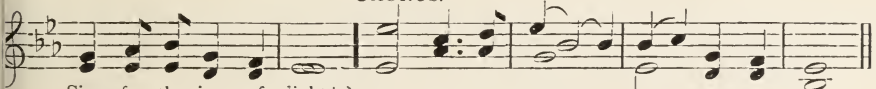
1. Sing for thy glad a-wak-ing, Praise Him be-fore you pray. Sing, for His care hath
2. Tho'ma-ny cares may vex thee, Look up to Him, thy Joy! Thou hast a bless-ed
3. Lone-li-er was the path-way He trod in Geth-se-ma-ne. Sing, for the way is



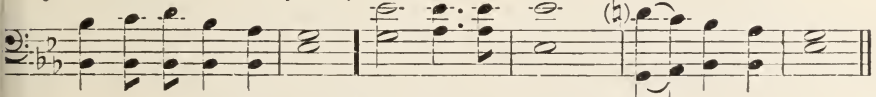
1. kept thee Safe thro' the dark-some night; Sing for the joy of sun-shine,
2. Mas-ter, One who has made thee free; Sing in the joy of ser-vice;
3. home-ward, Yon-der thy toil shall cease; Yon-der His home a-waits thee—



CHORUS.



1. Sing for the joy of light!
2. Sing, for He lov-eth thee. } Sing, Chris-tian, sing! Sing, Chris-tian, sing!
3. Wel-come, and rest, and peace. }



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4. Sing, Christian! sing in thy sorrow,
He doeth all things well;
And though thy voice may quaver,
And grief thy bosom swell—
Look up and trust His mercy,
He sendeth what is best;
Thou knowest that He loves thee,
Then trust Him for the rest.

5. Sing, Christian! sing in the evening,
Sing when thy work is done,
Sing when the race is ended,
Sing when the goal is won!
Sing e'en in slumber, seeking
Rest for thy weary frame;
Send up a glad thanksgiving,
Praises to His dear name.

Oh, Teach me what it Meaneth.

L. A. BENNETT.

"While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."—ROM. v. 8.

E. W. SHUTTLEWORTH.

♩ = 88.

p

1. Oh, teach me what it mean - eth— That Cross up - lift - ed high,
2. Oh, teach me what it mean - eth— That sa - cred crim - son tide—

1. With One— the Man of Sor - rows— Con - demn'd to bleed and die!
2. The blood and wa - ter flow - ing From 'Thine own wound - ed side.

1. Oh, teach me what it cost Thee To make a sin - ner whole;
2. Teach me that if none o - ther Had sinn'd, but I a - lone,

rit. e dim.

1. And teach me, Sa - viour, teach me The val - ue of a soul
2. Yet still Thy blood, O Je - sus, Thine on - ly must a - tone.

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3. Oh, teach me what it meaneth—
Thy love beyond compare,
The love that reacheth deeper
Than depths of self despair!
Yea, teach me, till there gloweth
In this cold heart of mine
Some feeble, pale reflection
Of that pure love of Thine.
4. Oh, teach me what it meaneth,
For I am full of sin;
And grace alone can reach me,
And love alone can win.
Oh, teach me, for I need Thee—
I have no hope beside—
The chief of all the sinners
For whom the Saviour died!

5. Oh, teach me what it meaneth,
The "rest" which Thou dost give
To all the "heavy-laden"
Who look to Thee and live;
Because I am a rebel
Thy pardon I receive;
Because Thou dost command me,
I can, I do believe!
6. O Infinite Redeemer!
I bring no other plea;
Because Thou dost invite me,
I cast myself on Thee.
Because Thou dost accept me,
I love and I adore;
Because Thy love constraineth,
I'll praise Thee evermore!

3 Keep your Light Shining for Jesus.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—MATT. v. 16.

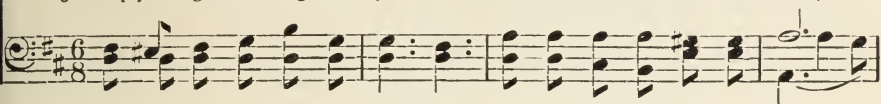
M. A. E. S.

M. A. E. SAUNDERS.

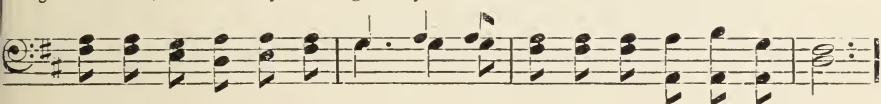
♩. = 50.



1. Keep your light shin - ing for Je - sus, Bright'ning this world's wea - ry way ;.....
2. Keep your light shin - ing for Je - sus; Speak words of kind - ness each day ;.....
3. Tell them the Sa - viour is wait - ing, Long - ing to make them His own ;.....
4. Keep your light shin - ing for Je - sus, Do - ing kind deeds while you may ;.....
5. Keep your light shin - ing for Je - sus, Show forth His love more and more ;.....



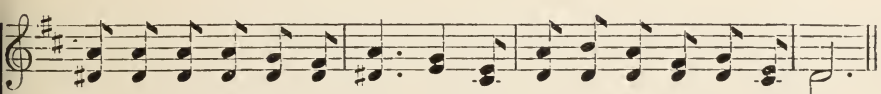
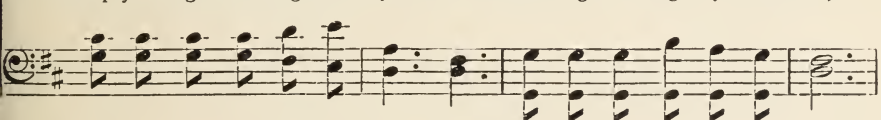
1. Show - ing to o - thers how Je - sus Doth glad - den our hearts day by day.
2. Tell those whose footsteps are stray - ing To turn, and no long - er de - lay.
3. Lov - ing - ly then He will guide them—They nev - er will wan - der a - lone.
4. Let your life prove one sweet bless - ing, Cheer o - thers a - long life's rough way.
5. Serve Him, till one day in glo - ry You'll rest in His love ev - er - more.



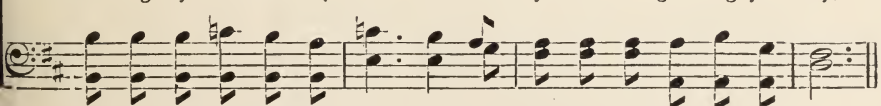
CHORUS.



Keep your light shin - ing for Je - sus, Burn - ing so bright - ly each day ;



Show - ing by words and by ac - tions That Je - sus is guid - ing your way,



I have a Saviour.

S. O'M. CLUFF.

"I will pray for you unto the Lord."—1 SAMUEL vii. 5.

A. HALLAM SIMPSON.

Andante.

mp

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords in a 4/4 time signature, while the left hand plays a simple bass line. The tempo is marked *Andante* and the dynamic is *mp*.

p

1. I have a Sa-viour; He's plead-ing in glo-ry—A

piu rit. e dim. *p a tempo.*

The first vocal entry begins with a half rest followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with chords. The tempo changes from *Andante* to *p a tempo.* after the first measure.

dear, lov-ing Sa-viour, tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch-ing in

The second vocal entry continues the melody. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

piu rit.

ten-der-ness o'er me: And oh, that my Sa-viour were your Sa-viour, too!

mf *piu rit.*

The third vocal entry concludes the phrase. The piano accompaniment features a *mf* dynamic and a *piu rit.* tempo marking towards the end of the section.

I have a Saviour—continued.

CHORUS.

pp

For you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing,

mf

Much slower.

For you I am pray - ing— I'm pray - ing for you.

2.
I have a Father : to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true ;
And soon He will call me to meet Him in heaven :
But oh, may He lead you to go with me too !

3.
I have a robe : 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view ;
Oh, when I receive it all shining in brightness,
Dear friend, could I see you receiving one too !

4.
I have a peace : it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never knew !
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver—
And oh, could I know it was given to you !

5.
When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too !
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to
glory, [for you !]
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered

5 Word of the Ever-living God.

"All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable."—2 TIM. iii. 16.

BERNARD BARTON.

(FELLOWSHIP. C.M.)

GRAHAM MARTIN.

1. Word of the ev - er - liv - ing God, Pro - claim'd by saints of old,
2. Voice of my God ! which brought me low, Re - veal - ing all my sin,

1. Who, a - ges ere it came to pass, His bless - ed will fore - told.
2. Then told me of the Lamb who died, And gave me peace with - in.

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3. Voice of my God ! whose promise true
Has been my strength and stay,
Whose loving precepts led me on
In wisdom's pleasant way.

4. Voice of my God ! which tells for me
My Saviour pleads above,
And that I full forgiveness have
Through His unchanging love.

5. Voice of my God ! which whispers clear
Of glory's coming day,
When in my Saviour's light I'll shine,
My sins all washed away.

6. O precious Word ! how dark would be
This world, but for thy light,
Which tells of heaven's eternal day
Now dawning on our night.

Come as You Are!

"This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest."—ISA. xxviii. 12.

H. L.

♩ = 138.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. If you are tired of your dark sin-ful life, Come as you are, come as you are!

2. If you have struggled with sin all in vain, Come as you are, come as you are!

1. If you are wea-ry of sin with its strife, Come as you are to Je-sus!

2. If you have tried a-gain and a-gain, Come as you are to Je-sus!

CHORUS.

Come as you are, come as you are, Come as you are to Je-sus!

Lost and be-guiled, tar-nish'd, de-filed— Come as you are to Je-sus!

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3. If you have travelled sin's long weary road,
Come as you are, come as you are!
If you are carrying sin's heavy load,
Come as you are to Jesus!
4. If you are truly convicted of sin,
Come as you are, come as you are;
If you desire a new life to begin,
Come as you are to Jesus!

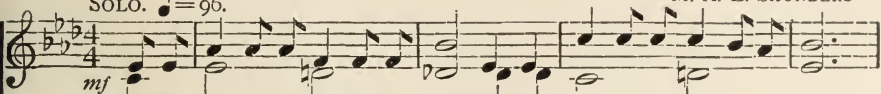
There's Glory in my Soul!

"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 JOHN i. 7.

M. A. E. S.

M. A. E. SAUNDERS

SOLO. ♩ = 96.



Are you Coming Home To-night?

"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN vi. 37.

C. C.

REGINALD F. BARCLAY.

1. Are you com - ing Home, ye
2. Are you com - ing Home, ye
3. Are you com - ing Home, ye

Andante. ♩ = 108.

mp *piu rit.* *a tempo.*

Ben legato.

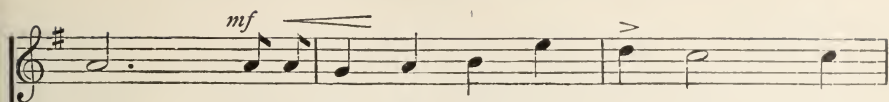
- | | | | | | | |
|-----------------|------|----------|------|------|-------|------|
| 1. wan - d'ers, | Whom | Je - sus | died | to | win-- | All |
| 2. lost ones? | .Be | hold, | your | Lord | doth | Come |
| 3. guil - ty, | Who | bear | the | load | of | Out |

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics "The Rose Tree" are written below the bass staff.

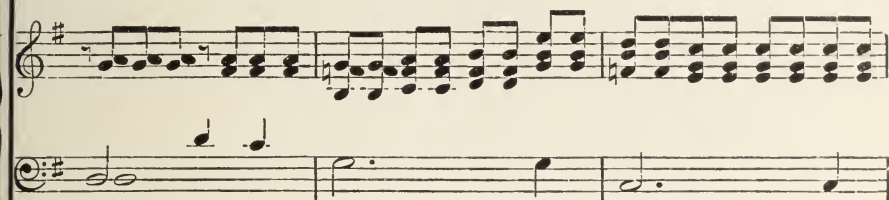
1. foot - sore, lame, and wea - ry, Your gar - ments stain'd with
2. then I no long - er lin - ger; Come ere it be too
3. - side you've long been stand - ing— Come now, and ven - ture

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for a piano and voice. The piano part is on the left, featuring a treble and bass staff with a grand staff bracket. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part includes a variety of musical notations, including eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and a repeat sign. The voice part is on the right, written on a single staff with a treble clef. The lyrics are written below the staff. The score is for the first system of the piece.

Are you Coming Home?—continued.



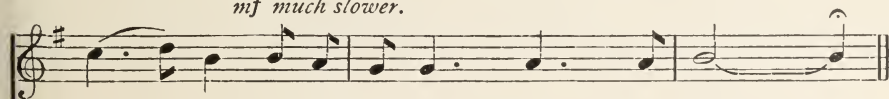
1. sin? Will you seek the blood of Je - sus To
 2. late! Will you come, and let Him save you? Oh,
 3. in! Will you heed the Sa - viour's pro - mise, And



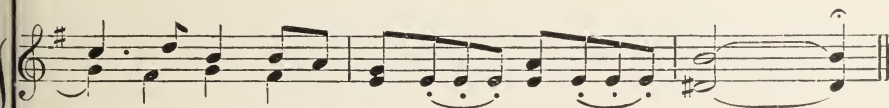
1. wash your gar - ments white?..... Will you trust His pre - cious
 2. trust His love and might!..... Will you come while He is
 3. dare to trust Him quite?..... "Come un - to Me!" saith



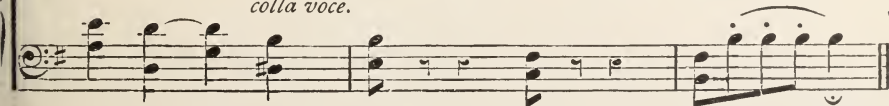
mf much slower.



1. pro - mise? Are you com - ing Home to - night?.....
 2. call - - ing? Are you com - ing Home to - night?.....
 3. Je - - sus: Are you com - ing Home to - night?.....



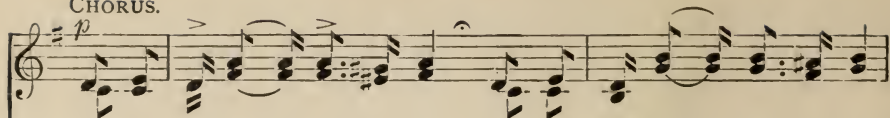
colla voce.



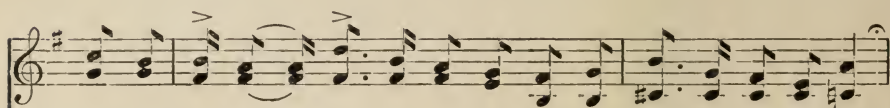
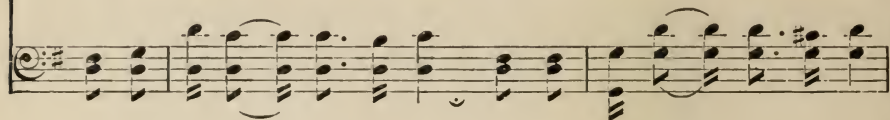
[Segue CHORUS.]

Are you Coming Home?—continued.

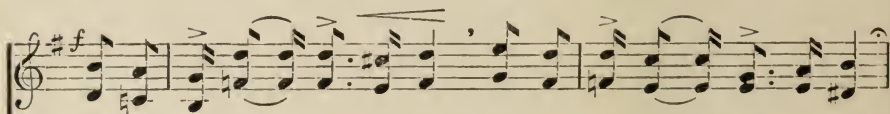
CHORUS.



Are you com - ing Home to-night? Are you com - ing Home to-night?



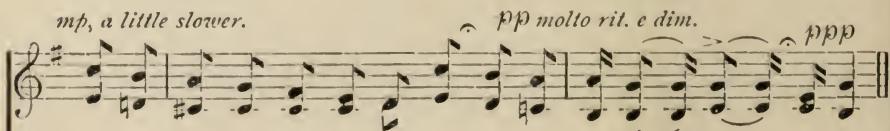
Are you com - ing Home to Je - sus Out of dark - ness in - to light?



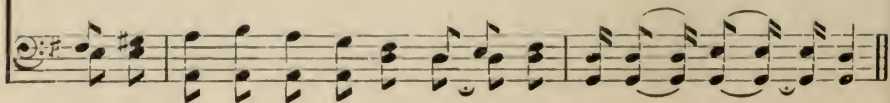
Are you com - ing Home to-night? Are you com - ing Home to-night?



mp, a little slower.



To your lov - ing heav'n - ly Fa - ther Are you com - ing Home to-night?



God is Love!

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

(1 JOHN iv. 8.)

HUGH BUCKLEY.

♩. = 90.

f

1. God is love !..... His mer - cy bright - ens All the
2. Chance and change..... are bu - sy ev - er ; Man de -

1. path in which we rove ; Bliss He wakes, and woe He
2. - cays, and a - ges move ; But His mer - cy wa - neth

1. light - ens : God is light, and God is love !.....
2. nev - er : God is light, and God is love !.....

CHORUS.

God is light, and God is love ! God is light, and God is love !

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3. E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove ;
From the gloom His brightness streameth :
God is light, and God is love !
4. He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above ;
Everywhere His glory shineth :
God is light, and God is love !

Are you Keeping Close to Jesus?

A. E. NAISH.

"Lo, I am with you alway."—MATT. xxviii. 20,

L. J. KENNEDY.

1. Are you keep - ing close to Je - sus, As you

mf *rit.* *p a tempo.*

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked '♩ = 60'. The piano part includes dynamic markings: *mf* (mezzo-forte), *rit.* (ritardando), and *p a tempo.* (piano, a tempo). The lyrics '1. Are you keep - ing close to Je - sus, As you' are written below the vocal line.

jour - ney on life's way? In the light of His dear pres - ence, Still re -

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The lyrics 'jour - ney on life's way? In the light of His dear pres - ence, Still re -' are written below the vocal line.

- joi - cing day by day? Tho' a - round the sha-dows ga-ther, There is light when He is

cres

The third system of the musical score. It concludes the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics '- joi - cing day by day? Tho' a - round the sha-dows ga-ther, There is light when He is' are written below the vocal line. The piano part ends with a *cres* (crescendo) marking.

Are you Keeping Close to Jesus?—continued.

cen - - - *do.* *f* *piu rit.*

near; Per-fect peace and sur-est safe-ty, Tho' earth's night be dark and drear.

piu rit.

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

mf

Are you keep-ing close to Je-sus, As you jour-ney on life's way?

rit. e dim. p

In the light of His dear pres-ence, Still re-joi-ning day by day?

2.

Are you keeping close to Jesus,
Who doth ever truly guide?
In His strength yet pressing onward,
In His love to still abide?
Drawing nearer as with gladness,
Still you listen to His voice?
In the light of His dear presence,
Winning others to rejoice?

3.

Are you keeping close to Jesus,
Trusting fully in His love?
Looking forward to the gladness
Of His home of joy above?
Where no shadows e'er may gather,
And life's journey safely o'er,
All His loved ones dwell with Jesus,
To rejoice for evermore.

God is Working His Purpose out.

"The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."—ISA. xi. 9.

A. C. AINGER.

(HAMPSTEAD. P.M.)

CORBYN MAITLAND.

mp

* For verses 2 & 3. † For verses 2, 3, & 4.

f *Risoluto.*

A - men.

God is Working His Purpose out—*continued.*

1. GOD is working His purpose out, as year succeeds to year ;
God is working His purpose out, and the time is drawing near—
Nearer and nearer draws the time, the time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea
2. From utmost East to utmost West, where'er man's foot hath trod,
By the mouth of many messengers goes forth the voice of God ;
Give ear to Me, ye continents—ye isles, give ear to Me,
That the earth may be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.
3. What can we do to work God's work, to prosper and increase
The brotherhood of all mankind—the reign of the Prince of Peace ?
What can we do to hasten the time—the time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea ?
4. March we forth in the strength of God with the banner of Christ unfurled,
That the light of the glorious Gospel of Truth may shine throughout the world :
Fight we the fight with sorrow and sin, to set their captives free,
That the earth may be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.
5. All we can do is nothing worth, unless God blesses the deed ;
Vainly we hope for the harvest, till God gives life to the seed ;
Yet nearer and nearer draws the time—the time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.

12

The Chariots of the Lord.

"The chariots of God are . . . even many thousands."—PSALM lxxviii. 17 (*marg.*).

J. BROWNLEE.

♩ = 100. *With vigour.*

EDGAR PETTMAN.

1. The cha-riots of the Lord are strong..... Their num - ber pass - eth ken;
2. Where un - a-bash'd, the pow'r of sin..... Vaunts an un - hin - der'd sway ;
3. For free-dom wield the sword of night,..... And cut the bands that bind ;
4. Where hands are weak and hearts are faint,..... Thro' con - flict sharp and sore ;

1. Mount them and fight a - gainst the wrong, Ye who are va - liant men.....
2. Ride, in the strength of God, and win Fresh lau - rels in the fray.....
3. Strike bold - ly in the cause of right, And still fresh lau - rels find.....
4. Where hearts that mur - mur no com - plaint Shrink at the thought of more.....

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- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>5. There let the power of God be shown,
To quell Satanic might ;
To rescue those who strive alone,
Despondent in the fight.</p> | <p>6. Ride on, the chariots of the Lord,
Dispel the hosts of sin ;
Ye who are valiant, wield the sword,
And still fresh laurels win.</p> |
|--|--|

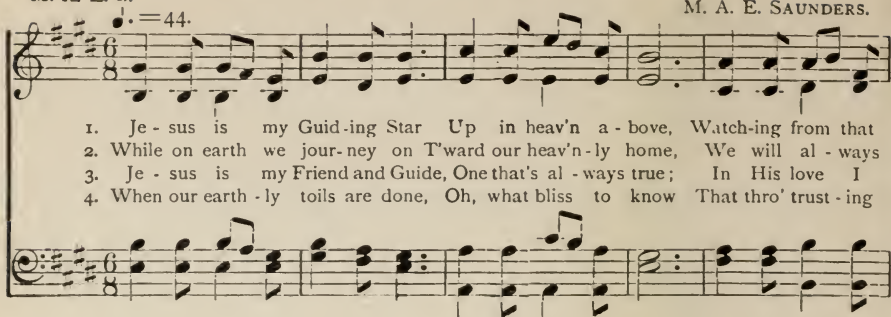
Jesus is Guiding me Home.

M. A. E. S.

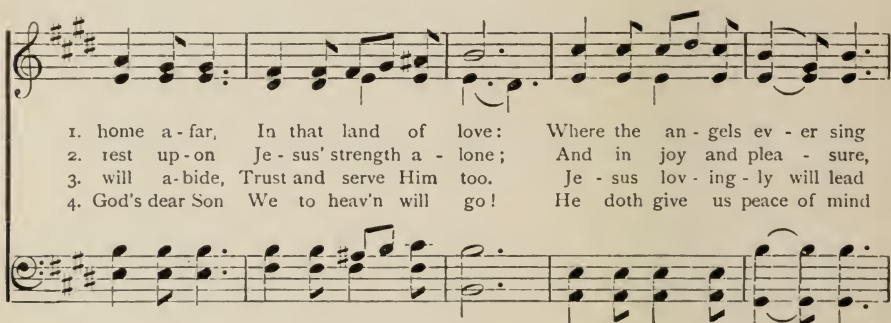
"Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe."—PROVERBS xxix. 25.

M. A. E. SAUNDERS.

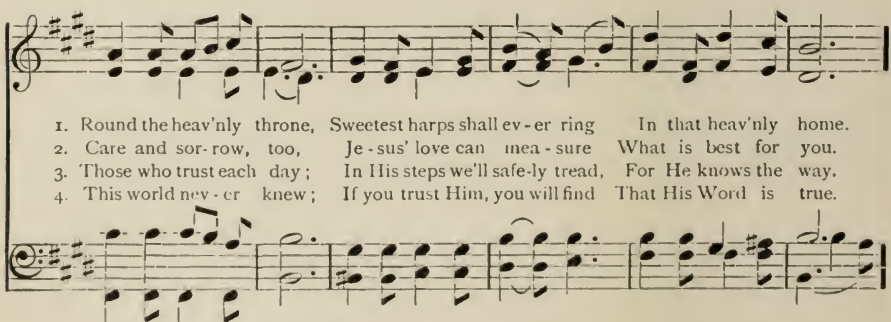
$\text{♩} = 44$



1. Je - sus is my Guid-ing Star Up in heav'n a - bove, Watch-ing from that
 2. While on earth we jour-ney on T'ward our heav'n-ly home, We will al - ways
 3. Je - sus is my Friend and Guide, One that's al - ways true; In His love I
 4. When our earth - ly toils are done, Oh, what bliss to know That thro' trust - ing

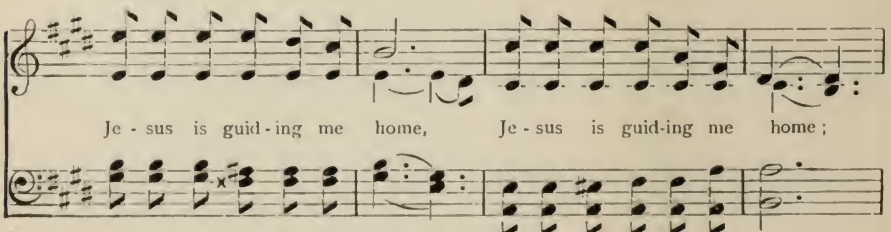


1. home a - far, In that land of love: Where the an - gels ev - er sing
 2. rest up - on Je - sus' strength a - lone; And in joy and plea - sure,
 3. will a - bide, Trust and serve Him too. Je - sus lov - ing - ly will lead
 4. God's dear Son We to heav'n will go! He doth give us peace of mind



1. Round the heav'nly throne, Sweetest harps shall ev - er ring In that heav'nly home.
 2. Care and sor - row, too, Je - sus' love can mea - sure What is best for you.
 3. Those who trust each day; In His steps we'll safe-ly tread, For He knows the way.
 4. This world nev - er knew; If you trust Him, you will find That His Word is true.

CHORUS.



Je - sus is guid - ing me home, Je - sus is guid - ing me home;

Jesus is Guiding me Home—continued.

Je - sus my Sa - vour doth lead all the way— Je - sus is guid - ing me home.

14 He Cheers me with His Presence.

"The Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."—GALATIANS ii. 20.

J. E. HUGHSON.

ROBERT G. MOWAT.

$\text{♩} = 50.$
I. He cheers me with His pres - ence, He fills my heart with song;

He tells me He is com - ing, And will not tar - ry long :.....

He cheers me with His pres - ence, When dark the sha - dows fall :.....

To Him my soul is pre - cious, To me He's All in All.....

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2. He shares my heavy burden,
As, leaning on His breast,
I tell Him all my sorrow
'Neath which my soul is pressed.
The tears which flow in weakness
From Him I do not hide,
For He who wept and suffered
Doth not that weakness chide.

3. Though wild the tempest raging,
Though cruel fetters bind,
I prove His power to keep me
In perfect peace of mind:
And thus I shall continue
To prove His mighty grace,
Until I stand in glory,
And see Him face to face.

W. C. DIX.

"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN vi. 37.

HUGH BUCKLEY.

♩ = 116.

1. "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest.".....
 2. "Come un - to Me, ye wan - d'ers, And I will give you light.".....

1. Oh, bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest ;.....
 2. Oh, lov - ing voice of Je - sus, Which comes to cheer the night :.....

1. It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace, and peace—
 2. Our hearts were fill'd with sad - ness, And we had lost our way ;

1. Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love which can - not cease.
 2. But He has brought us glad - ness, And songs at break of day.

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3. "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
 And I will give you life,"
 Oh, cheering voice of Jesus,
 Which comes to aid our strife :
 The foe is stern and eager,
 The fight is fierce and long ;
 But He has made us mighty,
 And stronger than the strong.

4. "And whosoever cometh,
 I will not cast him out."
 Oh, welcome voice of Jesus,
 Which drives away our doubt ;
 Which calls us very sinners,
 Unworthy though we be
 Of love so free and boundless,
 To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

M. A. E. S.

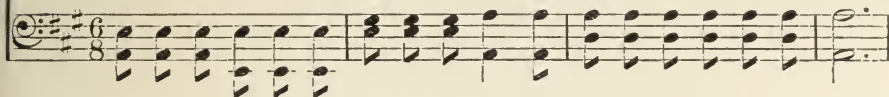
"Come unto Me."—MATT. xi. 28.

M. A. E. SAUNDERS.

♩ = 132.



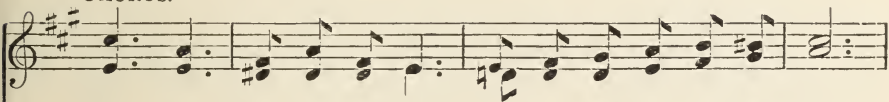
1. Je - sus our Sa - viour is lov - ing - ly call - ing: "Sin - ner, oh, come un - to Me!"
2. No one but Je - sus can give you sal - va - tion; Trust Him, oh, trust Him a - lone!
3. Je - sus who reigns now in glo - ry is wait - ing; Trust now in God's own dear Son;



1. Just as you are yield to Christ our Re - deem - er, Par - don He of - fers to thee.
2. Je - sus has paid the full price of re - demp - tion, His blood a - lone can a - tone.
3. By faith in Him we can fight all temp - ta - tions, In His strength vic - t'ry is won.



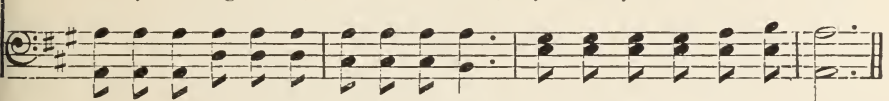
CHORUS.



Sweet words! beau - ti - ful words! Words to set sin - ful man free;



Tar - ry no long - er, oh, heed the sweet voice; Je - sus says, "Come un - to Me."



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4. Simply by trusting in Jesus' great mercy
You can receive life anew;
Truly repenting you'll have full forgiveness;
Trust Him, oh, prove Him so true!
5. No one on earth can give pleasure so lasting;
True joy He gives full and free:
Come now, accept our dear Lord's invitation;
Come now, He's calling for thee.

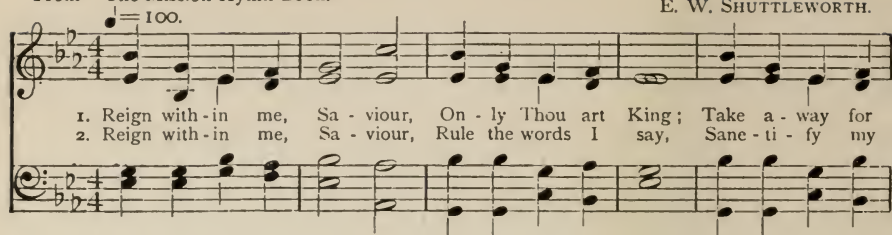
Reign within me, Saviour.

"Thou King of saints."—REV. xv. 3.

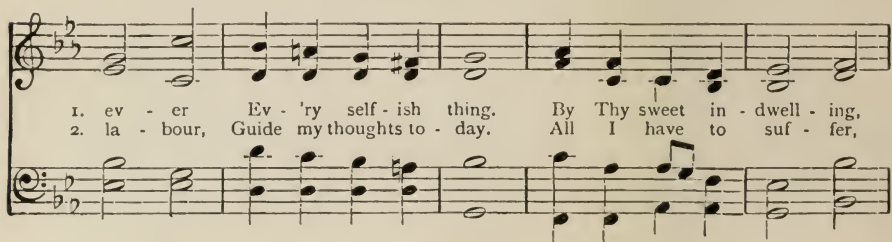
From "The Mission Hymn Book."

E. W. SHUTTLEWORTH.


$\text{♩} = 100.$



1. Reign with-in me, Sa-viour, On-ly Thou art King; Take a-way for
2. Reign with-in me, Sa-viour, Rule the words I say, Sane-ti-fy my



1. ev-er Ev-ry self-ish thing. By Thy sweet in-dwell-ing,
2. la-bour, Guide my thoughts to-day. All I have to suf-fer,



1. King of power, in me,... Con-se-crate me dai-ly Thine a-lone to be.
2. Liv-ing Christ in me,... Suf-fer with me, mak-ing Trou-ble light with Thee.

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3. Reign within me, Saviour,
Loosen earthly ties,
Cleanse the soul Thou savest
'Till the old self dies.
Only Thou art melting
My poor heart of stone;
Root out all that hinders
Thy pure rule alone.

4. Reign within me, Saviour,
Till the day shall come,
When the hearts that know Thee
Will be welcomed home:
And, Thou King of Glory,
Thy redeemed shall own
Blessed rule for ever
Round the holy throne.

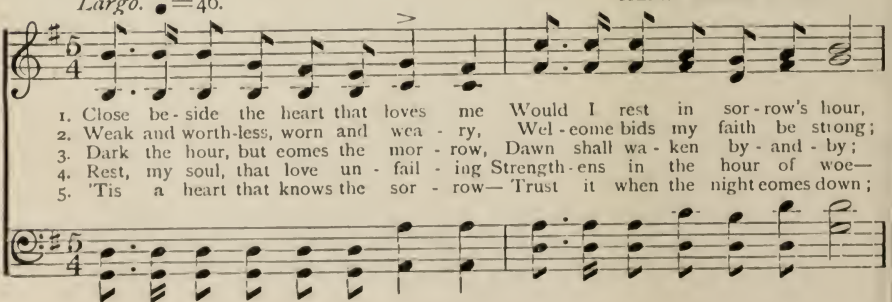
Close Beside the Heart that Loves me.

"We are more than conquerors through Him that loved us."—ROM. viii. 37.

J. BROWNLEE.

Largo. $\text{♩} = 46.$

HENRY PIERCE WARLOCK.



1. Close be-side the heart that loves me Would I rest in sor-row's hour,
2. Weak and worth-less, worn and wea-ry, Wel-come bids my faith be strong;
3. Dark the hour, but comes the mor-row, Dawn shall wa-ken by-and-by;
4. Rest, my soul, that love un-fail-ing Strength-ens in the hour of woe—
5. 'Tis a heart that knows the sor-row—Trust it when the night comes down;

Close Beside the Heart that Loves me—continued.

1. With a Fa-ther's smile a - bove me, And be - neath, an arm of power.
 2. Sor - row's hour is short it drea - ry, Joy shall last thro' a - ges long.
 3. Light shall gild the clouds of sor - row When the sun is in the sky.
 4. For the pain thy life as - sail - ing Found Him when He dwelt be - low.
 5. Tears shall yield to song to - mor - row, Night to morn, and cross to crown.

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19

Haste, Traveller, Haste!

W. B. COLLYER.

"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."—JOHN xiv. 6.

HUGH BUCKLEY.

$\text{♩} = 104.$

1. Haste, trav - 'ller, haste! the night comes on, And many a shi - ning
 2. Oh, far from home thy foot - steps stray; Christ is the Life, and
 3. A - wake, a - wake! pur - sue thy way With stea - dy course while

1. hour is gone; The storm is gath - ring in the west, And thou art far from
 2. Christ the Way; And Christ the Light, thy set - ting Sun, Sinks ere thy morn - ing
 3. yet 'tis day; While thou art sleep - ing on the ground Dan - ger and dark - ness

f *pp*

1. home and rest: Haste, trav - 'ller, haste! Haste, trav - 'ller, haste!
 2. is be - gun: Haste, trav - 'ller, haste! Haste, trav - 'ller, haste!
 3. ga - ther round: Haste, trav - 'ller, haste! Haste, trav - 'ller, haste!

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- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>4. The rising tempest sweeps the sky;
 The rains descend, the winds are high;
 The waters swell, and death and fear
 Beset thy path, nor refuge near:
 Haste, traveller, haste!</p> <p>5. Oh, yes, a shelter you may gain,
 A covert from the wind and rain,
 A hiding-place, a rest, a home,
 A refuge from the wrath to come:
 Haste, traveller, haste!</p> | <p>6. Then linger not in all the plain—
 Flee for thy life, the mountain gain;
 Look not behind, make no delay;
 Oh, speed thee, speed thee on thy way:
 Haste, traveller, haste!</p> <p>7. Poor, lost, benighted soul, art thou
 Willing to find salvation now?
 There yet is hope; hear Mercy's call—
 Truth! Life! Light! Way! in Christ is all:
 Haste, traveller, haste!</p> |
|--|---|

Only Remembered.

"The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."—PSALM cxii. 6.

Smoothly. ♩ = 52.

E. W. SHUTTLEWORTH.

1. Fad - ing a - way like the stars of the morn - ing,
 2. Shall we be miss'd, though by o - thers suc - ceed - ed,
 3. On - ly the truth that in life we have spo - ken,
 4. Oh, when the Sa - viour shall make up His jew - els,

1. Los - ing their light in the glo - ri - ous sun— Thus would we pass from the
 2. Reap - ing the fields we in spring - time have sown? Yes; but the sow - ers must
 3. On - ly the seed that on earth we have sown; These shall pass on - ward when
 4. When the bright crowns of re - joi - cing are won, Then shall His wea - ry and

1. earth and its toil - ing, On - ly re - mem - ber'd by what we have done.
 2. pass from their la - bours, Ev - er re - mem - ber'd by what they have done.
 3. we are for - got - ten— Fruits of the har - vest and what we have done.
 4. faith - ful dis - ci - ples All be re - mem - ber'd by what they have done.

REFRAIN.

mf On - ly re - mem - ber'd, on - ly re - mem - ber'd, On - ly re - mem - ber'd by

Only Remembered—continued.

mp *3* *rit. e dim.*

what we have done, On - ly re - mem - ber'd by what we have done.

21

Come, ye Sinners.

"The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—LUKE xix. 10.

J. HART.

HUGH BUCKLEY.

DUET. *mp* $\text{♩} = 56$.

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound - ed, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need - y, come and wel - come; God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy:

1. Je - sus rea - dy stands to save you, Full of pi - ty, love, and power:
2. True be - lief and true re - pent - ance— Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh—

CHORUS.

dim. e rit.

1. He is a - ble, He is a - ble; He is will - ing; doubt no more.
2. With - out mo - ney, With - out mo - ney, Come to Je - sus Christ and buy.

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3. Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you—
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
4. Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and ruined by the Fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5. See Him prostrate in the garden,
On the ground your Maker lies!
On th'accursed tree behold Him,
Hear Him cry before He dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinner, will not this suffice?
6. Lo, th'incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood;
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

A. M. D.

"They shall call on My name, and I will hear them."—ZECH. xiii. 9.

A. M. DEWAR.

♩ = 63.

p

1. God of mer - cy and of love, Hear Thy chil - dren call - ing!
 2. Thou our Sa - viour and our Friend, Hear Thy chil - dren call - ing!
 3. Thou our Cap - tain and our King, Hear Thy chil - dren call - ing!

pp

1. Seat - ed on Thy throne a - bove, Hear Thy chil - dren call - ing!
 2. Thou wilt love us to the end: Hear Thy chil - dren call - ing!
 3. Make our lips glad prais - es sing: Hear Thy chil - dren call - ing!

1. Thou who, in Thy love and care, Gave Thy Son our woes to share,
 2. Thou dost know the sins of earth, And how lit - tle we are worth,
 3. In the bat - tle for the right, Do Thou arm us in the fight

pp

1. All our sins and shame to bear, Hear Thy chil - dren call - ing!
 2. But hast loved us from our birth: Hear Thy chil - dren call - ing!
 3. With a burn - ing zeal and night: Hear Thy chil - dren call - ing!

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4. Thou our Pilot and our Guide,
 Hear Thy children calling!
 Thou canst rule the winds and tide:
 Hear Thy children calling!
 Thou, we know, dost never sleep,
 But wilt aye Thy children keep,
 Watch o'er loved ones on the deep:
 Hear Thy children calling!

5. Thou our Father and our Light,
 Hear Thy children calling!
 May we keep Thee e'er in sight:
 Hear Thy children calling!
 Even when our hearts are sore,
 We would worship and adore;
 We would love Thee more and more:
 Hear Thy children calling!

F. BOTTOME.

"Mighty to save."—ISAIAH lxiii. 1.

SOLO.

J. H. S. FOTHERGILL.

1. Oh, bliss of the pu - ri - fied! bliss of the free! I plunge in the
2. Oh, bliss of the pu - ri - fied! Je - sus is mine! No long - er in

1. crim-son tide o-pen'd for me; O'er sin and un-clean-ness ex-ult-ing I
2. dread con-dem-na-tion I pine; In con-sci-ous sal-va-tion I sing of His

CHORUS.

1. stand, And point to the print of the nails in His hand. } Oh, sing of His
2. grace, Who lift-ed up-on me the light of His face. }

wondrous love! sing of His grace; Sing of His bounteous love, migh-ty to save!

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3. Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest;
No tears—but may dry them on Jesus's breast.
4. O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,
My blessèd Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to save."

"Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows."—ISAIAH liii. 4.

J. BROWNIE.

EDGAR PETTMAN.

$\text{♩} = 84.$

mp

1. Come with the load..... of sor - row thou art bear - ing,
2. Look for the morn..... when night is dark and wea - ry,

1. Lay it on Him who ev - 'ry bur - den bears; Let not thy soul in
2. Morn - ing shall come when hours of night are spent; Clouds hide the sun, and

1. trou - ble sink de - spair - ing, He who hath sorrow'd, ev - 'ry sor - row shares.
2. make the noon-tide drea - ry, Glad - ness shall cheer you when the clouds are - rent.

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3. Look for His smile who gilds the hills at morning;
Surely it comes as comes the morning sun;
Beauty shall grace thy life with bright adorning,
Even as the sunlight, till thy day is done.
4. Then when the morn, that makes the hilltops golden
Round the Jerusalem thy spirit gains,
Breaks on thy view, shall come the gladness olden,
Shared by the dwellers in those blest domains.

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROVERBS xviii. 24.

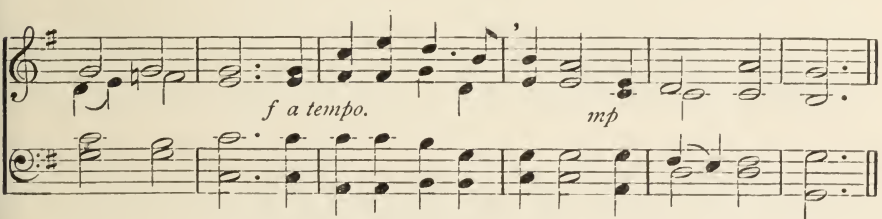
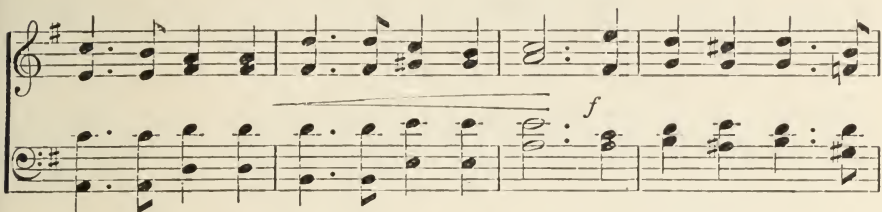
L. SHOREY.

GUNBY HARDY.

$\text{♩} = 120.$

mf

My Lord and I—continued.



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1. I HAVE a Friend so precious,
So very dear to me;
He loves me with such perfect love,
He loves so faithfully!
I could not live apart from Him,
I love to feel Him nigh;
And so we dwell together,
My Lord and I.

My Lord and I, my Lord and I;
And so we dwell together,
My Lord and I.

2. Sometimes I'm faint and weary;
He knows that I am weak,
And as He bids me lean on Him,
His help I gladly seek.
He leads me in the paths of light,
Beneath the sunny sky;
And so we walk together,
My Lord and I.

My Lord and I, my Lord and I;
And so we walk together,
My Lord and I.

3. I tell Him all my sorrows,
I tell Him all my joys,
I tell Him all that pleases me,
I tell Him what annoys.
He tells me what I ought to do,
He tells me what to try;
And so we talk together,
My Lord and I.

My Lord and I, my Lord and I;
And so we talk together,
My Lord and I.

4. I have His yoke upon me,
And easy 'tis to bear;
In burdens which He carries
I gladly take a share:
For 'tis my highest happiness
To have Him always nigh;
We bear the yoke together,
My Lord and I.

My Lord and I, my Lord and I;
We bear the yoke together,
My Lord and I.

"The Lord is good, a strength in the day of trouble."—NAHUM i. 7 (*marg.*).

M. A. E. S.

M. A. E. SAUNDERS.

$\text{♩} = 82.$

mf

1. { God the Fa-ther, God the Son, God the Spi-rit—Three in One,
When dark fears and doubts a-rise, And when hope with-in me dies,

While e-ter-nal a-ges run: Lord, I pray to Thee
Point to Cal-v'ry's sac-ri-fice: Christ my strength will be!
be, strength will be!

CHORUS.

$\text{♩} = 152.$ *Firmly.*

f

He my strength will be!..... He my strength will be!.....

Slower, and well marked.

Christ who died now lives for me: He my strength will be!.....

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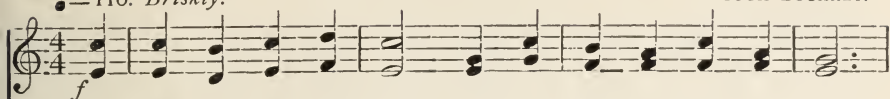
2. Christ, who bore the bitter pain,
Christ, who for my guilt was slain;
In glad triumph rose again:
Lord, I come to Thee.
Not in my own strength at all
Can I heed His loving call;
He must be my All in All:
Christ my strength will be!
3. Thou wilt answer when I call,
Thou wilt raise me when I fall;
Though my guilt Thou knowest all,
Lord, I look to Thee.

- He whose blood has ransomed me,
And from sin hath set me free;
He has gained the victory:
Christ my strength will be!
4. All the powers of sin that be
Shall not sever me from Thee,
Now or through eternity:
Lord, I trust in Thee.
Evermore to be my stay,
Helping, blessing day by day,
Gently leading all the way:
Christ my strength will be!

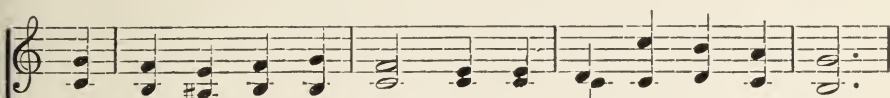
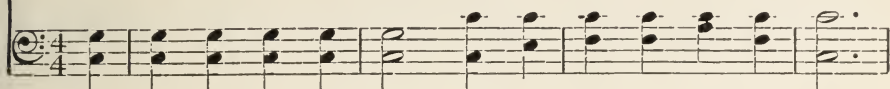
L. SHOREY. "The Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world,"—1 JOHN iv. 14.

♩ = 116. *Briskly.*

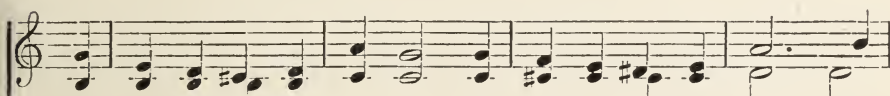
HUGH BUCKLEY.



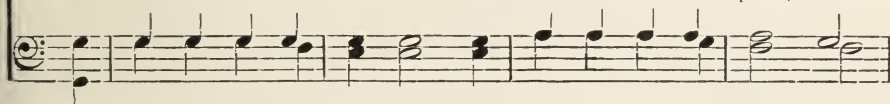
1. Oh, what a won-drous Sa-viour We have in Christ the Lord!
 2. He came be-cause He loved us, And saw our ru-ined state;



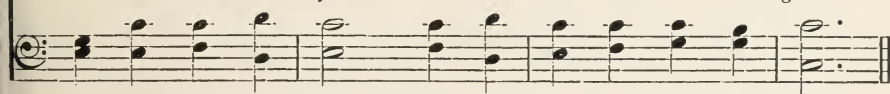
1. With joy His peo-ple praise Him, And tell His name a-broad.
 2. He saw that none could help us—His pi-ty, oh, how great!



1. What love like His so ten-der, What grace like His so free, What
 2. He came to be our ran-som, He came to take our place; Come



1. joy is ours in know-ing A Sa-viour such as He!
 2. tell the love of Je-sus And His suf-fi-cient grace.



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3. He bore the cruel scourging,
 The mocking and the shame,
 And by His Cross and suffering
 Our Saviour He became:
 He paid for our redemption
 With His own precious blood;
 Oh, what a wondrous Saviour
 To lead us back to God!

4. Then surely we should love Him
 And serve Him every day,
 And praise Him as we journey
 Along the pilgrim way;
 Till by-and-by in glory
 We see Him face to face,
 In nobler strains we'll praise Him
 For all His love and grace.

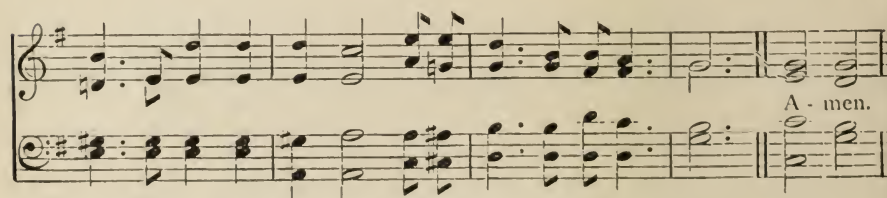
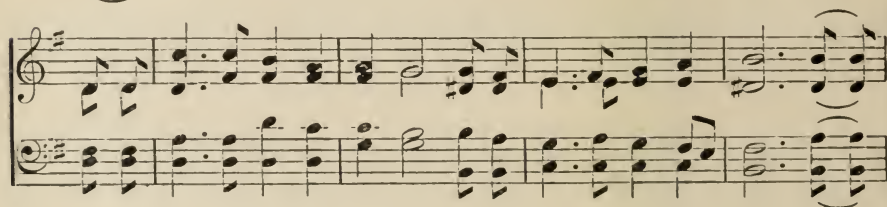
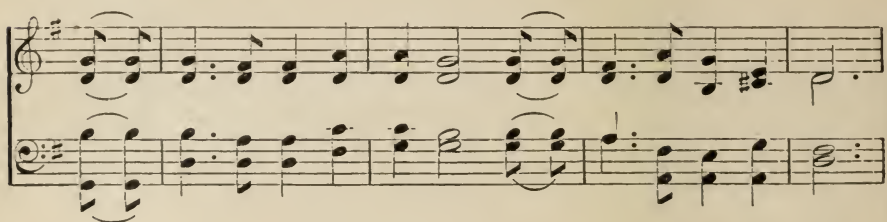
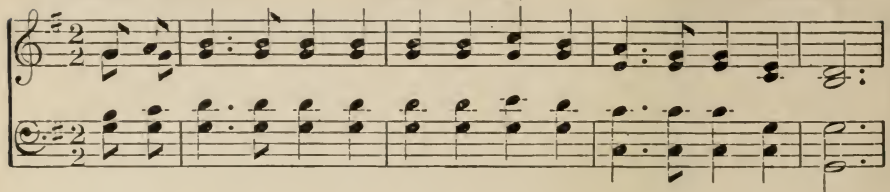
He is Coming.

"Even so come, Lord Jesus."—REVELATION xxii. 20.

W. SPENCER WALTON.

(ENFIELD. P.M.)

C. I. CLAPPERTON.



A - men.

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- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. Oh, they tell me He is coming ;
 And I want to see His face,
 To touch those blessed wound-prints
 Which speak such love and grace.
 Oh, they tell me He is coming ;
 Can that joyful news be true ?
 For I long, I long to see Him,
 And I know He's longing, too.</p> | <p>3. Oh, they tell me He is coming ;
 He will then make all things plain :
 What we thought were bitterest sorrows
 We shall find were greatest gain.
 Oh, they tell me He is coming—
 Then the mists will all be gone ;
 For we'll dwell in endless glory,
 And enjoy an endless morn.</p> |
| <p>2. Oh, they tell me He is coming—
 It just thrills my heart with bliss ;
 For then I shall see His beauty,
 And His precious feet I'll kiss.
 I will bask in holy rapture,
 In the sunshine of His face,
 While all the path He led me
 With such joy I will retrace.</p> | <p>4. Oh, they tell me He is coming,
 And my heart it echoes, Come I
 Come quickly, blessed Jesus,
 For I long to rest at home :
 But until that day of rapture
 When I'll see Thee face to face,
 Keep me watching, working, waiting,
 Ever telling of Thy grace.</p> |

Oh, where is He that Trod the Sea?

T. T. LYNCH.

"Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea."—MATT. xiv. 25.

R. BENNETT.

♩ = 126.



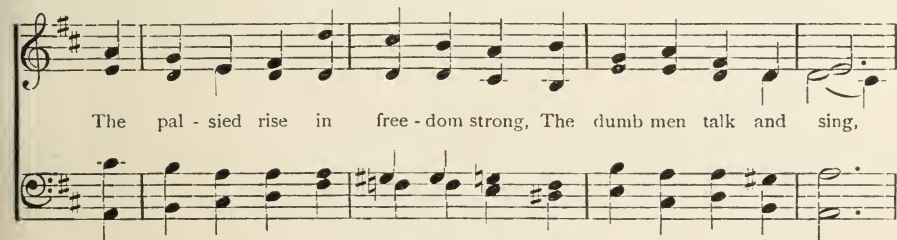
1. Oh, where is He that trod the sea? Oh, where is He that spake,



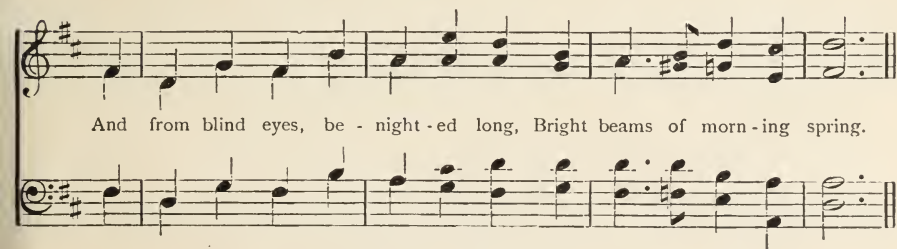
And de - mons from their vic - tims flee, The dead their slum - ber break?



The pal - sied rise in free - dom strong, The dumb men talk and sing,



And from blind eyes, be - night - ed long, Bright beams of morn - ing spring.



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2. Oh, where is He that trod the sea?

'Tis only He can save;
To thousands hung'ring wearily
A wondrous meal He gave:
The Word, who all the worlds had made,
To His own creatures spake;
'Twas spring-tide when He blest the bread,
And harvest when He brake.

3. Oh, where is He that trod the sea?

My soul, the Lord is here!
Let all thy fears be hushed in thee,
Be thine to know Him near.
Thy utmost needs He'll satisfy:
Art thou diseased or dumb,
Or dost thou in thy hunger cry?
"I come," saith Christ, "I come!"

Are you Ready for Eternity?

M. A. E. S., alt.

"Prepare to meet thy God."—AMOS iv. 12.

M. A. E. SAUNDERS, alt.

♩ = 110. *Quickly.*

1. Do you ev - er stop and pon - der As the days and mo - ments fly?—
 2. If your life on earth were end - ed Ere to - mor - row's sun shall rise,
 3. Oh, then wait not till to - mor - row— You may nev - er see the day!—

1. Do you ev - er think or won - der If E - ter - ni - ty is nigh?
 2. Would your soul then be with Je - sus In the home be - yond the skies?
 3. But at once come to the Sa - viour, Who will turn you not a - way,

1. Are you jour - n'ying to the home - land Of the ran - som'd and the free,
 2. Would the wel - come of the Sa - viour, And the songs of hosts a - bove,
 3. That your sins may be for - giv - en, Thro' the cross of Cal - va - ry:

1. Wash'd in Je - sus' blood most pre - cious, Rea - dy for E - ter - ni - ty?
 2. Greet you then in joy - ful cho - rus In that land of peace and love?
 3. You will jour - ney on to hea - ven, Rea - dy for E - ter - ni - ty.

Are you Ready for Eternity?—continued.

pp CHORUS. *Slower.*

Are you rea - dy for E - ter - ni - ty? Are you rea - dy for E - ter - ni -

- ty? Are you rea dy for E - ter - ni - ty? (Are you rea - dy,) Are you rea - dy for E - ter - ni - ty?

31 Show me myself.

"Make me to know my transgression and my sin."—Job xiii. 23.

C. I. CLAPPERTON.

♩ = 88. *Prayerfully.*

1. Show me my - self, O ho - ly Lord; Help me to look with - in :
2. Just as it is in Thy pure eyes Would I be - hold my heart,

1. I will not turn me from the sight Of all my sin.
2. Bring ev - 'ry hid - den spot to light, Nor shrink the smart.

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3. Not mine the purity of heart
That shall at last see God ;
Not mine the following in the steps
The Saviour trod.
4. Not mine the life I thought to live
When first I took His name ;
Mine but the right to weep and grieve
O'er all my shame.

5. Yet, Lord, I thank Thee for the sight
Thou hast vouchsafed to me ;
And, humbled to the dust, I shrink
More close to Thee.
6. And if Thy love will not disown
So frail a heart as mine,
Refine and cleanse it as Thou wilt,
But keep it Thine !

"The Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."—GAL. ii. 20.

L. J. KENNEDY.

$\text{♩} = 108.$

mf

I. I heard of a Saviour whose love was so great That He laid down His life on the

tree ;..... The thorns they were placed on His beau - ti - ful brow, To

CHORUS. $\text{♩} = 132.$

f

par - don a reb - el like me..... He par-don'd a reb-el like

$\text{♩} = 100.$

me,..... He par-don'd a reb-el like me ;..... The thorns they were

placed on His beau - ti - ful brow, To par-don a reb - el like me.....

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2. They tell me He wept over sinners one day,
Saying, "Oh that your Saviour you knew!
How oft would I gather you under My wing,
And pardon poor rebels like you!"
3. Oh, that love so amazing, it broke my hard heart,
And brought me, dear Jesus, to Thee;

- And I know when I came 'Thou didst not cast me
But didst pardon a sinner like me. {ou
4. Oh, 'tis true, that poor sinners of all kinds H
And you He will not cast away; [save
He waits in His mercy sweet peace to bestow,
So come to the fountain to-day.

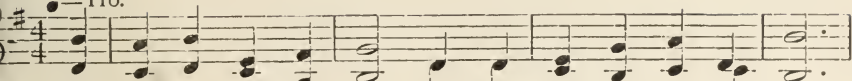
Tell Everything to Jesus.

C. E. WRIGHT.

"His disciples . . . went and told Jesus."—MATTHEW xiv. 12.

H. ROSS.

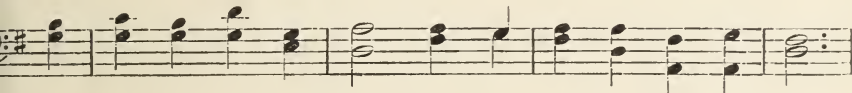
♩ = 116.



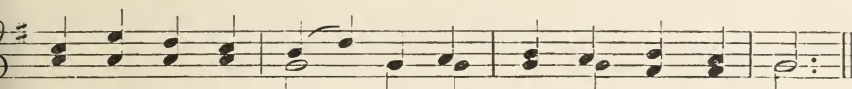
1. Tell ev - 'ry - thing to Je - sus, Your sor - row or your care ;
 2. Tell ev - 'ry - thing to Je - sus, The joys that fill your heart,



1. He longs to hear you plead - ing His prom - i - ses in prayer.
 2. When days are bright and sun - ny, And clouds are far a - part.



1. Tell ev - 'ry - thing to Je - sus, Your joys and glad - ness, too ; For
 2. Tell Je - sus all the plea - sure— He wants to have a share ; He



1. He has giv'n you all things— He died, He lives for you.
 2. loves to see you hap - py, And free from pain or care.



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3. Tell everything to Jesus,
 The things that come each day ;
 As one by one He sends them,
 Look up to Him and say :
 "I thank Thee, O my Saviour,
 For all Thou sendest me ;
 And may the joys or sorrows
 But draw me nearer Thee."

4. Tell everything to Jesus ;
 And oh, the days will be
 Each one in quick succession
 A gladsome time to thee.
 He will be always near thee,
 Until some day in love
 He calls you to the mansion
 Prepared for you above.

H. BURTON.

"A fountain opened . . . for sin and for uncleanness."—ZECHARIAH xiii. 1.

FRANK BRAMLEY

♩ = 116.

mf 1. I saw the won - drous foun - tain That clean - ses from all sin

I stood, and long'd, and trem - bled, But dare not ven - ture in :.....

I heard the Spi - rit's whis - per, "Sal - va - tion full and free"; But

I was vile and sin - ful— 'Twas not for such as me.

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2. My strength is perfect weakness,
The stains o. sin are deep
I'll turn me round to labour,
To watch, and pray, and weep!
And so I did, but vainly;
Salvation is not bought;
My prayers, my tears, my watching,
They all availed me naught.

3. I stood beside the fountain,
And when I ventured in,
The precious blood of Jesus
Made me all pure within:
And now I'll tell the story,
Wherever I may go—
It is the blood of Jesus
That washes white as snow.

If we Knew.

F. M. TAYLOR.

"If thou knewest. . ."—JOHN iv. 10.

Adapted by E. P.

$\text{♩} = 52.$

r. If we knew the One who lin - gers At our side;..... At our side;
One in whom the bro - ken - heart - ed Might con - fide;..... Might con - fide;
We should on His arm be lean - ing, From His lov - ing lips be glean - ing
Much slower.
All the won - ders of life's mean - ing— If..... we knew.

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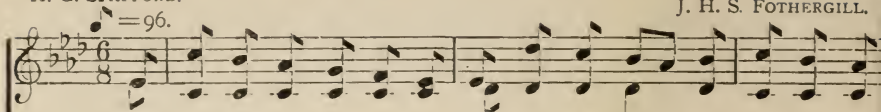
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. If we knew the boundless measure
Of His store,
That the craving soul need hunger
Nevermore;
When the cares of life are pressing,
We should come, our want confessing.
Claim the fulness of His blessing—
If we knew.</p> <p>3. If we knew that One is watching
From above—
One who in the darkest moment
Ruled by love;
From that hope our hearts would borrow
Courage for the dread to-morrow,
Joy transfigure every sorrow—
If we knew.</p> | <p>4. If we knew, amid the tangled
Threads of life,
All the beauty that is weaving
In the strife,
Faith would grasp her anchor tighter,
Every burden would be lighter,
Every storm-cloud would be brighter—
If we knew.</p> <p>5. If we knew the gracious Stranger,
As He stands
Asking but a cup of water
From our hands,
We should run to do His bidding,
We should learn the joy of giving,
In His service find true living—
If we knew.</p> |
|---|---|

"It shall be well with them that fear God."—ECCLESIASTES viii. 12.

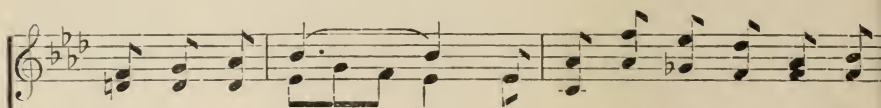
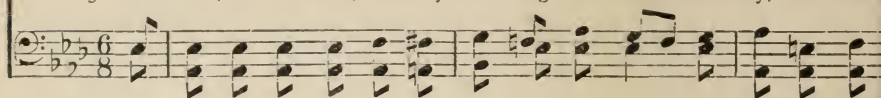
H. G. SPAFFORD.

J. H. S. FOTHERGILL.

$\text{♩} = 96.$



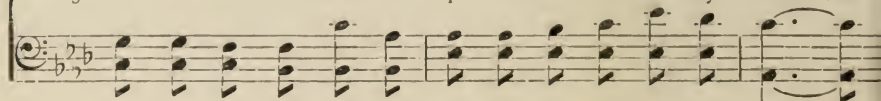
1. When peace like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way, When sor - rows like
2. I though Sa - tan should buf - fet, though tri - als should come, Let this blest as -
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous thought! My sin— not in
4. For me be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live! If Jor - dan a -
5. But, Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy com - ing we wait: The sky, not the



- | | | |
|-----------------------|-------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. sea - bil - lows | roll ;..... | What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast |
| 2. - sur - ance con - | trol..... | That Christ hath re - gard - ed my |
| 3. part, but the | whole..... | Is nail'd to His cross—and I |
| 4. - bove me shall | roll..... | No pang shall be mine, for in |
| 5. grave, is our | goal :..... | Oh, trump of the an - gel! oh, |



- | | | |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------------|------------|
| 1. taught me to know | It is well, it is well with my | soul..... |
| 2. help - less es - tate, And hath | shed His own blood for my | soul..... |
| 3. bear it no more: Praise the | Lord, praise the Lord, O my | soul!..... |
| 4. death as in life Thou wilt | whis - per Thy peace to my | soul..... |
| 5. voice of the Lord! Bless - ed | hope! bless - ed rest of my | soul!..... |

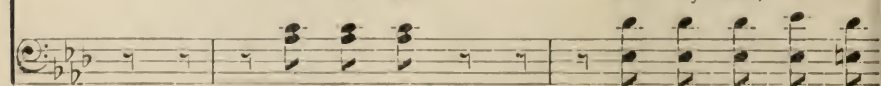


REFRAIN.

It is well..... with my soul..... It is



It is well with my soul, It is



When Peace like a River—*continued.*

well, it is well with my soul,..... It is well,..... it is

well, it is well with my soul, with my soul, It is well, it is

soul.....

well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul..... *molto rit.*

well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul, with my soul.

soul.....

37 Jesus, Tender Shepherd.

"I will both search my sheep, and seek them out."—EZEKIEL xxxiv. 11.

C. N. STREATFEILD.

DIGBY WISHER.

$\text{♩} = 104.$

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep - herd, Seek - ing for Thine own,
 2. Thou hast laid me gen - tly On Thy sa - cred heart:
 3. Wild - er grows the tem - pest, Keen the chill - ing blast,

1. Thou hast found the wan - d'rer On the moun - tains lone,
 2. Ah, from that sweet shel - ter Life nor death can part!
 3. Clouds must ga - ther thick - ly Ere the night be past.

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4. Fainting—but how happy—
 In the arms of God!
 Tears are gently falling
 Where the Saviour trod.

5. O'er the blood-stained footprints,
 O'er each crimsoned thorn,
 Tokens of the sorrow
 Love for us hath borne.

6. Darkly swells the river—
 Jesus, still be near!
 With Thine arm around me,
 Ah, how can I fear!

7. Only draw me closer—
 Closer to Thy breast,
 Till we reach the haven
 Of Thine endless rest.

38 How Sweet the Gospel-Trumpet Sounds.

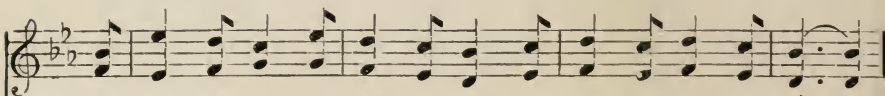
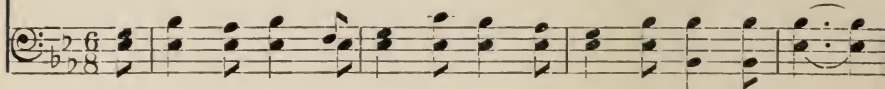
"The Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."—Rom. i. 16.

Adapted by E. P.

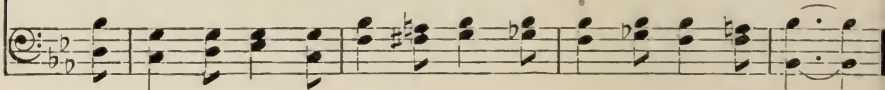
$\text{♩} = 126.$



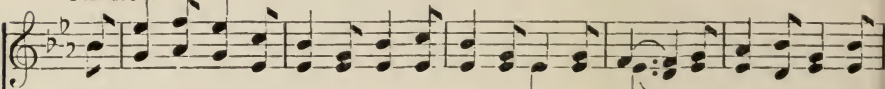
1. How sweet the Gos - pel - trum - pet sounds! Its notes are grace and love;



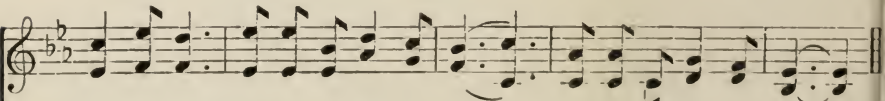
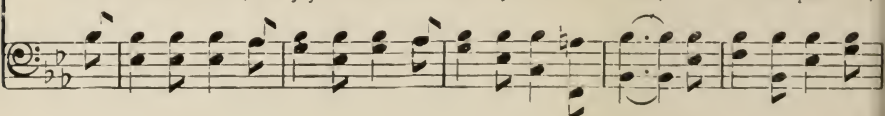
Its e - cho thro' the world re-sounds From Je - sus' throne a - bove.



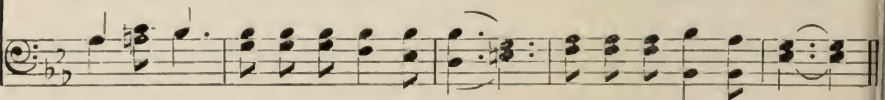
CHORUS.



It is the sound, the joy-ful sound Of mer cy rich and free; It of - fers par-don,



gives you peace: Sin-ner, it speaks to thee! Sin-ner, it speaks to thee!



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2. It tells the weary soul of rest,
The poor of heavenly wealth,
Of joy to heal the mourning breast—
It brings the sin-sick health.
3. Its words announce a heavenly feast
Of water, milk, and wine,
And manna in the wilderness—
Provisions all Divine.

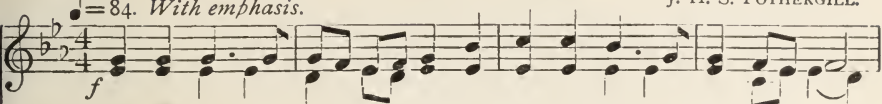
- 4 It speaks of boundless grace, by which
The vilest are forgiven;
To Christians it proclaims a rich
Inheritance in heaven.
5. To men in every clime, degree,
Its message is addressed;
The Jew and Gentile, bond and free,
Are with its blessings blessed.

Look, ye Saints!

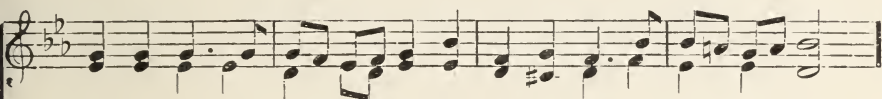
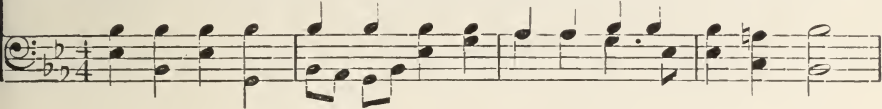
"We see Jesus . . . crowned with glory and honour."—HEBREWS ii. 9.

T. KELLY.

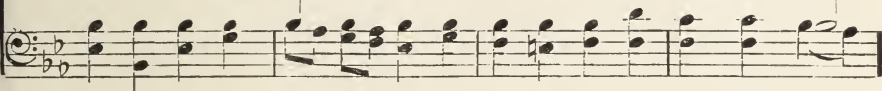
J. H. S. FOTHERGILL.

♩ = 84. *With emphasis.*

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo-rious! See the "Man of sor-rows" now
 2. Crown the Sa-viour! an-gels, crown Him! Rich the tro-phies Je-sus brings;



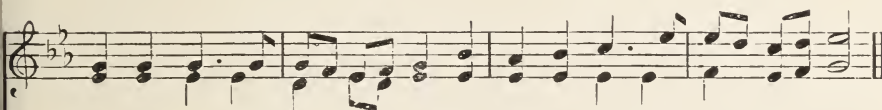
1. From the fight re-turn vic-to-rious; Ev-'ry knee to Him shall bow!
 2. In the seat of power en-throne Him, While the vault of hea-ven rings.



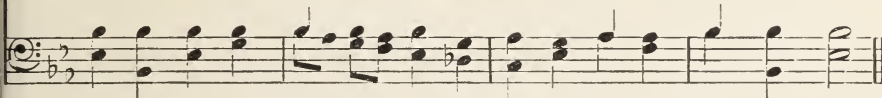
CHORUS.



Crown Him! crown Him! an-gels, crown Him! Crown the Sa-viour "King of kings!"



Crown Him! crown Him! an-gels, crown Him! Crown the Sa-viour "King of kings!"



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3.

Sinners in derision crowned Him,
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
 Saints and angels crowd around Him,
 Own His title, praise His name.

4.

Hark the bursts of acclamation!
 Hark those loud triumphant chords!
 Jesus takes the highest station:
 Oh, what joy the sight affords!

Sing the Song of Victory!

"We are more than conquerors through Him that loved us."—ROM. viii. 37.

M. A. E. S.

M. A. E. SAUNDERS.

♩ = 90.

mf

1. Oh, the won-drous love of Je - sus When He left His home on high,
2. Let us sing the won-drous sto - ry Of the Sa-viour's love to all,

1. And to ran - som poor, lost sin - ners Came up - on the earth to die;
2. For His migh - ty hand can keep us, That we nev - er - more shall fall:

1. For "the blood of Christ our Sa-viour Cleans-eth us from ev - 'ry sin,"
2. Thro' His won-drous grace and mer - cy From all sin He sets us free;

1. And His power and grace each mo-ment Keeps us ev - er pure with - in.
2. So we'll praise His name for ev - er In the song of vic - to - ry.

CHORUS.

f *p*

Sing the song of vic - to - ry! Je - sus died to ran - som me;

Sing the Song of Victory!—continued.



From the power of sin He'll save me: Hal-le-lu-jah! He sets me free!

3. We will gratefully adore Him,
Sound His praise both near and far,
For He is "the Lord most blessed,"
He's "the Bright and Morning Star."
He doth fill our hearts with gladness,
So we'll never weary be;
But we'll look away to Jesus,
Who alone gives victory.

4. We will tell of full salvation
Unto those who've gone astray,
For our loving Saviour tells us
That He is the only Way;
And He says that "no man cometh
To the Father but by Me";
So we'll follow Christ our Saviour
With a song of victory.

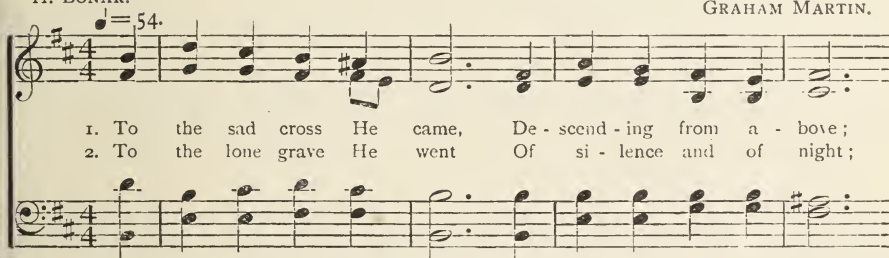
41

To the Sad Cross He Came.

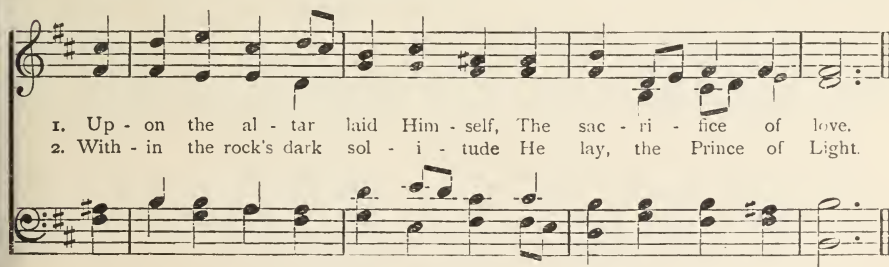
H. BONAR.

"Christ died for our sins, and rose again."—1 CORINTHIANS XV. 3, 4.

GRAHAM MARTIN.



1. To the sad cross He came, De-scend-ing from a-bove;
2. To the lone grave He went Of si-lence and of night;



1. Up-on the al-tar laid Him-self, The sac-ri-fice of love.
2. With-in the rock's dark sol-i-tude He lay, the Prince of Light.

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3. He died and lived again;
On the third day He rose—
Our battle fought, our victory won,
And scattered all our foes.
4. His work done once for all,
His pain for ever o'er;
He resteth from His lifelong toil,
He reigns for evermore.

5. Our guilt all borne away,
Our peace securely made,
Our prison door thrown open wide,
Our debt for ever paid.
6. His life for ours He gave,
The Shepherd for the flock;
And now with Him we rest beneath
The shadow of the Rock.

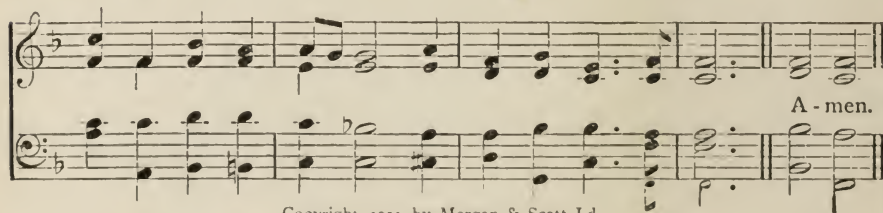
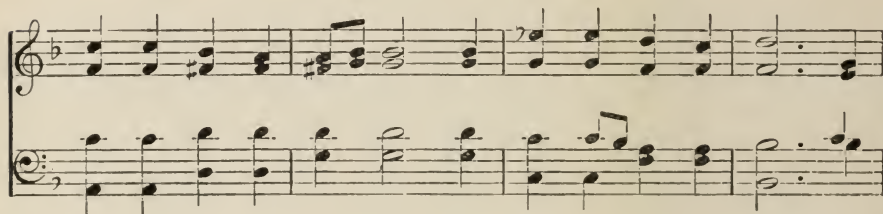
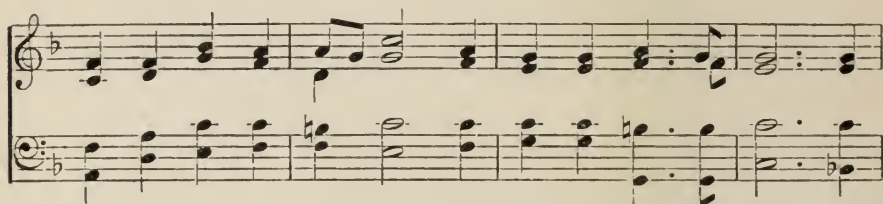
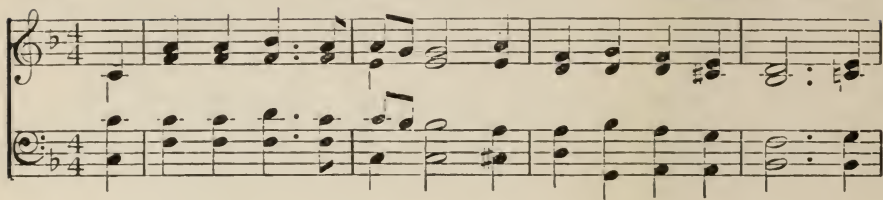
A Song of Faith.

"Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."—PSALM xxiii. 4.

H. M.

(UPMINSTER. 7.6.7.6. D.)

REGINALD F. BARCLAY.



A - men.

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1. LORD GOD, in Thee confiding,
Our faith all fear dispels ;
With joy, in Thee abiding,
Our heart exulting swells :
Thus singing we adore Thee,
The high and holy One,
And joyfully before Thee
The path of duty run.
2. Thou, Lord, who changest never
Through all eternity,
Hast made us Thine for ever—
Thy flock secure in Thee :

Thy rod and staff possessing,
We smile at every foe ;
The rivers of Thy blessing
Around our pasture flow.

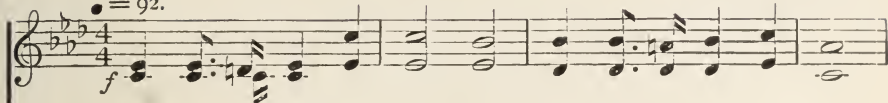
3. Thy love our voice upraises
In grateful hymns of joy,
And our unceasing praises
Shall endless life employ ;
For grace and justice blending,
Unchangeably the same,
And mercy never ending
Unite in Jesu's name.

"Blessed be His glorious name for ever."—PSALM lxxii. 19.

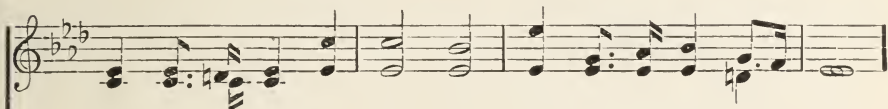
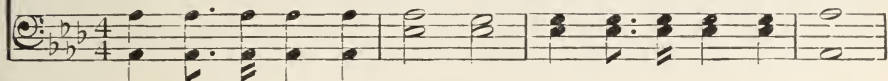
M. A. E. S.

M. A. E. SAUNDERS.

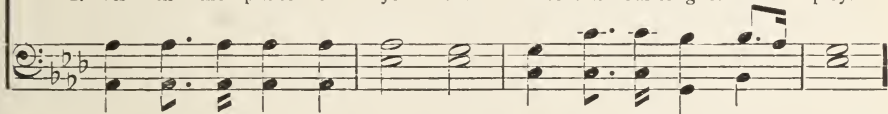
♩ = 92.



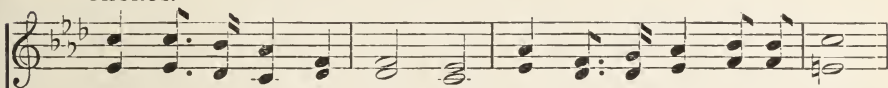
1. Where is the sweet - est mu - sic Mor - tal hath ev - er heard?
 2. Where is the sweet - est plea - sure Mor - tal can e'er en - joy?



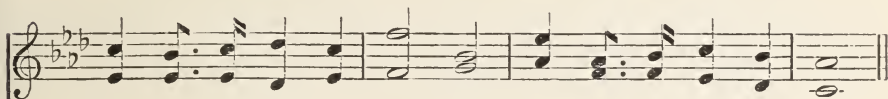
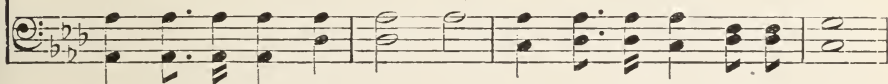
1. 'Tis in the name of Je - sus, Sa - viour in deed and word.
 2. 'Tis in the praise of Je - sus— Praise shall our tongues em - ploy.



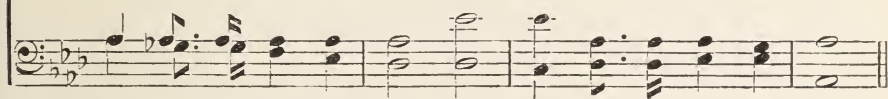
CHORUS.



List to the name of Je - sus! Hark how it falls on the ear!



No o - ther name so pre - cious, No o - ther name so dear.



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3. Where is the sweetest comfort
 For every troubled breast?
 'Tis in the love of Jesus:
 He gives the weary rest.

4. Where is the true salvation?
 'Tis found in Christ alone;
 Only the blood of Jesus
 Can for all sin atone.

5. Christ is the true Example
 That we must take each day;
 Look ever unto Jesus—
 He is the only Way.

6. So let us sing His praises
 Now and for evermore;
 Honour the name of Jesus,
 Him worship and adore.

"I have loved thee with an everlasting love."—JEREMIAH xxxi. 3

ALICE PUGH.

W. FRANCIS HOUGHTON.

♩ = 86.

1. In the heart of Je - sus There is love for you, Love most pure and
2. In the mind of Je - sus There is thought for you, Warm as sum - mer

1. ten - der, Love most deep and true: Why should you be lone - ly,
2. sun - shine, Sweet as morn - ing dew: Why should you be fear - ful,

1. Why for friendship sigh, When the heart of Je - sus Has a full sup - ply?
2. Why take anx ious thought, Since the mind of Je - sus Cares for those He bought?

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3. In the field of Jesus
There is work for you,
Such as even angels
Might rejoice to do:
Why stand idly sighing
For some life-work grand,
While the field of Jesus
Seeks your reaping hand?

4. In the home of Jesus
There's a place for you—
Glorious, bright, and joyous,
Calm and peaceful, too:
Why then, like a wanderer,
Roam with weary pace,
If the home of Jesus
Holds for you a place?

L. SHOREY.

"The sheep follow Him, for they know His voice."—JOHN x. 4.

♩ = 126.

E. W. SHUTTLEWORTH.

1. Was there ev - er such a Shep - herd, True and ten - der, brave and strong?
2. Were there ev - er found such pas - tures As He finds His flock to feed?
3. When they thirst He goes be - fore them, Leads them to the liv - ing stream,

The Good Shepherd—continued.

1. Safe - ly guid - ing, Gen - tly chid - ing, Thus He leads His sheep a - long.
 2. Where He leads them, There He feeds them, And sup - plies their ev - 'ry need.
 3. For He know - eth Where it flow - eth, Where its crys - tal wa - ters gleam.

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- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>4. Though the way be fraught with danger,
 With His arm so strong to shield
 Naught can harm them,
 Nor alarm them,
 If they but obedience yield.</p> <p>5. Should the little lambs grow weary,
 And the journey tiresome prove,
 Them He beareth
 (For He careth)
 In His arms of tender love.</p> | <p>6. And beneath His rod He passes
 Each one ere he goes to rest;
 Then He heedeth
 What he needeth,
 Gives him what He deemeth best.</p> <p>7. Was there ever flock so favoured?
 Was there Shepherd e'er so sweet?
 For possessing
 Every blessing,
 Theirs is happiness complete.</p> |
|--|---|

46

Christ is Calling.

"Come unto Me, . . . and I will give you rest."—MATTHEW xi. 28.

WALTER R. SCOTT.

E. W. SHUTTLEWORTH.

♩ = 50.

1. Christ is call - ing : canst thou hear Him Call - ing e - ven thee?
 2. Christ is call - ing : dost thou hear Him Plead - ing ten - der - ly?

1. Sweet and free the in - vi - ta - tion : "Come to Me, come to Me!"
 2. "I have bought thee with My life-blood : Come to Me, come to Me!"

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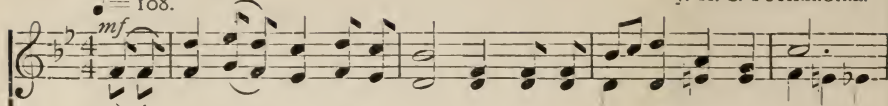
- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3. Christ is calling : wouldst thou hear Him
 Speaking peace to thee?
 "Though thy sins be red as crimson,
 Come to Me!"</p> <p>4. Christ is calling : wilt thou hearken,
 Bending low thy knee,
 To that voice of love surrendering?—
 "Come to Me!"</p> | <p>5. Christ is calling : soon He cometh,
 Clothed in majesty;
 And that voice will cease its calling :
 "Come to Me!"</p> <p>6. Christ still calleth : hast <i>thou</i> heard Him
 Calling even thee?
 Tarry not, obey the summons :
 "Come to Me!"</p> |
|--|--|

"Come unto Me, . . . and I will give you rest."—MATT. xi. 28.

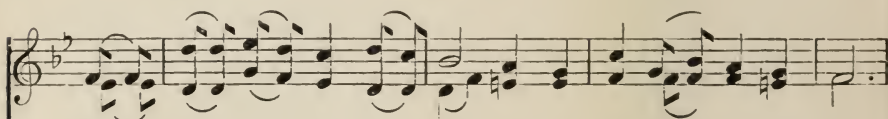
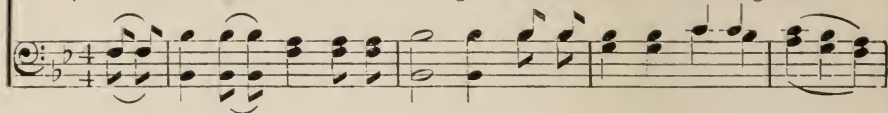
CHETWYND HAMILTON.

J. H. S. FOTHERGILL.

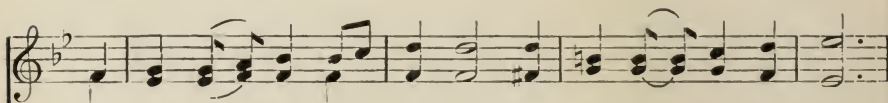
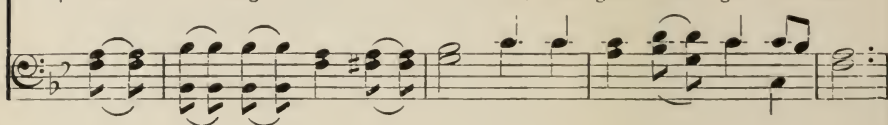
$\text{♩} = 108.$



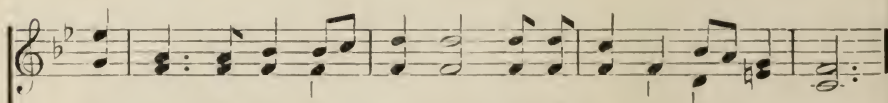
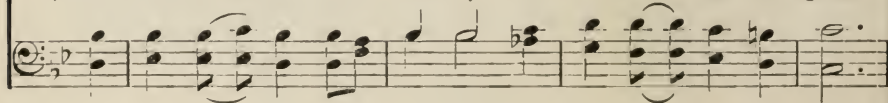
1. We list for His voice in the morn-ing, When the day has just be-gun,.....
2. We list for His voice in the noon-tide, When the toil is hard and long;.....
3. We list for His voice in the ev-'ning, When the gold-en clouds un-furl.....
4. We shall hear His voice in the mid-night, When the bands of shi-ning stars.....



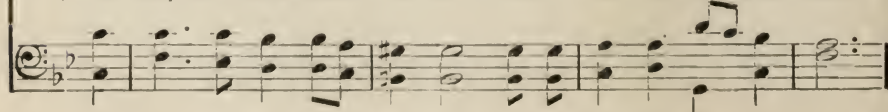
1. And the birds and the beasts are a-wak-ing Be-neath the glo-rious sun:
2. And we yearn for the rest that fol-lows The peal of the e-ven-song:
3. Their ban-ner-ettes o-ver the moun-tains, Like gleams from the Gates of Pearl:
4. Are en-cir-cling the cloud-built moun-tains, Like gates with gold-en bars:



1. Oh, then by field and wood-side, Wher-e'er our foot-steps roam,
2. Oh, then by the ways un-shel-ter'd, Or paths 'neath a leaf-y dome,
3. Then 'mid the joy and sweet-ness, And rest of an earth-ly home,
4. Oh, then as we slum-ber sweet-ly, Like bells a-mid the gloam



1. We hear Christ call-ing sweet-ly: "Come to Me, O wan-d'rer, come!"
2. Still, still we hear Him call-ing: "Come to Me! O wan-d'rer, come!"
3. A-gain we hear Him call-ing: "Come to Me! O wan-d'rer, come!"
4. The Shep-herd's voice breaks o'er us: "Come to Me! oh, wel-come home!"



The Call of Jesus—continued.

CHORUS. *Slower.*

Me!".....

We hear Christ calling, gen-tly call - ing: "Come to Me! come to Me! oh, come to Me!"

Me!".....

48 I Linger Round the Fold of God.

"I am the door: by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved."—JOHN x. 9.

C. M. STREATFEILD.

DIGBY WISHER.

SOLO. *mp*

1. I lin - ger round the fold of God, Wea - ry and stain'd with sin; I
2. Ah! Thou hast fenced it all a - round, Fast closed for ev - er - more; I

1. hear Thy call so low and sweet, I see the flow'rs a - round Thy feet: Good Shepherd, let me
2. know I have no right to stay, Yet, Je - sus, turn me not a - way, Be Thou Thy self the

CHORUS.

1. in! Good Shep - herd, let me in! Good Shep - herd, let me in!
2. door! Be Thou Thy - self the door! Be Thou Thy - self the door!

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3. I faint beneath this burning heat—
How cool the shade within!
I hear the rippling water flow
Where Thy beloved come and go:
Good Shepherd, let me in!

4. Still will I linger, gracious Lord,
Still will I wait for Thee;
What if in that sweet music came
The blessed murmur of my name—
The Shepherd's call for me!

"Surely I come quickly." "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."—REV. xii. 20.

L. A. BENNETT.

L. J. KENNEDY.

$\text{♩} = 56.$

p SOLO.

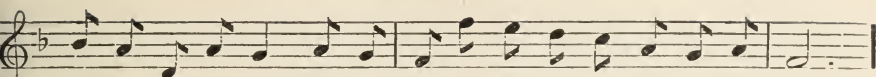
mf

1. In the
2. When the

1. morn-ing, in the morning, when He com-eth once a - gain, Thousand, thousand saints at -
2. "Morning Star" ap-pear-eth, when the darksome night has fled, When the ten - der East is

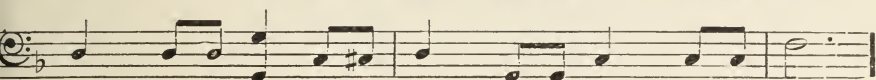
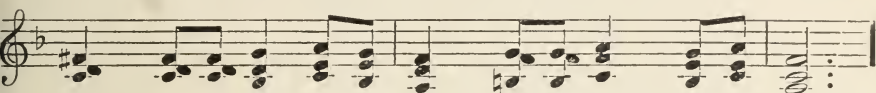
1. - tend-ing in His train : When He comes, our loved ones bring-ing, then all
2. glow-ing ro - sy - red ; When He com - eth in His glo - ry, and we

Oh, what Gladness!—continued.



1. tears are wiped a - way ; The re - deem'd will come with sing - ing that new day.

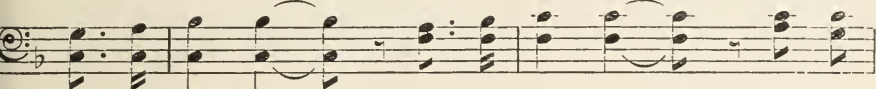
2. see Him face to face, Ran som'd lips will tell the sto - ry, "Saved by Grace."



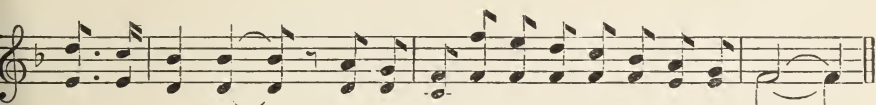
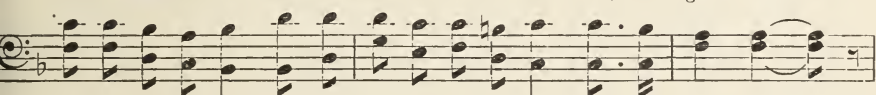
REFRAIN.



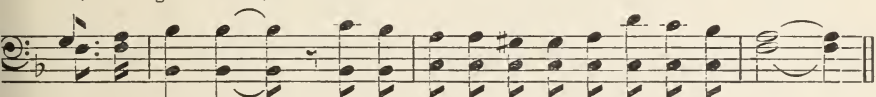
Oh, what glad - ness ! oh, what glad - ness, When we



meet the saints of God in our home in heav'n a - bove ! Oh, what glad - ness !



oh, what glad - ness, When we meet the saints of God in heav'n a - bove !



3. For that morning we are waiting, through the shadows longer grown,
As we mourn earth's empty places sad and lone ;
At the Daybreak He will take us, Christ returneth for us then :
" Even so, oh come, Lord Jesus, come ! Amen."

4. In that bright and glorious morrow when His glory we shall share,
Brief will seem the night of sorrow, pain, and care ;
The redeemed shall come with singing, we together shall adore :
Hallelujahs will be ringing evermore !

50 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, Stand!

"Fight the good fight of faith."—1 TIMOTHY vi. 12.

R. TORREY.

REGINALD F. BARCLAY.

(Composer of "The Song of Redemption.")

Tempo di marcia. f >

*p **

f

più rit. *a tempo.*

i. Stand up for Je - sus, Christian, stand!

più rit. *f a tempo.*

poco rit. a tempo.

Firm as..... a rock on o - cean's strand! Beat back..... the waves of

più rit. *a tempo.*

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in G major, 2/4 time, marked 'Tempo di marcia. f'. The introduction consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system includes a piano (p) dynamic and a fermata. The second system is marked 'f'. The vocal melody enters in the third system, marked 'più rit.' and 'a tempo.'. The lyrics are: 'i. Stand up for Je - sus, Christian, stand!'. The piano accompaniment continues with a 'più rit.' and 'f a tempo.' marking. The second system of the piano accompaniment is marked 'poco rit. a tempo.'. The lyrics continue: 'Firm as..... a rock on o - cean's strand! Beat back..... the waves of'. The piano accompaniment concludes with a 'più rit.' and 'a tempo.' marking.

* The first 8 bars may be omitted.

Stand up for Jesus, Christian, Stand!—continued.

f *più rit.*

sin that roll Like ra - ging floods a - round thy soul! ...

f *più rit.*

CHORUS. *a tempo di marcia.*

f

Stand up for Je - sus, no - bly stand! Firm as a rock on

o - cean's strand! Stand up, His right-eous cause de - fend;

ver. 1, 2, 3. *Last verse.*

Stand up for Je - sus, your best Friend. your best Friend. ORGAN. FINE.

2. Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Sound forth His name o'er sea and land!
Spread ye His glorious word abroad,
Till all the world shall own Him Lord!

3. Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Lift high the cross with steadfast hand!
Till heathen lands, with wondering eye,
Its rising glory shall descry.

4. Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Soon with the blest, immortal band
We'll dwell for aye, life's journey o'er,
In realms of light on heaven's bright shore.

M. A. E. S.

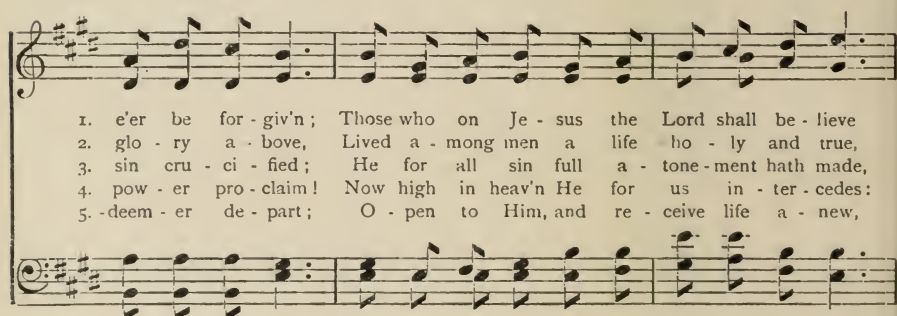
"Neither is there salvation in any other."—ACTS iv. 12

M. A. E. SAUNDERS.

$\text{♩} = 132.$

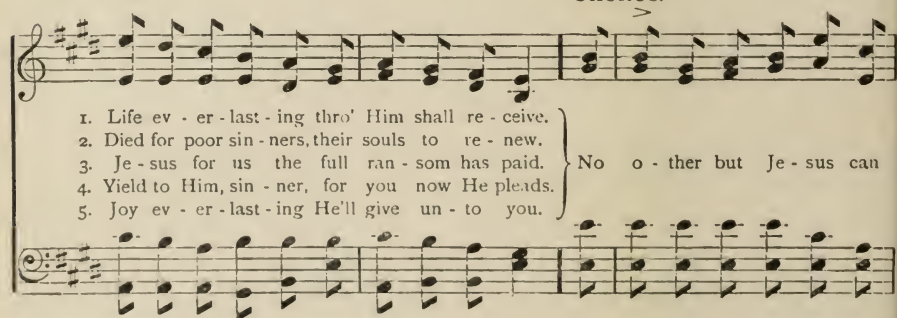


1. Je - sus! the on - ly blest name un - der heav'n Thro' which vile sin - ners can
 2. Je - sus, who came in His won - der - ful love, Leav - ing His rich - es in
 3. Je - sus on Cal - va - ry's cross bled and died, Know - ing no sin, yet for
 4. Je - sus, who died this lost world to re - claim, Conquered the grave—His great
 5. Je - sus is wait - ing—He knocks at your heart: Oh, do not let your Re -



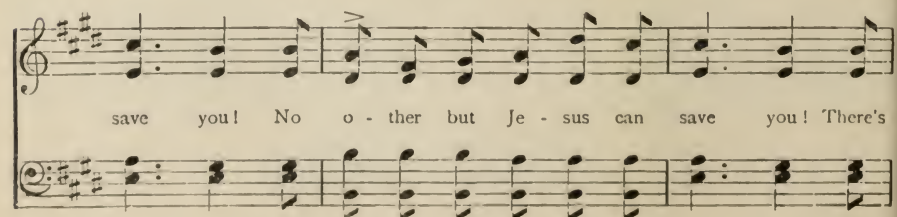
1. e'er be for - giv'n; Those who on Je - sus the Lord shall be - lieve
 2. glo - ry a - bove, Lived a - mong men a life ho - ly and true,
 3. sin cru - ci - fied; He for all sin full a - tone - ment hath made,
 4. pow - er pro - claim! Now high in heav'n He for us in - ter - cedes:
 5. - deem - er de - part; O - pen to Him, and re - ceive life a - new,

CHORUS.



1. Life ev - er - last - ing thro' Him shall re - ceive.
 2. Died for poor sin - ners, their souls to re - new.
 3. Je - sus for us the full ran - som has paid.
 4. Yield to Him, sin - ner, for you now He pleads.
 5. Joy ev - er - last - ing He'll give un - to you.

No o - ther but Je - sus can



save you! No o - ther but Je - sus can save you! There's

No other but Jesus can Save you!—continued.

“no o-ther name,” there’s no o-ther way— No o-ther but Je-sus can save you!

52

When He is Nigh.

“I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him.”—PSALM xci. 15.

A. P.

(ST. WINEFRIDE. II. 10. 11. 4.)

ALLAN PHILLIP.

mf $\text{♩} = 84.$

1. Thou need - est not the voice of migh - ty plead - ing;
2. Thou art not far when life has lost its glad - ness;

1. Thou wait - est not to hear our hum - ble cry; Thou know - est
2. And, thro' the tears, I raise mine eyes a - bove; When Thou art

1. al - way what Thine own are need - ing: And Thou art nigh.
2. near I lose the pain of sad - ness In Thy great love.

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3. And when the path is dark with clouds of sorrow,
When fears within, and storms beset around,
Thy loving hand will lead me till the morrow
In light about.
4. Grant me Thy presence, Saviour high and holy;
Let my poor life be all inwrought with Thine;
Oh, let me rest my soul upon Thee wholly,
Who art Divine!

Jesus, I am Resting, Resting.

"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."—DEUT. xxx. 27.

JEAN SOPHIA PIGOTT.

(KINGSTON. P.M.)

C. I. CLAPPERTON.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of staves. The first three systems are the main body of the song, and the fourth and fifth systems are the chorus. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is in a simple, hymn-like style with a focus on the vocal line and piano accompaniment.

CHORUS.

A - men.

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1. JESUS, I am resting, resting in the joy of what *Thou* art;
I am finding out the greatness of Thy loving heart:
Thou hast bid me gaze upon Thee and Thy beauty fills my soul;
For by Thy transforming power Thou hast made me whole.
Jesus, I am resting, resting in the joy of what *Thou* art;
I am finding out the greatness of Thy loving heart.
2. Oh, how great Thy loving-kindness—vaster, broader than the sea!
Oh, how marvellous Thy goodness, lavished all on me!
Yes, I rest in Thee, Beloved, know what wealth of grace is Thine;
Know Thy certainty of promise, and have made it mine.
3. Simply trusting Thee, Lord Jesus, I behold Thee as *Thou* art,
And Thy love so pure, so changeless, satisfies my heart—
Satisfies its deepest longings, meets, supplies its every need,
Compasseth me round with blessings: Thine is love indeed!
4. Ever lift Thy face upon me as I work and wait for Thee;
Resting 'neath Thy smile, Lord Jesus, earth's dark shadows flee:
Brightness of my Father's glory, sunshine of my Father's face,
Keep me ever trusting, resting; fill me with Thy grace.

54 Good Shepherd, Thou hast Sought me.

"Rejoice with Me; for I have found My sheep which was lost." —LUKE xv. 6.

C. N. STREATFEILD.

DIGBY WISHER.

$\text{♩} = 44$ *Largo*.

i. *mp* Good Shep-herd, Thou hast sought me For many a wea-ry day;

But I, a-las! un-heed-ing, Have wan-der'd far a-way.

And now up-on the moun-tains Thy feet for ev-er roam,

And still Thy voice is call-ing: "Come home, My child, come home!"

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2. Hast Thou not many others
In that safe fold of Thine?
Why art Thou ever seeking
This worthless soul of mine?
Oh, why upon the mountains
Dost Thou for ever roam?
In mournful accents calling:
"Come home, My child, come home!"
3. What have I done, good Shepherd,
That Thou shouldst love me so?
That o'er my foolish wanderings
Thy bitter tears should flow?
That still upon the mountains
Thy bleeding feet should roam,
Thy voice for ever calling:
"Come home, My child, come home!"

4. Thy face is pale and careworn,
Thy locks with dew are wet;
And all for one poor sinner
Whom Thou couldst not forget!
And still upon the mountains
Thou dost for ever roam,
And still Thy voice is calling:
"Come home, My child, come home!"
5. O Love, that thus hath sought me,
So long, so patiently!
In grief and shame returning,
I come, I come to Thee!
No longer on the mountains
Thy blessed footsteps roam,
For I have heard Thee calling:
"Come home, My child, come home!"

55 (First Tune.)

Jesus, Lead me!

"For Thy name's sake, lead me and guide me."—PSALM xxxi. 3.

GEORGE KENDALL,

FRANK HADLOW.

$\text{♩} = 98.$

1. Je - sus, take my hand and lead me Thro' the wind - ing paths of life;

All the toil - some way I need Thee, Know - ing there are dan - gers rife.

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2. If the way be dull and dreary,
Led by Thee I shall not fear;
Even when I'm worn and weary,
Thou wilt make the pathway clear.

3. Jesus, by Thy grace and merit,
May I walk in wisdom's ways;
Give to me Thy blessed Spirit,
For I'd serve Thee all my days.

4. I am sinful, poor, and lowly;
Yet throughout my life I'd be,
Like Thyself—brave, pure, and holy—
Till at last Thy face I see.

55 (Second Tune.)

ARTHUR BERRIDGE.

SOLO. $\text{♩} = 48.$

1. Je - sus, take my hand and lead me Thro' the wind - ing paths of life;

All the toil - some way I need Thee, Know - ing there are dan - gers rife.

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Walking with Jesus.

L. SHOREY.

"As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord so walk ye in Him."

(COLOSSIANS ii. 6.)

REGINALD F. BARCLAY.

Andante. ♩ = 126.

1. Lov-ing the Sa-viour ev-'ry day, Rest-ing in His em-brace,
2. Hear-ing the Sa-viour ev-'ry day, Sit-ting at His dear feet,

1. Nev-er from Him would we go a-stray, Kept by His love and grace.
2. Los-ing no word of what He may say, Guard-ing them trea-sures sweet.

CHORUS.

Let us walk a-long with Je-sus, Let us firm-ly clasp His hand;.....

We nev-er can stray, for He leads the way To the bright and bet-ter land.

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3. Serving the Saviour every day,
Waiting to do His will;
Whether He tells us to go or stay,
Let us His word fulfil.

4. Praising the Saviour every day,
We will His name adore,
Until we praise Him in holier lay,
Ever and evermore.

57 Awake! for the Trumpet is Sounding.

"Now it is high time to awake out of sleep."—ROMANS xiii. 11.

F. J. CROSBY.

MARK KINGSTON.

f ORGAN.

dim. e rit. VOICES. *alla marcia.*
f
 A - wake! for the trum - pet is

sound - ing! A - wake to its call, and o - bey!..... The

voice of our Lead - er cries, "On - ward!" Oh, let us no lon - ger de - lay!

mp CHORUS. *cres* - - - - *cen* -
 No truce while the foe is un - con - quered; No lay - ing the ar - mour down! No

Awake! for the Trumpet is Sounding—continued.

do.

peace till the bat - tle is end - ed, And vic - to - ry wins the

A - wake! for the trum - pet is sound - - ing,.....

crown! A - wake! for the trum - pet is

..... Awake! for the trumpet is sound - ing,.....

vivo.

sound - ing, the trumpet is sound - ing,..... A - wake! A - wake! A - wake!

2. Then gird on the sword of the Spirit,
With helmet, and breastplate, and shield;
And valiantly follow your Captain,
Determined never to yield!
3. Then forward! O army of Zion,
With hearts that are loyal and brave!
Stand firm by the Cross and its banner,
And trust in the "Mighty to save!"

Do you Want a Friend?

L. SHOREY.

"A friend loveth at all times."—PROV. xvii. 17.

HUGH BUCKLEY.

$\text{♩} = 90.$

mf

1. Do you want a Friend who can give you rest, Lay your head on His
 2. Do you want a Friend who can soothe your fears, Calm your spi - rit and

1. lov - ing breast, One to cling to and love the best?— That Friend is
 2. wipe your tears, One who ev - 'ry pe - ti - tion hears?— That Friend is

f

1. Je - sus,..... That Friend is Je - sus, That Friend is Je - sus!
 2. Je - sus,.... That Friend is Je - sus, That Friend is Je - sus!

f *molto dim.*

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3. Do you want a Friend who is always strong,
 Strong to shield you the way along,
 Strong to save you from going wrong?—
 That Friend is Jesus!
4. Do you want a Friend who is always near,
 One that constantly grows more dear?
 Sec. He waits for you now, and here:
 That Friend is Jesus!
5. Do you want a Friend who is always true?
 One there is who has died for you,
 One who wants you to love Him too:
 That Friend is Jesus!
6. If you want this Friend, He is waiting now;
 See the thorn marks that scar His brow!
 'Tis for you that those blood-drops flow:
 This Friend is Jesus!

Cling to the Mighty One.

H. BENNETT.

"I have laid help upon One that is mighty."—PSALM lxxxix. 19.

H. G. CRANSTON.

$\text{♩} = 108.$

mp

1. Cling to the Migh - ty One, Cling in thy grief; Cling to the
 2. Cling to the Liv - ing One, Cling in thy woe; Cling to the
 3. Cling to the Bleed - ing One, Cling to His side; Cling to the

Cling to the Mighty One—continued.

1. Ho - ly One, He gives re - lief; Cling to the Gra - cious One,
 2. Lov - ing One, Thro' all be - low; Cling to the Par - d'ning One,
 3. Ris - en One, In Him a - bide; Cling to the Com - ing One,

1. Cling in thy pain; Cling to the Faith - ful One, He will sus - tain.
 2. He speak - eth peace; Cling to the Heal - ing One, An - guish shall cease.
 3. Hope shall a - rise; Cling to the Reign - ing One, Joy lights thine eyes.

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60

There is no Friend like Jesus.

J. BROWNIE.

"A friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROVERBS xviii. 24.

JOHN HARFORD.

$\text{♩} = 116.$

1. There is no friend like Je - sus, So con - stant and so kind;
 2. The hun - gry soul He feed - eth With man - na from His store;
 3. When wea - ry is our jour - ney, And hea - vy is our load,

1. He heals the wound - ed spi - rit, And calms the trou - bled mind.
 2. And of His liv - ing wa - ter We drink, to thirst no more.
 3. This con - stant Friend is with us, To cheer our toil - some road,

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- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>4. When bright our path and joyous,
 And sunshine floods the way,
 Our joy He renders tenfold
 More joyous every day.</p> <p>5. There is no friend like Jesus,
 So constant is His love;
 The earth has seen His kindness,
 "I will be enjoyed above.</p> | <p>6. Through death's dark vale He'll lead us—
 That vale He passed before;
 With life immortal clothe us,
 To be unclothed no more.</p> <p>7. And in that land the fairest,
 With joys that never end,
 Our Lord shall stand supremely
 Our true and constant Friend.</p> |
|--|--|

61 Hush, my Soul, thou canst not Murmur.

W. SPENCER WALTON.

"I will give you rest."—MATTHEW xi. 28.

Not too fast.

NOEL JOHNSON.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of four systems of staves. Each system has a treble clef staff for the voice and a bass clef staff for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo marking is 'Not too fast.' The score begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The melody is simple and soothing, with the piano accompaniment providing a steady harmonic support. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

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1. HUSH, my soul, thou canst not murmur,
Thou hast such a gracious Friend;
In His heart of love He planneth
All thy path from end to end.
Naught but good that heart conceiveth,
Best of blessings He'll bestow;
Guarding, keeping, guiding, leading,
All thy journey here below.
2. Hold His hand, 'twas pierced to save thee—
Let Him draw thee to His side;
Put thy head upon His bosom,
Now in Him thy cares confide.

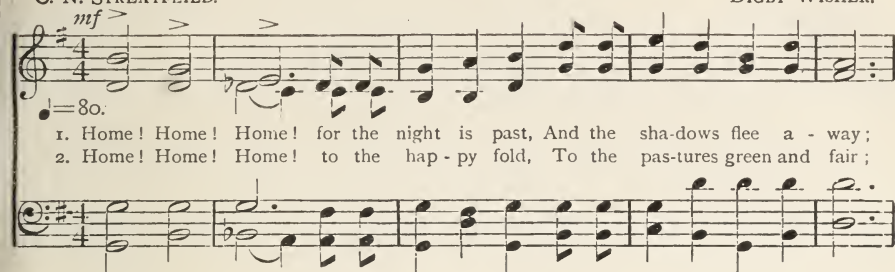
- How He loves to hear thee speaking,
Loves to gaze upon thy face,
Will not lose thy softest whisper
Meant to catch His ear of grace.
3. Like a river ever onward
Flows into an ocean calm,
Lit up with a golden sunset,
Echoing with an evening psalm:—
So this rest gets broader, deeper,
'Till it's lost in heaven above,
Where the glory's ever brighter
And the song is always love.

"At home with the Lord."—2 CORINTHIANS v. 8 (R.V.).

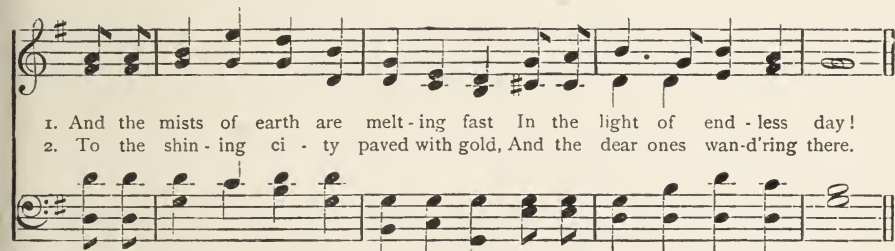
C. N. STREATFEILD.

DIGBY WISHER.

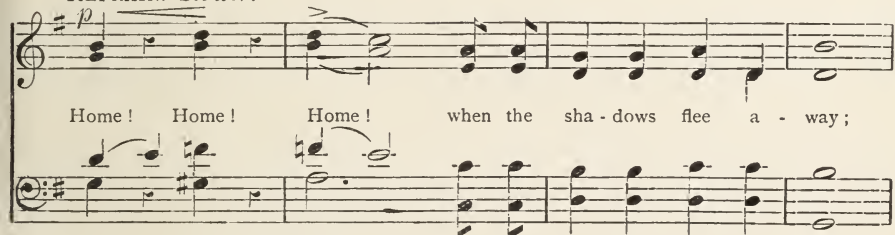
mf $\text{♩} = 80.$



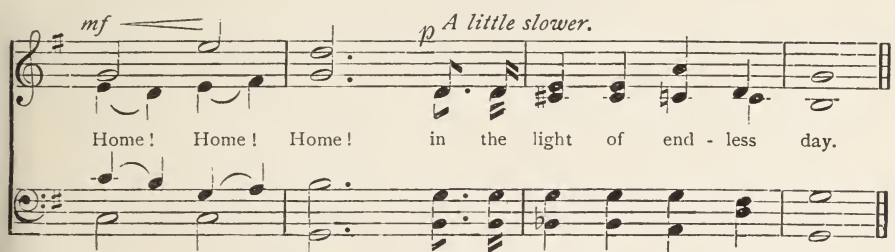
1. Home! Home! Home! for the night is past, And the sha-dows flee a-way;
2. Home! Home! Home! to the hap-py fold, To the pas-tures green and fair;



1. And the mists of earth are melt-ing fast In the light of end-less day!
2. To the shin-ing ci-tiy paved with gold, And the dear ones wan-d'ring there.

REFRAIN. *Slower.*


Home! Home! Home! when the sha-dows flee a-way;



Home! Home! Home! in the light of end-less day.

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- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3. Home! Home! Home! for the weary feet,
For the broken-hearted—rest;
For the aching head—a pillow sweet,
On the Saviour's loving breast!</p> <p>4. Home! Home! Home! to the land of love,
For the winter days are o'er;
And the flowers are bright that bloom above,
It is spring for evermore!</p> | <p>5. Home! Home! Home! to the land of peace,
In the first faint light of dawn;
I can hear the songs that never cease,
And the dark clouds all are gone!</p> <p>6. Home! Home! Home! for the night is past,
And the shadows flee away;
And the wanderer finds his rest at last
In the light of endless day!</p> |
|---|---|

"That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow."—PHILIPPIANS ii. 10

L. SHOREY.

E. W. SHUTTLEWORTH.

$\text{♩} = 120.$

1. Earth with a thou - sand voi - ces Sends up a song of praise;
2. Tell it a - mong the na - tions, Teach it o'er all the earth;

1. And we may not be si - lent, Joy - ful the song we raise.
2. An - gels of old pro - claim'd it, Told of the Sa - viour's birth.

1. Je - sus, the name most wor - thy; Je - sus, the sweet - est sound;
2. Here are the ran - son'd sing - ing, Je - sus, from shore to shore;

1. Send it a - cross the o - cean, Waft it the wide world round.
2. There the re - deem'd shall praise Him Ev - er and ev - er - more.

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3. Sing to the little children—
Jesus, the children's Friend;
Whisper it to the tempted,
Jesus His help will send:
Whisper it to the dying,
Murmur it soft and low,
While passing through the waters,
And they will not o'erflow.

4. This is our consecration,
Living to serve our Lord;
Ready for any service,
Hearing His gentlest word:
Going as from His presence
Into life's busy ways;
Telling His love and mercy,
Singing His name in praise.

God is Love!

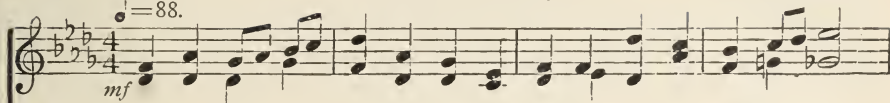
J. S. B. MONSELL.

"God is love!"—I JOHN iv. 8.

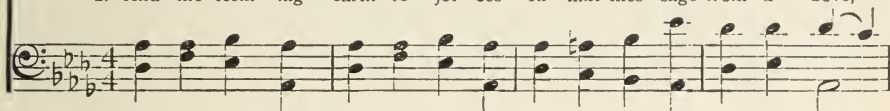
(UNIVERSE. 8.7.8.7.8.7.)

L. J. KENNEDY.

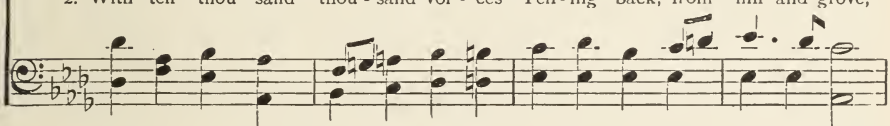
♩ = 88.



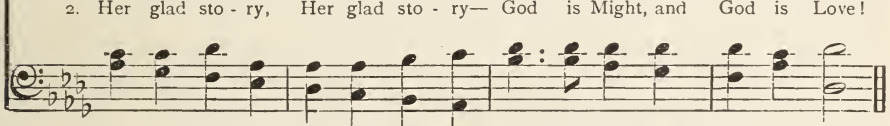
1. God is love! that an - them old - en Sing the glo - rious orbs of light,
 2. And the teem - ing earth re - joi - ces In that mes - sage from a - bove,



1. In their lan - guage glad and gold - en, Speak - ing to us day and night,
 2. With ten thou - sand thou - sand voi - ces Tell - ing back, from hill and grove,



1. Their great sto - ry, Their great sto - ry— God is Love, and God is Might!
 2. Her glad sto - ry, Her glad sto - ry— God is Might, and God is Love!



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3.

Through these anthems of creation,
 Mingling in harmonious strife,
 Christian songs of Christ's salvation,
 To the world with blessings rife,
 Tell their story—
 God is Love, and God is Life!

4.

Through that precious love He sought us,
 Wandering from His holy ways;
 With that precious life He bought us:
 Then let all our future days
 Tell this story—
 Love is life, our lives be praise!

5.

Gladsome is the theme and glorious,
 Praise to Christ our gracious Head;
 Christ, the risen Christ, victorious
 Death and hell hath captive led:
 Glory, glory!
 Love lives on, and Death is dead!

6.

Up to Him let each affection
 Daily rise, and round Him move
 Our whole lives, one resurrection
 To the Life of life above;
 Their glad story—
 God is Life, and God is Love!

More Love to Thee, O Christ!

"Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee."—JOHN xxi. 17.

E. PRENTISS.

FRANK ROBSON.

♩ = 84.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee: Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -

1. pray'r I make On bend-ed knee: This is my earn-est plea—
2. - lone I seek; Give what is best: This all my pray'r shall be—

1. More love, O Christ, to Thee! More love, O Christ, to Thee! More love to Thee!
2. More love, O Christ, to Thee! More love, O Christ, to Thee! More love to Thee!

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3. Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me—
More love, O Christ, to Thee!
More love, O Christ, to Thee!
More love, to Thee!

4. Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise:
This still its prayer shall be—
More love, O Christ, to Thee!
More love, O Christ, to Thee!
More love to Thee!

Sweet the Moments.

"Peace through the blood of His cross."—COLOSSIANS i. 20.

J. ALLEN and W. SHIRLEY.

C. MAITLAND.

♩ = 100 *Smoothly and not too fast.*

1. Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross we spend;
2. 'Tru-ly bless-ed is this sta-tion, Low be-fore His cross to lie,

Sweet the Moments—continued.

1. Life and health and peace pos - sess - ing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend.
 2. While we see Di - vine com - pas - sion Beam - ing in His gra - cious eye.

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3. Love and grief our hearts dividing,
 With our tears His feet we bathe,
 Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from His death.

4. For Thy sorrows we adore Thee,
 For the pains that wrought our peace,
 Gracious Saviour, we implore Thee,
 In our souls Thy love increase.

67

Keep Near to the Master.

"Ye were called unto the fellowship of Jesus Christ our Lord."—1 COR. i. 9.

A. E. NAISH.

$\text{♩} = 62.$

J. H. S. FOTHERGILL.

1. Keep near to the Mas - ter in ser - vice all true, Who lov - ing - ly bids thee His
 2. Keep near to the Mas - ter, His voice oft to heed; In full glad sur - ren - der from

1. will glad - ly do; For wisdom and guidance, and help day by day, Keep near to the Master, nor
 2. self to be freed; In all gen - tle ser - vice that others may see The love of the Master re -

CHORUS.

1. e'er from Him stray. } Keep near, keep near,..... Keep near to the Mas - ter!
 2. - flect - ed by Thee. }

Keep near, keep near, keep near, keep near,

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3.
 Keep near to the Master; should health e'er thee
 fail,
 In every condition His love will avail;
 Though sometimes in service He bids us be still,
 Remember they serve Him who wait His sweet will.

4.
 Keep near to the Master thro' earth's little while,
 In service all loving, till, 'neath His glad smile,
 With rapture thou hearest His gentle voice say.
 "Well done, faithful servant!" and dwell with
 Him aye.

When Spring Unlocks the Flowers.

"All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord; and Thy saints shall bless Thee."—PSALM cxlv. 10.

R. HEBER.

With much spirit.

HUBERT MILES.

mf

1. When spring un - locks the flow - ers, To paint the laugh - ing soil,.....

When sum - mer's balm - y show - ers Re - fresh the mow - er's toil;.....

p *f*

When win - ter binds in fros - ty chains The fal - low and the flood,..... In

più rit. *mf, a tempo.*

God the earth re - joic - eth still, And owns its Ma - ker good.....

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2. The birds that wake the morning,
And those that love the shade;
The winds that sweep the mountain,
Or lull the drowsy glade;
The sun that from his amber bower,
Rejoiceth on his way,
The moon and stars their Master's name
In silent pomp display.

3. Shall man, the lord of nature,
Expectant of the sky,
Shall man alone unthankful,
His little praise deny?

No; let the year forsake his course,
The seasons cease to be,
Thee, Master, must we always love;
And Saviour, honour Thee.

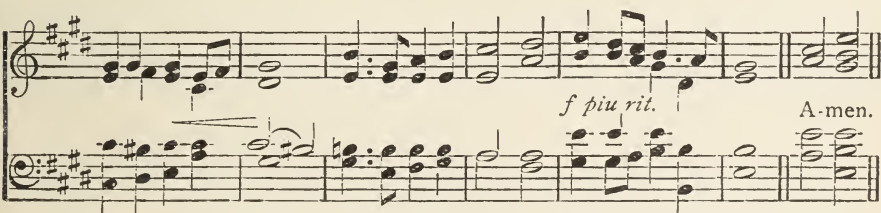
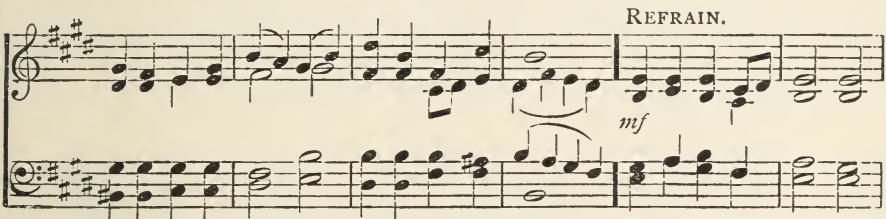
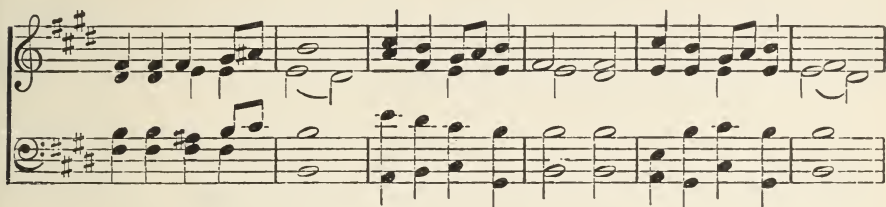
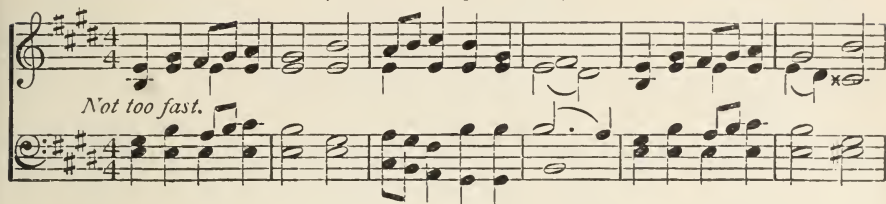
4. The flowers of spring may wither,
The hope of summer fade;
The autumn droop in winter,
The birds forsake the shade;
The winds be lulled, the sun and moon
Forget their old decree;
But we in nature's latest hour,
O Lord, will cling to Thee!

"Be strong and of a good courage."—DEUT. xxxi. 6.

S. BARING-GOULD.

(CONGRESS. 6.5., 12 lines.)

EDGAR PETTMAN.



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1.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers!
 Marching as to war,
 Looking unto Jesus,
 Who is gone before.
 Christ the Royal Master
 Leads against the foe:
 Forward into battle
 See His banners go.

Onward, Christian soldiers!
 Marching as to war,
 Looking unto Jesus,
 Who is gone before.

2.

At the name of Jesus
 Satan's host doth flee;
 On then, Christian soldiers,
 On to victory!

Hell's foundations quiver
 At the shout of praise!
 Brothers, lift your voices,
 Loud your anthems raise!

3.

Like a mighty army
 Moves the Church of God:
 Brothers, we are treading
 Where the saints have trod:
 We are not divided,
 All one body we—
 One in hope and doctrine,
 One in charity.

4.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane;

But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain:
 Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that Church prevail;
 We have Christ's own promise
 And that cannot fail.

5.

Onward then, ye people,
 Join our happy throng,
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph song:
 Glory, praise, and honour
 Unto Christ the King;
 This through countless ages
 Men and angels sing.

All Glory to Jesus be Given.

A. WITTENMEYER.

"Mighty to save."—ISAIAH lxiii. 1.

REGINALD F. BARCLAY.

♩ = 42.

p Andante. *rit.*

The piano introduction consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in G major, 6/8 time. The middle and bottom staves form a piano accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The tempo is marked 'Andante' and the dynamics are 'p' (piano) and 'rit.' (ritardando).

SOLO. *p a tempo.*

1. All glo-ry to Je-sus be giv'n, That life and sal-va-tion are free, And
2. From darkness, and sin, and des - pair, Out in - to the light of His love, He has

p a tempo.

The solo section begins with a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The tempo is 'a tempo' and the dynamics are 'p' (piano). The lyrics are provided for two parts.

*cres.**rit. e dim.*

1. all may be wash'd and for - giv'n; And Je - sus can save e - ven me.
2. brought me, and made me an heir To king-doms and mansions a - bove.

cres. *rit. e dim.*

The second system continues the solo section with vocal and piano parts. It includes crescendo ('cres.') and ritardando/diminuendo ('rit. e dim.') markings. The lyrics continue for two parts.

All Glory to Jesus be Given—continued.

CHORUS.

Yes, Je-sus is mighty to save,..... And all His salvation may know ;..... On His



Yes, Je-sus is mighty to save,... .. And all His sal-va-tion may

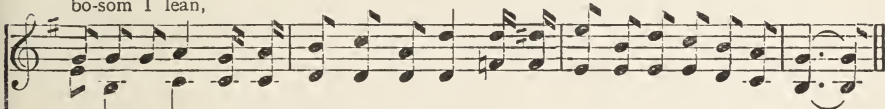
Yes, Je-sus is mighty to save,..... And all His salvation may know ;..... On His



Yes, Je-sus is mighty to save,..... And all His sal-va-tion may



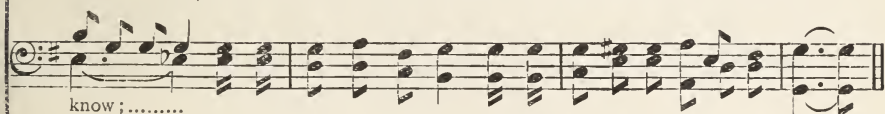
bo-som I lean,



know ;.....

And His blood makes me clean, For His blood can wash whiter than snow.

bo-som I lean,



know ;.....



3.

Oh, the rapturous height of His love !
The measureless depth of His grace !
My soul all His fulness would prove,
And live in His loving embrace.

4.

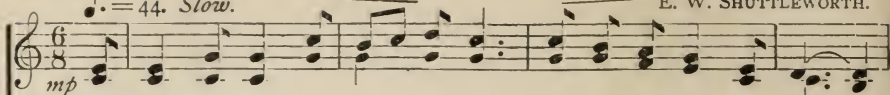
In Him all my wants are supplied,
His love makes my heaven below ;
And freely His blood is applied,
His blood that makes whiter than snow.

For ever Here my Rest shall be.

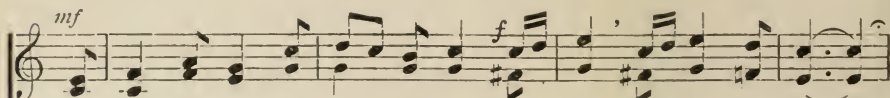
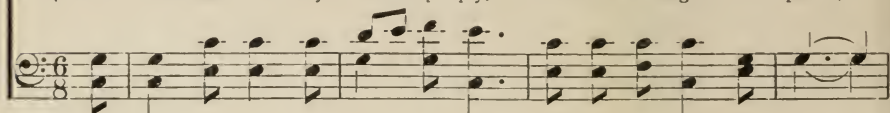
C. WESLEY.

"If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with Me."—JOHN xiii. 8.

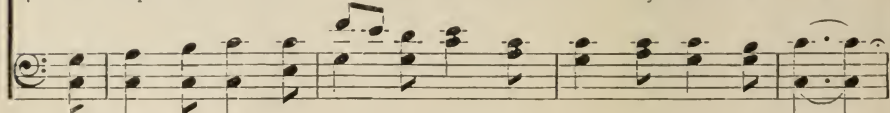
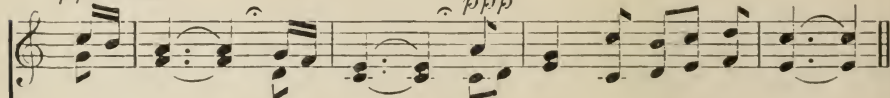
E. W. SHUTTLEWORTH.

♩ = 44. *Slow.*

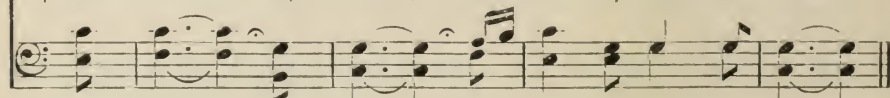
1. For ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleed - ing side;.....
 2. My dy - ing Sa - viour and my God, Foun - tain for guilt and sin!.....
 3. Wash me, and make me thus Thine own; Wash me, and mine Thou art.....
 4. Th'a - tone - ment of Thy blood ap - ply, Till faith to sight im - prove;....



1. This all my hope and all my plea, For me the Sa - viour died :
 2. Sprin - kle me ev - er with Thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean :
 3. Wash me, but not my feet a - lone, My hands, my head, my heart :
 4. 'Till hope in full frui - i - tion die, And all my soul be love :

*pp Slower.*

1. For me, for me, For me the Sa - viour died.
 2. And cleanse, and keep, And cleanse and keep me clean.
 3. My hands, and my head, My hands, my head, my heart.
 4. And all my soul, And all my soul be love.



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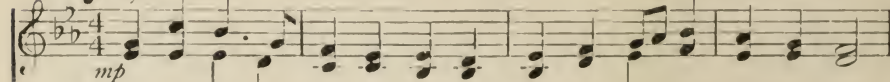
Lord, I Know a Clock is Waiting.

ALICE J. JANVRIN.

(SERVICE. 8.7.8.3.)

EDGAR PRETTMAN.

♩ = 92.



1. Lord, I know a work is wait - ing For each ran - som'd child of Thine;
 2. Fit me for Thy bless - ed ser - vice As to Thee may seem most meet;
 3. O - pen Thou my heart to ga - ther, To its ten der love and care,
 4. Where - so - ev - er Thou dost need me Let Thy Spi - rit's gui - dance show;



Lord, I Know a Work is Waiting—continued.

1. Lo, I come in faith be-seech-ing, Show me mine! show me mine!
 2. Keep me close, for con-stant teach-ing. At Thy feet, at Thy feet.
 3. All Thy lost and wan-d'ring chil-dren, Ev-ry-where, ev-ry-where.
 4. And, with lov-ing swift o-be-dience, I will go, I will go.

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5. Whatsoever Thou appointest,
 Be the service great or small,
 Give me grace to rise and do it
 At Thy call.

6. Daily, hourly, let me witness
 That Thy gracious will is best,
 Till I hear Thee saying sweetly,
 "Come and rest."

73

Great Son of God.

J. BROWNLIE.

"Who loved me, and gave Himself for me."—GALATIANS ii. 20.

HUGH BUCKLEY.

1. Great Son of God, su-pre-me-ly brave, Who stoop'd to earth in flesh-ly guise,
 2. Great Son of God, su-pre-me-ly meek, The vile-ness of our shame to wear;

1. The err-ing souls of men to save, And bring them back to Pa-ra-
 2. In haunts of sin the lost to seek, The bur-den of their guilt to

1. -dise; Un ceas-ing praise Thy love shall tell, Where men re-deem'd, and an-gels dwell.
 2. bear, And on a cross re-sign Thy breath, To save their souls from end-less death.

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3. Great Son of God, supremely good,
 The blessing of Thy life to give;
 Thy wounded flesh for needful food,
 That in Thy strength our souls may live,
 And in that strength unflinching rise
 To lives of noblest sacrifice,

4. Great Son of God, we own Thy claim—
 Our souls are Thine, and not our own;
 Now on our foreheads stamp Thy name,
 That we may live for Thee alone,
 And in our lives such service show
 As Thou didst render here below.

"Thou shalt hide them in the secret of Thy presence."—PSALM xxxi. 20.

ELLEN LAKSHMI GOREH.

HERBERT LANGLEY

pp
1. In the se-cret of His pres-ence how my soul de-lights to hide!

mf
Oh, how pre-cious are the les-sons which I learn at Je-sus' side!

mf *p* *mp rit.* *mp a tempo.*
Earth-ly cares can nev-er vex me, nei-ther tri-als lay me low; For when Sa-tan

mp rit. e dim. *slower.* *pp*
comes to tempt me, to the se-cret place I go, To the se-cret place I go.

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2. When my soul is faint and thirsty, 'neath the shadow of His wing
There is cool and pleasant shelter, and a fresh and crystal spring;
And my Saviour rests beside me, as we hold communion sweet:
If I tried, I could not utter what He says when thus we meet.
3. Only this I know: I tell Him all my doubts, and griefs, and fears;
Oh, how patiently He listens! and my drooping soul He cheers:
Do you think He ne'er reproves me? what a false friend He would be,
If He never, never told me of the sins which He must see!
4. Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the Lord?
Go and hide beneath His shadow—this shall then be your reward:
And when'er you leave the silence of that happy meeting place,
You will bear the shining image of the Master in your face.

I will Seek Him.

L. SHOREY.

"I will seek Him whom my soul loveth."—SONG OF SOL. iii. 2.

E. W. SHUTTLEWORTH.

♩ = 63.

1. I will seek Him in the morn - ing, When the day is warm and bright,
 2. I will seek Him in the noon - tide, In the scorch - ing heat of day,
 3. I will seek Him in the ev - 'ning, When the sky is all a - glow

1 When the ro - sy beams of sun - shine Drive a - way the shades of night :
 2. When the sky is blue and cloud - less, And the dew - drops melt a - way ;
 3. With the gold and crim - son sun - set, As the sha - dows long - er grow :

1. I will wait to do His bid - ding, What - ev - er it may be ;
 2. For I find in His dear sha - dow A shel - ter from the heat ;
 3. I will seek Him, for I love Him— I long to hear His voice ;

1. 'Tis joy be - cause I love Him, For much He lov - eth me.
 2. And there, in sweet con - fid - ing, I rest nie at His feet.
 3. For e'en its gen - tlest whis - per Makes all my soul re - joice.

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4. I will seek Him in the darkness,
 When the night falls damp and chill,
 And a mist comes slowly creeping
 From the valley up the hill :
 I will seek Him, for I love Him—
 No other is so dear ;
 And by His love surrounded,
 I nothing have to fear.

5. By-and-by I will not seek Him,
 For I shall with Him abide ;
 And I will not need to find Him,
 For I will be near His side.
 Oh, what rapture then to see Him,
 To love as ne'er before—
 My King, my Lord, my Saviour,
 My Joy for evermore !

76 (1st Tune.) I saw His Face of Sorrow.

"And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter."—LUKE xxii. 61.

W. SPENCER WALTON.

CONSTANCE PHILLIPS.

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1. I SAW His face of sorrow,
His eyes of tend'rest care;
They gazed in deep compassion
Upon my wanderings here.
I tried to hide, but could not,
While as He looked, He said:
"Poor sinful soul, I love you;
For you My blood was shed"
2. It seemed as if He followed
Along my sinful track,
And as He came He told me:
"I died to bring you back."
It broke my heart, it won me,
Down at His feet I fell;
His love in all its fulness
I feel, but cannot tell.
3. I saw His face of pity;
My heart was growing cold—
The world had tried to snare it,
And had secured a hold.

- But oh, He whispered, "Follow!"
While, as He called, I saw
In Him such wondrous beauty:
I want the world no more.
4. And since I've followed Jesus,
I'm held in His embrace;
I love to rest and listen,
While gazing on His face.
My heart is won completely
From all the world could give;
And now 'tis "Jesus only!"
To work, to die, to live!
 5. Once more I'll see His beauty,
'Tis when He comes for me;
The day is not far distant,
Sometimes I think I see
His light, like radiant sunrise;
But as it fades away,
I wait again and whisper,
"He'll come for me one day."

76 (2nd Tune.) I saw His Face of Sorrow.

"And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter."—LUKE xxii. 61.

W. SPENCER WALTON.

(Original key, C.)

EDGAR PETTMAN.

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1. I SAW His face of sorrow,
His eyes of tend'rest care;
They gazed in deep compassion
Upon my wanderings here.
I tried to hide, but could not,
While as He looked, He said:
"Poor sinful soul, I love you;
For you My blood was shed."
2. It seemed as if He followed
Along my sinful track,
And as He came He told me:
"I died to bring you back."
It broke my heart, it won me,
Down at His feet I fell;
His love in all its fulness
I feel, but cannot tell.
3. I saw His face of pity;
My heart was growing cold—
The world had tried to snare it,
And had secured a hold.

- But oh, He whispered, "Follow!"
While, as He called, I saw
In Him such wondrous beauty:
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I'm held in His embrace;
I love to rest and listen,
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My heart is won completely
From all the world could give;
And now 'tis "Jesus only!"
To work, to die, to live!
 5. Once more I'll see His beauty,
'Tis when He comes for me;
The day is not far distant,
Sometimes I think I see
His light, like radiant sunrise;
But as it fades away,
I wait again and whisper,
"He'll come for me one day."

When the Weary, Seeking Rest.

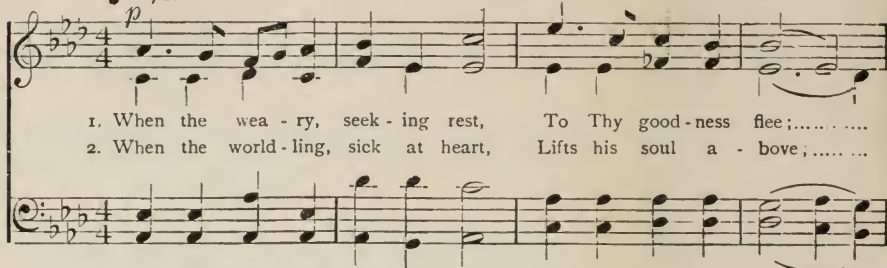
"Hear Thou their prayer in heaven Thy dwelling-place."—1 KINGS xiii. 49.

H. BONAR.

(Suitable as a Solo.)

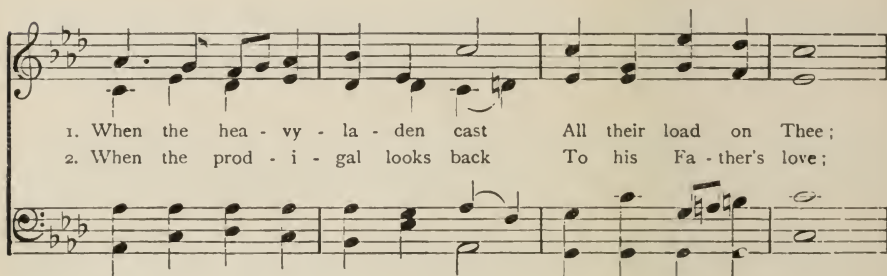
REGINALD F. BARCLAY.

$\text{♩} = 72$.



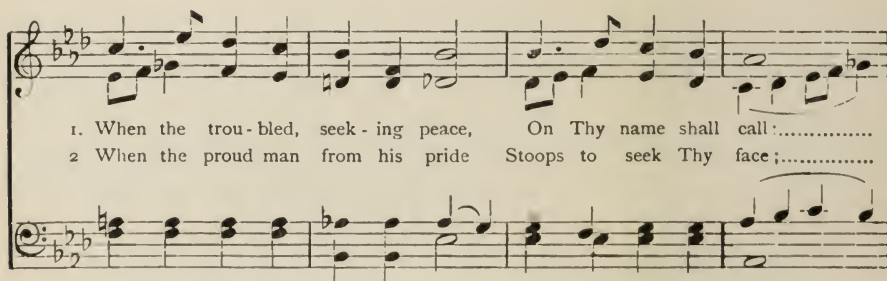
1. When the wea - ry, seek - ing rest, To Thy good - ness flee;.....

2. When the world - ling, sick at heart, Lifts his soul a - bove;.....



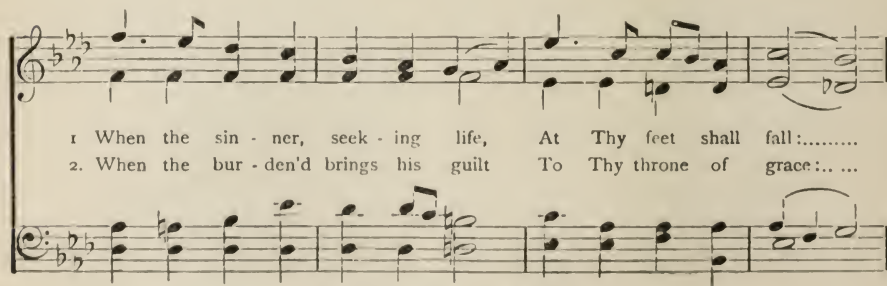
1. When the hea - vy - la - den cast All their load on Thee;

2. When the prod - i - gal looks back To his Fa - ther's love;



1. When the trou - bled, seek - ing peace, On Thy name shall call;.....

2. When the proud man from his pride Stoops to seek Thy face;.....



1. When the sin - ner, seek - ing life, At Thy feet shall fall;.....

2. When the bur - den'd brings his guilt To Thy throne of grace;... ..

When the Weary, Seeking Rest—continued.

CHORUS. *Slower.*

Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry, In heav'n, Thy dwell-ing - place on high.

3. When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end ;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend ;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee :
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee :

- [4. When the man of toil and care
In the city crowd,
When the shepherd on the moor
Names the name of God ;
When the learned and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessed name :]

5. When the child, with grave fresh lip,
Youth, or maiden fair,
When the aged, weak, and grey,
Seek Thy face in prayer ;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad, and lone, and low ;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe :

6. When creation, in her pangs,
Heaves her heavy groan
When Thy Salem's exiled sons
Breathe their bitter moan ;
When Thy widowed, weeping Church,
Looking for a home,
Sendeth up her silent sigh,
Come, Lord Jesus, come !

78

Jesus Calls us o'er the Tumult.

"Follow thou Me."—JOHN xxi. 22.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

(WELLING. 8.7.8.7.)

EDGAR PETTMAN.

$\text{♩} = 116.$

1. Je - sus calls us o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest - less sea ;
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold - en store,

1. Day by day His sweet voice sound-eth, Say - ing, "Christian, fol - low Me !"
2. From each i - dol that would keep us— Say - ing, "Christian, love Me more !"

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3. In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these !"

4. Jesus calls us ! by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call ;
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all !

79 Have you Heard the Voice of Jesus?

"Come unto Me."—MATTHEW xi. 28.

"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN vi. 37.

A. E. NAISH.

A. HALLAM SIMPSON.

$\text{♩} = 63. \text{mp}$

1. Have you heard the voice of Je - sus Gen - tly speak - ing from a - bove?—

Who for all hath died and suf - fer'd, In His deep and won - drous love :.....

Still so pa - tient - ly is wait - ing That true life He may be - stow ;

"Come to Me!" so sweet - ly plead - ing Yet, that all His love may know?

CHORUS.

Have you heard the voice of Je - sus, Je - sus, Who a - lone true life can give?.....

Have you Heard the Voice of Jesus?—continued.



2. Have you heard the voice of Jesus,
Who doth ever safely lead?
Day by day to gladly follow,
Still His gentle voice to heed:
Earnestly to plead that others
Now the Saviour's call may hear:
Answer while He yet is waiting,
To the loving Lord draw near.

3. Many sounds around us mingle,
Voices dear oft pleasure give;
But the loving voice of Jesus
We must hear to truly live:
That when life's short day is over
We may still, in welcome sweet,
Hear the loving voice of Jesus,
Rest in joy at His dear feet.

80

Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah!

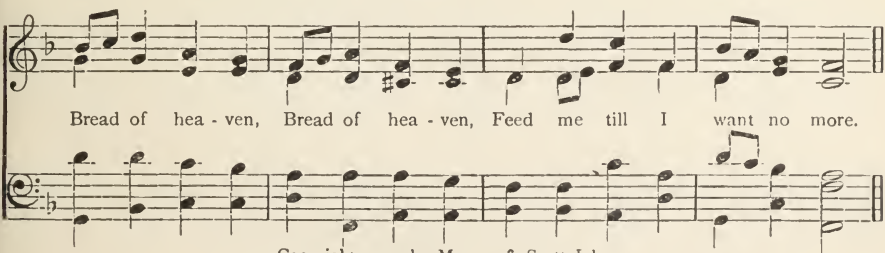
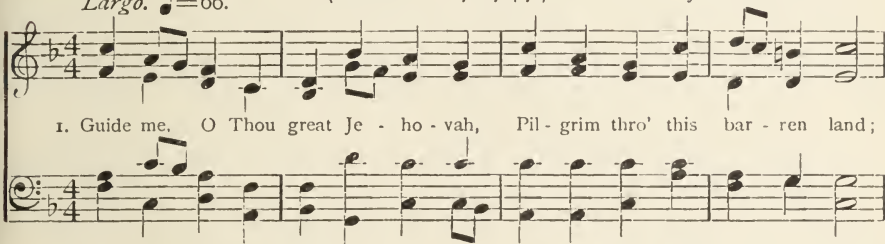
"For Thy name's sake, lead me and guide me."—Psa. xxxi. 3.

W. WILLIAMS.

Largo. ♩ = 66.

(ROWHILL. 8.7.8.7.4.7.)

JASPER CHARLTON.



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2. Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3. When I tread the verge of Jordan
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee!

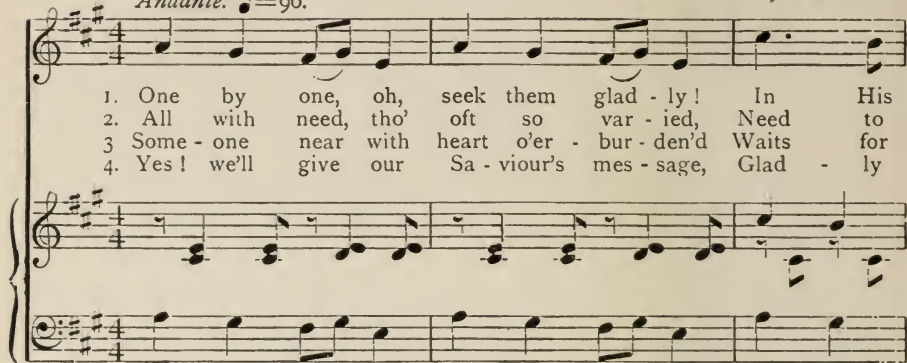
One by One.

"Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."—LUKE xv. 7.

A. E. NAISH.

L. J. KENNEDY.

Andante. ♩ = 96.



1. One by one, oh, seek them glad - ly! In His
 2. All with need, tho' oft so var - ied, Need to
 3. Some - one near with heart o'er - bur - den'd Waits for
 4. Yes! we'll give our Sa - viour's mes - sage, Glad - ly



1. love and ten - der - ness, Pa - tient - ly the
 2. know the Sa - viour's love! Oh then, speak with
 3. you to bid them rest In the ten - der
 4. own His name so dear, Till a - bove we



1. Sa - viour wait - eth With sal - va - tion
 2. heart o'er - flow - ing, Gen - tly try that
 3. love of Je - sus, Ev - er safe and
 4. ev - er praise Him For the love that

One by One—continued.

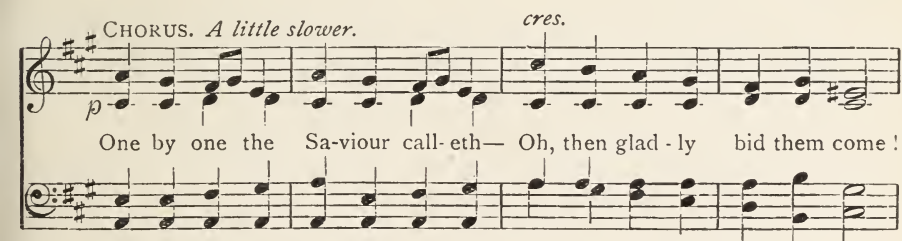


1. free to bless ; Asks that you will
 2. need to prove ; What the Lord for
 3. ev - er blest ; Now to hear His
 4. drew us near ; Love that still re - -

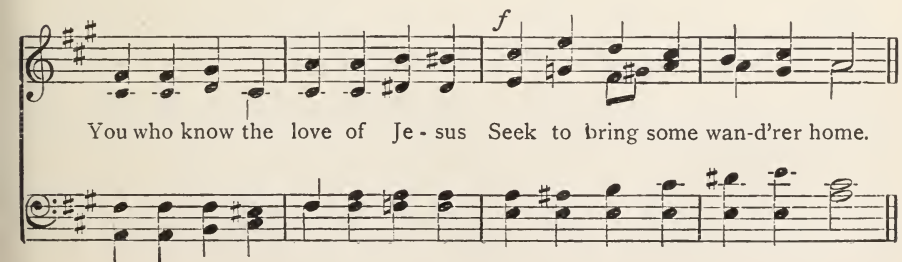


1. bid them come : Seek to bring some wan - d'r'er home.
 2. you hath done, Glad - ly tell each err - ing one.
 3. gen - tle plea : "Come, ye wea - ry, un - to Me."
 4. - fu - seth none, Love that sought us one by one.

CHORUS. *A little slower.* *cres.*



p One by one the Sa-viour call-eth— Oh, then glad - ly bid them come !



f You who know the love of Je - sus Seek to bring some wan-d'r'er home.

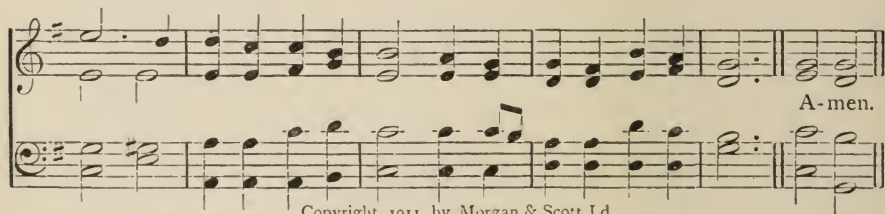
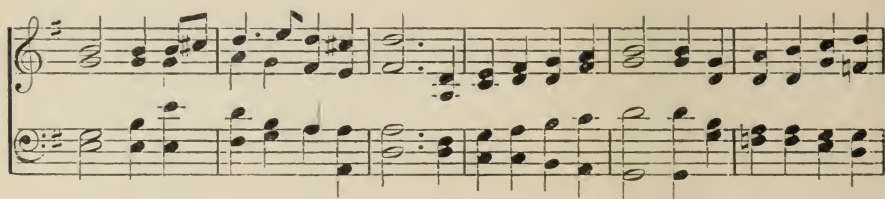
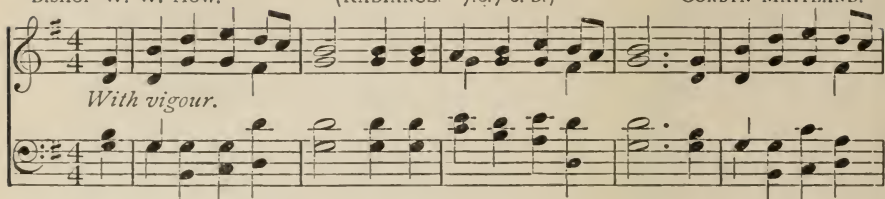
O One with God the Father.

"I am the Light of the world."—JOHN ix. 12.

BISHOP W. W. HOW.

(RADIANCE. 7.6.7 6. D.)

CORBYN MAITLAND.



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1. O ONE with God the Father
In majesty and might,
The brightness of His glory,
Eternal Light of light:
O'er this our home of darkness
Thy rays are streaming now;
The shadows flee before Thee,
The world's true Light art Thou.

2. Yet, Lord, we see but darkly—
O Heavenly Light, arise,
Dispel these mists that shroud us
And hide Thee from our eyes'

We long to track the footprints
That Thou Thyself hast trod;
We long to see the pathway
That leads to Thee our God.

3. O Jesu, shine around us
With radiance of Thy grace;
O Jesu, turn upon us
The brightness of Thy face.
We need no star to guide us
As on our way we press,
If Thou Thy light vouchsafest,
O Sun of Righteousness.

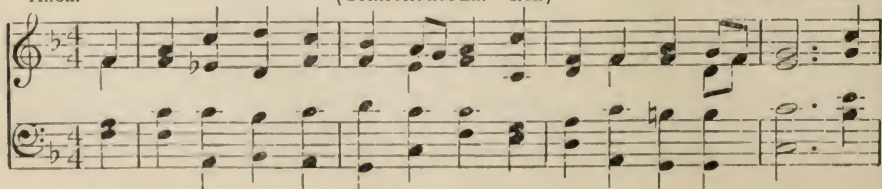
The Glory of the Word.

"The Spirit of truth . . will guide you into all truth."—JOHN xvi. 13.

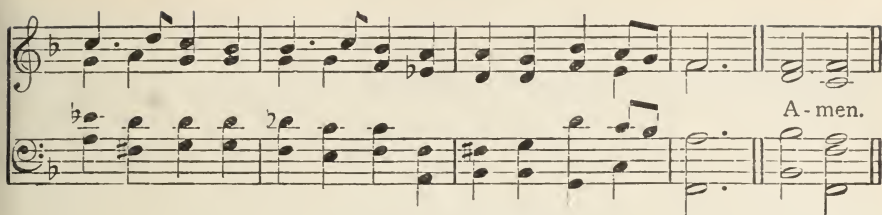
Anon.

(STRATHPEPPER. C.M.)

F. A. CONNOR.



The Glory of the Word—continued.



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- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. A GLORY in the Word we find
When grace restores our sight ;
But sin has darkened all the mind,
And veiled the heavenly light.</p> <p>2. When God's own Spirit clears our view,
How bright the doctrines shine !
Their holy fruits and sweetness show
The Author is Divine.</p> | <p>3. How blest are we, with open face,
To view Thy glory, Lord,
And all Thy image here to trace,
Reflected in Thy Word !</p> <p>4. Oh, teach us, as we look, to grow
In holiness and love,
That we may long to see and know
Thy glorious face above.</p> |
|--|---|

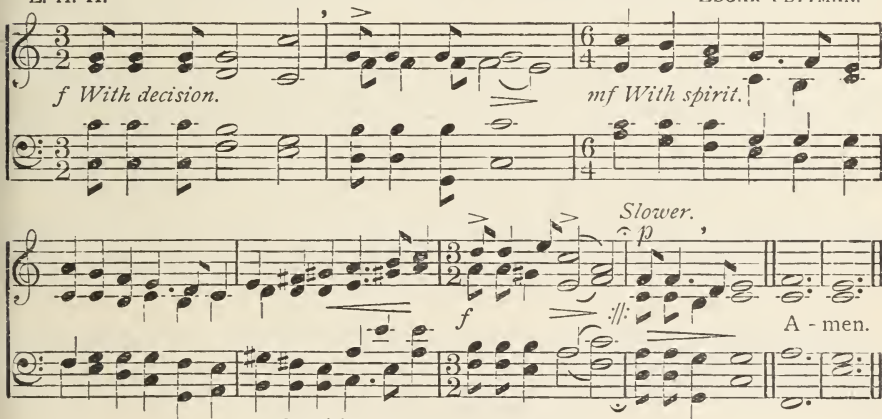
84

Nothing Between.

"Can two walk together except they be agreed?"—AMOS iii. 3.

E. H. H.

EDGAR PETTMAN.



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- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. NOTHING between, Lord, nothing between ;
Let me Thy glory see,
Draw my soul close to Thee,
Then speak in love to me—
Nothing between.</p> <p>2. Nothing between, Lord, nothing between ;
Let not earth's din and noise
Stifle Thy still, small voice ;
In it let me rejoice—
Nothing between.</p> <p>3. Nothing between, Lord, nothing between ;
Nothing of earthly care,
Nothing of tear or prayer,
No robe that self may wear—
Nothing between.</p> <p>4. Nothing between, Lord, nothing between ;
Unbelief disappear,
Vanish each doubt and fear,
Fading when Thou art near—
Nothing between.</p> | <p>5. Nothing between, Lord, nothing between ;
Shine with unclouded ray,
Chasing each mist away,
O'er my whole heart bear sway—
Nothing between.</p> <p>6. Nothing between, Lord, nothing between ;
Thus may I walk with Thee,
Thee only may I see,
Thine only let me be—
Nothing between.</p> <p>7. Nothing between, Lord, nothing between ;
Till Thine eternal light,
Rising on earth's dark night,
Bursts on my open sight—
Nothing between.</p> <p>8. Nothing between, Lord, nothing between ;
Till, the last conflict o'er,
I stand on Canaan's shore
With Thee for evermore—
Nothing between.</p> |
|--|---|

M. A. E. S.

"My son, forsake not the law of thy mother."—PROVERBS vi. 20.

M. A. E. SAUNDERS.

p $\text{♩} = 96.$

1. Sweet are the mem'-ries of days long a - go, Sweet are the mem'-ries of

fa - ces I know, Ling - 'ring a - round the old home - stead one day, Till

CHORUS.

f

farewells were waved as I wend - ed my way. Welcome, sweet mem'-ries, bringing me light!

Wel - come, sweet mem - 'ries, teach - ing me right! Voi - ces the sweet - est that

ev - er can be, Bring the glad mes - sage that "Je - sus loves me"—

Memories of Home—continued.

f *p* *f* *piu rit. e dim.*

E - ven me, e - ven me! Bring the glad mes-sage that "Je - sus loves me."

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Mem'ries, sweet mem'ries, have come back again;
Voices are singing the sweetest refrain—
Singing of Jesus who loves even me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree.</p> | <p>3. Mem'ries, sweet mem'ries, so sweet that I thrill,
Thinking of those who I know love me still;
Mother's sweet words I remember each day:
"Make God's Word your guide as you go on life's way."</p> |
| <p>4. Mem'ries, sweet mem'ries, will banish my cares;
I am remembered in mother's dear prayers;
Wrong paths I'll leave for the paths that are right,
For mother's dear prayers shall be answered to-night.</p> | |

86

Shades of Evening.

W. GRAHAM.

The darkness hideth not from Thee."—PSALM cxxxix. 12.

EDGAR PETTMAN.

pp $\text{♩} = 60$.

1. Shades of ev - 'ning close a - round us, Si - lent hours of night draw on,
2. This day's thoughts and acts un - ho - ly, Du - ties we have fail'd to do,

1. And Thy grace a - gain has found us At the foot - stool of Thy throne.
2. We con - fess be - fore Thee low - ly: Grant us peace and par - don too.

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- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3. Sinful hearts we come deploring,
Prone to evil, slow to good;
Saviour, by Thy grace restoring,
Be these sinful hearts renewed.</p> | <p>4. To Thy gracious care and keeping
Soul and body we resign:
Living, dying, waking, sleeping—
Lord, receive us, we are Thine.</p> |
|--|--|

"He goeth after that which is lost, until He find it."—LUKE xv. 4.

L. A. BENNETT.

A. HALLAM SIMPSON.

mf ♩ = 88.

1. A - far in the val - ley, a - far on the steep, I saw the Good
 2. "Yet, where-fore, Good Shep-herd, the toil and the pain? The sheep it has
 3. "How red Thine ap - pa - rel! how wet with the night! And lo, the stain'd

1. Shep-herd, who seek - eth His sheep. No road is too wea - ry, by
 2. wan - der'd a - gain and a - gain! Thou oft, in Thy mer - cy, hast
 3. foot-marks lie track'd on the white! Ah, where - fore such sor - row, and

1. night or by day; Love speed - eth His foot-steps the pe - ri - lous way.
 2. sought it be - fore." "I go," said the Shepherd, "to seek it once more."
 3. tra - vail, and cost?" "I seek," said the Shepherd, "My sheep that is lost."

CHORUS.

How good was the Shep - herd! how great was the cost!

Afar in the Valley—continued.

He gave up His life for the sheep that was lost!

4. "Yet ninety nine safely abide in the fold,
And this one, Good Shepherd, hath wandered of old:
The wolves they are many, the waters are deep."
"The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep."
5. O Love, Thou hast conquered, O Shepherd Divine!
We, too, will go seeking the sheep that are Thine!
And share Thy rejoicing when glad songs abound;
For we, too, were lost ones, and we, too, were found!

88 Through the Day Thy Love hath Spared us.

T. KELLY.

"Thy sleep shall be sweet."—PROV. iii. 24.

L. J. KENNEDY.

mf $\text{♩} = 66.$

1. Thro' the day Thy love hath spared us; Wea-ried, we lie down to rest;
2. Pil-grims here on earth, and stran-gers, Dwell-ing in the midst of foes,

1. Thro' the si-lent watch-es guard us, Let no foe our peace mo-lest:
2. Us and ours pre-serve from dan-gers; In Thine arms may we re-pose!

p slower.

1. Je-sus, Thou our Guar-dian be; Sweet it is to trust in Thee.
2. And, when life's short day is past, Rest with Thee in heav'n at last.

Oh, the Happy Time is Coming!

"The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

(ISAIAH xi. 9.)

W. BLAKELEY.

DUET. *Smoothly.* ♩ = 100.

mf
1. Oh, the hap - py time is com - ing, When the Gos - pel trum - pet's

sound..... Shall be heard by ev - 'ry na - tion, To the

earth's re - mo - test bound... .. When the vale shall be ex -

- alt - ed. And the ver - dant hills re - jice,..... And the

o - cean join the cho - rus With a loud tri - umph - ant voice.....

Oh, the Happy Time is Coming!—continued.

CHORUS.

Lo! the morn - ing..... light shall break,..... And the
the light shall break, the light shall break,

the morn - ing light shall break,.....

day is draw - ing nigh;..... Yes, a glo - rious time is

the day is draw - ing nigh, is drawing nigh;

com - ing,

com - - ing, We shall hail it by - and - by.....

com - ing,

2. Oh, the happy time is coming
When the cry of war shall cease,
And the standard of our Saviour
Be the olive-branch of peace :
Underneath our vine and fig-tree
We will never be afraid,
There is none will dare molest us
In their calm and quiet shade.
3. Oh, the happy time is coming,
To our fathers once foretold—
It is promised in the Bible,
It was sung by prophets old :
They who sit in heathen darkness
Soon the morning light shall see,
And the world, with songs of triumph,
Hail the glorious jubilee.

Loved with Everlasting Love.

"My Beloved is mine, and I am His."—SONG OF SOLOMON ii. 16.

WADE ROBINSON.

CONSTANCE PHILLIPS.

♩ = 82.

Faster. *ad lib.*

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- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. LOVED with everlasting love,
 Led by grace that love to know;
 Spirit, breathing from above,
 Thou hast taught me it is so!
 Oh this full and perfect peace!
 Oh this transport all Divine!
 In a love which cannot cease,
 I am His, and He is mine.</p> | <p>3. Things that once were wild alarms
 Cannot now disturb my rest;
 Closed in everlasting arms,
 Pillowed on the loving breast.
 Oh to lie for ever here,
 Doubt and care and self resign,
 While He whispers in my ear—
 I am His, and He is mine.</p> |
| <p>2. Heaven above is softer blue,
 Earth around is sweeter green;
 Something lives in every hue
 Christless eyes have never seen:
 Birds with gladder songs o'erflow,
 Flowers with deeper beauties shine,
 Since I know, as <i>now</i> I know,
 I am His, and He is mine.</p> | <p>4. His for ever, only His:
 Who the Lord and me shall part?
 Ah, with what a rest of bliss
 Christ can fill the loving heart!
 Heaven and earth may fade and flee,
 First-born light in gloom decline;
 But, while God and I shall be,
 I am His, and He is mine.</p> |

Hark! the Voice of Jesus Crying.

D. MARCH.

"Go, work to-day in my vineyard."—MATT. xxi. 28.

JOHN HARFORD.

Con moto.

mp
I. Hark the voice of Je - sus cry - ing, "Who will go and work to - day?"

Fields are white, and har - vest wait - ing: Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"

f
Loud and strong the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers thee:

mf *f*
Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing? "Here am I; send me, send me!"

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2. If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you do for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.
3. [If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the Judgement's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.
4. If you cannot be the watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all:

With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what Heaven demands:
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.]

5. If among the older people,
You may not be apt to teach;
"Feed My lambs," said Christ our Shepherd,
"Place the food within their reach."
And it may be that the children
You have led with trembling hand,
Will be found among your jewels,
When you reach the better land.
6. Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth:
"Here am I; send me, send me!"

L. A. BENNETT.

"To you is the word of this salvation sent."—ACTS xiii. 26.

REGINALD F. BARCLAY.

$\text{♩} = 86.$

f

1. Un - to you who roam a - far, Je - sus calls!.....

Come, un - wor - thy though you are, Je - sus calls!.....

mp *mf*

pp *f*

T'was for you the debt was paid; All your sins on Him were laid; He hath
Je - - sus calls! Je - - sus calls!

full a - tone - ment made: Je - sus calls! Je - sus calls!.....

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2. Unto you who are athirst,
Jesus calls!
Where the living waters burst,
Jesus calls!
From the riven Rock they flow;
He hath sent them here below:
Would you His salvation know?
Jesus calls! Jesus calls!
3. Unto you by guilt opprest,
Jesus calls!
Unto you who long for rest,
Jesus calls!

- Will you now the Word believe,
And His perfect peace receive?
He can make the dead to live!
Jesus calls! Jesus calls!
4. Unto you, whate'er your need,
Jesus calls!
He will prove a Friend indeed;
Jesus calls!
Come, then, touch His seamless dress;
"Kiss the Son," who waits to bless;
Hail the Lord, your righteousness;
Jesus calls! Jesus calls!

“Quit you like Men!”

"Quit you like men: be strong."—I CORINTHIANS xvi. 13.

W. HAY AITKEN.

A. HALLAM SIMPSON

With vigour. ♯=72.

With vigour ♩ = 12.

f

I. "Quit you like men!" Life's bat-tle lies be-fore you; Will ye prove trai-tors

to your Prince a-bove? Will ye de-sert His standard floating o'er you, The banner'd Cross of

CHORUS.

Je-sus' dy-ing love? Fai h-ful and loy-al, Lord, may we be, Liv-ing or dy-ing, still

faith - ful un - to Thee, Ser - ving the Christ, and in ser - ving Him made free.

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2. "Quit you like men!" Heaven's victor-voices call you;
Oh, be ashamed of all your coward shame!
Let not the fear of man or fiend appal you—
They always win who fight in Jesus' name.
3. "Quit you like men!" No longer slaves of passion,
Led by your lusts or mammon's selfish greed;
No more enthralled by some unholy fashion,
Freed by God's Son, then are ye free indeed.
4. "Quit you like men!" Be true to your true nature;
Are not our bodies temples of our God?
Grow up in Christ to manhood's fullest stature;
Tread in the steps the Perfect Man hath trod.
5. "Quit you like men!" Behold the Man that liveth,
And once was slain, that ye may live to God:
Take to your hearts th' eternal life He giveth—
Peace, power, and pardon, purchased with His blood.

Lord, I am Thine !

"Ye were redeemed . . . with the precious blood of Christ."—1 PETER i. 18, 19.

J. BROWNLIE.

E. W. SHUTTLEWORTH.

$\text{♩} = 74.$

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1.

LORD, I am Thine, for Thou hast died for me ;
Thy claim I own, and give myself to Thee ;
Not with the price of gold, of gold most fine
Hast Thou redeemed my soul, and made me Thine :

2.

Thy blood was shed upon the awful tree ;
I marvel at the love there shown for me
All loveless, and to sin and self a slave ;
Thy gifts enriched me, yet I nothing gave !

3.

Now in its wonder would my soul arise,
Shorn of all pride, but precious in Thine eyes,
Who for its life Thy glory laidst aside,
And wore its shame, and for its purchase died ;

4.

And fired with love, that wondrous love proclaim
In life, in death, in fealty to Thy name ;
In loving service, for such service given,
Here upon earth, and yonder in Thy heaven.

5. Lord, I am Thine, Thy love hath won my soul ;
Now shall my life obey such sweet control—
No, not mine own, the purchase is complete ;
I bring my all to lay it at Thy feet.

Upward and Onward.

"They that wait upon the Lord . . . shall mount up with wings as eagles."

R. MASSIE.

(ISAIAH xl. 31.)

BERNARD JOHNSON.

$\text{♩} = 132.$

Upward and Onward—continued.



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1. UPWARD and onward,
Heavenward and sunward,
Rises the lark as he joyfully sings;
Heaven's music thrilling,
All the air filling,
Bearing a message of praise on his wings.

2. Like this sweet singer,
Let us not linger,
Clinging and cleaving to earth's weary sod;
Upwardly springing,
Glad tribute bringing,
Strive to draw nearer and nearer to God.

3. Upward and onward,
Heavenward and sunward,
Soar like the eagles, their flight speeding on;
Hearts that shall quail not,
Eyes that shall fail not,
Steadily fixing their gaze on the sun.

4. So our hearts raising,
Singing and praising,
Looking to Jesus, the Sun of the soul;
Our strength renewing,
Gladly pursuing,
Let us press on till we reach the bright goal.

96

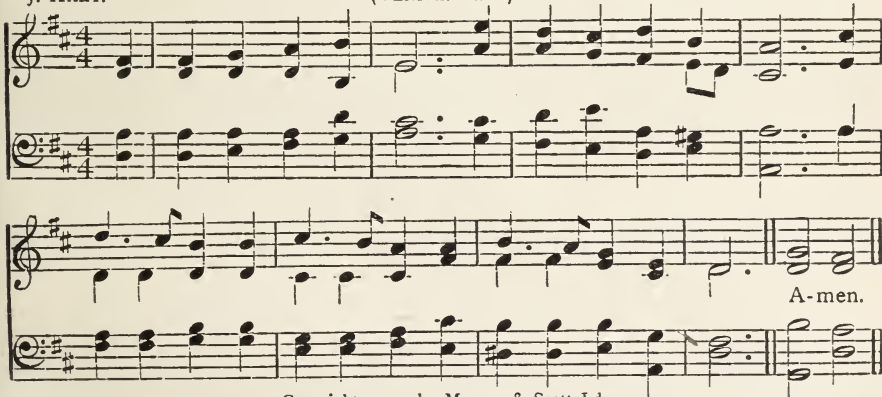
Come, Holy Spirit, Come.

"He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you."—JOHN xiv. 17.

J. HART.

(VENITE. S.M.)

EDGAR PETTMAN.



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1. COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2. Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heavenly Paraclete;
Give us to lie with humble hope
At our Redeemer's feet.

3. Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4. Convince us all of sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

5. 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new create the whole.

6. Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then we shall know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

Fountain of the Living Water.

"I will pour water on him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground."

W. A. ESSERY.

(Isa. xlv. 3.)

EDGAR PETTMAN.

$\text{♩} = 100.$

f

1. Foun - tain of the liv - ing wa - ter, Let it flow in gush - ing
 2. Life shall then re - vive the des - ert, Deck with bloom its a - rid
 3. Flow Thou forth thro' Chris - tian na - tions, Ban - ish war that peace may

1. streams; Let a thou - sand - branchèd riv - er Tra - vel like the sun's bright
 2. sand; Turn the waste to plea - sant pas - tures, E - den smi - ling thro' all
 3. reign; Jus - tice, truth, and love, and con - cord, Thy wide cir - cle shall main -

rit. *f a tempo.*

1. beams;..... Bless - ing, bless - ing. Ev - er bless - ing where it
 2. lands;..... Glo - rious Riv - er, For Thy flow we stretch our
 3. - tain;..... Roll - ing wa - ters, Gird ye round the Church do -

1. gleams; Bless - ing, bless - ing, Ev - er bless - ing where it gleams.
 2. hands; Glo - rious Riv - er, For Thy flow we stretch our hands.
 3. - main; Roll - ing wa - ters, Gird ye round the Church do - main.

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4. In this deep and widening channel
 Love shall flow from zone to zone,
 Till from polar ice to tropic
 Songs of joy shall fill each home:
 Living Spirit,
 Joy is ours, for Thou art come.

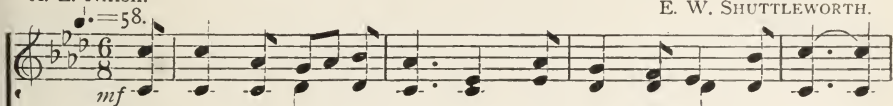
5. Christ the Lord, Thou art the Fountain
 Whence the stream of mercy flows;
 Father, high enthroned in glory,
 By that River foil our foes:
 Hallelujah
 Fills the earth as wide it grows!

"My Presence shall go With thee."

"My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."—EXODUS xxxiii. 14.

A. E. NAISH.

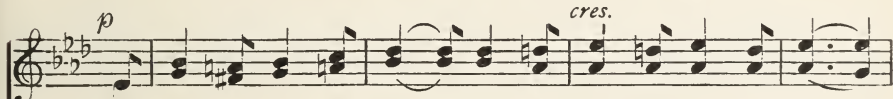
E. W. SHUTTLEWORTH.



1. "My Pres - ence shall go with thee"— Oh, pro - mise sweet and true!
2. "My Pres - ence shall go with thee"— No cloud of doubt or fear long;
3. ["My Pres - ence shall go with thee"— The way is rough and long;



1. For all who trust in Je - - sus, And seek His will to do.
2. Can hide His own true pro - - mise, While still in ac - cents clear
3. It mat - ters not, thy Lord is near, His arm of love is strong,



1. His Pres - ence, yea, is with thee, "Fear not!" nor be dis - may'd;
2. He bids thee trust more ful - ly The love that know - eth best,
3. Will hold thee fast— it can - not fail; Trust then His gra - cious pow'r



1. Thy Lord is near to own and bless, To strength-en, shield, and aid.
2. And with His gen - tle word of peace Thy trem - bling heart doth rest.
3. To hold and guide and keep thee safe, E'en to life's la - test hour.]



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4. "My Presence shall go with thee"—
Then still with loving voice
Proclaim the Saviour's message
Till many shall rejoice!
Tell of His love at all times,
His gracious power alone
To heal and save, He will be near
Thy service true to own.

5. "My Presence shall go with thee"—
Yes, still that message sweet
Is sure for all His loved ones,
And will be till they meet
With Him whose gracious promise
With gladness here they heard,
And in His Presence fully learn
How faithful was His word!

99 Christian Soldiers, Show your Colours.

E. JACKSON.

"In the name of our God we will set up our banners."—PSA. xx. 5.

J. H. S. FOTHERGILL.

$\text{♩} = 86.$

1. Chris - tian sol - diers, show your col - ours, Be ye bold in word and deed ;
 2. Foes there are in ev - ry quar - ter, Hard the blow and fierce the thrust ;
 3. Flat - t'ring plea - sure lifts her mir - ror, Sy - ren voi - ces steal a - long ;

1. Raise a - loft the red - cross ban - ner, Nev - er was there great - er need !
 2. Worse than these, the cow - ard Chris - tian Trails Christ's en - sign in the dust.
 3. Greed and false - hood, lust and base - ness Crowd a - round—a Be - lial throng.

CHORUS.

Show your col - ours, heed no loss ; Bold - ly stand ye by the cross.

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4. In the conflict, feeble brethren
 Are in danger and in fear ;
 Much they need a comrade's succour,
 Much they need a comrade's cheer.

5. Christian soldiers, show your colours,
 Stand ye to your cause like men !
 Great the prize, if great the struggle ;
 Warfare now, but glory then.

100 I would not have a Hand to Guide.

J. BROWNLIE.

"Thou art acquainted with all my ways."—PSALM cxxxix. 3.

E. W. SHUTTLEWORTH.

$\text{♩} = 54.$

1. I would not have a hand to guide But Thine ; For Thou hast trod where
 2. I would not have a will to rule But Thine ; For Thou art wise as
 3. Oh, I would tread the sor - est path For Thee : For Thou canst make the

I would not have a Hand to Guide—continued.

1. sin - ners stray, And know - est well life's trou - bled way, And mine.
 2. Thou art good, And none can bet - ter choose what should Be mine.
 3. rough - est plain, Give joy for grief, and calm the pain For me.

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101

Work, for the Day is Coming!

"Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour: Jesus Christ,"—TITUS ii. 13.

Anon. (CHILDREN OF LIGHT. 7.6.7.6. D.) LAWRENCE GRAHAM.

f *Brightly.*

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1. WORK, for the Day is coming !
 Day in the Word foretold,
 When, 'mid the scenes triumphant,
 Longed for by saints of old,
 He, who on earth a Stranger,
 Traversed its paths of pain,
 Jesus, the Prince, the Saviour,
 Comes evermore to reign.
2. Work, for the Day is coming !
 Darkness will soon be gone :
 Then, o'er the night of weeping,
 Day without end shall dawn.
 What now we sow in sadness,
 Then we shall reap in joy ;
 Hope will be changed to gladness,
 Praise be our blest employ.
3. Work, for the Day is coming !
 Made for the saints of light ;
 Off with the garments dreary,
 On with the armour bright.

- Soon will the strife be ended,
 Soon all our toils below ;
 Not to the dark we're tending,
 But to the Day we go.
4. Work, for the Lord is coming !
 Children of light are we ;
 From Jesu's bright appearing
 Powers of darkness flee :
 Out of the mist, at His bidding,
 Souls like the dew are born ;
 O'er all the East are spreading
 Tints of the rosy morn.
 5. Work, then, the Day is coming !
 No time for sighing now !
 Harps for the hands once drooping,
 Wreaths for the victor's brow.
 Now morning Light is breaking,
 Soon will the Day appear ;
 Night shades appal no longer,
 Jesus, our Lord, is near. Amen.

At the Coming of our Lord.

"The Lord Him-self shall descend from heaven."—1 THESSALONIANS iv. 16.

W. J. MATHAMS

LEONARD MEREDITH.

♩ = 76.

f 1. At the com-ing of our Lord, when the re-sur-rec-tion word

Shall re-ceive its true ful-fil-ment as the trump of God is heard,

In His glo-ry and His grace we shall see Him face to face,

And shall sing the song tri-umph-ant at the com-ing of our Lord.

CHORUS. ♩ = 68.

mp Oh come, Lord Je-sus, come! To Thy blood-bought king-dom, come;

At the Coming of our Lord—*continued.*

With the ar - mies of Thine an - gels, Come, Lord Je - sus, quick - ly come !

2. All the prayers of all the past, all the labour long and vast,
All the struggle never-ceasing, shall be recompensed at last;
There shall be no curse nor pain, Love shall live and Love shall reign
On the throne of spotless splendour at the coming of our Lord.
3. All the blessed dead shall rise—they will meet Him in the skies,
And the living Christ appearing shall the living Church surprise;
In the twinkling of an eye every force of hell shall fly,
And the ransomed shall be crownèd at the coming of our Lord.
4. Oh, be vigilant, and pray for the dawn of that great day,
When the night of sin and sorrow in His light shall pass away;
To the uttermost fulfil every mandate of His will,
And be ready, nobly ready, for the coming of our Lord.

103

Take my Life, and let it be.

"Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God."—ROMANS xii. 1.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

(EBBESBOURNE. 7.7.7.7.)

EDGAR PETTMAN.

Smoothly. ♩ = 120.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love;

1. Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in cease - less praise.
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee.

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- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3. Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.</p> <p>4. Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold:
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.</p> | <p>5. Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine:
Take my heart—it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.</p> <p>6. Take my love: my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, ALL for Thee.</p> |
|---|--|

104 A Thousand Times Ten Thousand.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."—REV. v. 12.

W. SPENCER WALTON.

C. I. CLAPPERTON.

$\text{♩} = 102.$

1. A thou-sand times ten thou-sand, And count-less thou-sands more,
2. Their sor-rows all are o-ver, Their tears are wiped a-way;

1. With voi-ces nev-er tir-ing, Are sing-ing o'er and o'er
2. No night with all its dark-ness, But cloud-less, end-less day:

1. One bless-ed nev-er-ceas-ing strain: ♪ "Wor-thy the Lamb that once was slain!"
2. The form-er things are pass'd and gone, They stand in heav-en's e-ter-nal morn.

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- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3. List! list! what are they singing,
Those multitudes up there?
The marriage-song of heaven
Is ravishing the air:
The Church, for whom the Saviour died,
Is now with Him, His spotless Bride.</p> <p>4. On earth He wooed and won her
With words of love Divine;
He cleansed her from all sin-stains,
And whispered, "Thou art Mine!"
Now, clothed in bridal-garments fair,
She dwells with Him for ever there.</p> | <p>5. His bitter pain and sorrow
Are things of other days;
The heart which bled on Calvary
Is healed and full of praise;
Rejoiced to have His Bride up there,
And all His glory bid her share.</p> <p>6. Strike, strike the harps of heaven!
Roll out, ye seraph-throng,
In one grand voice of triumph,
The Bridegroom's nuptial song:
He greets at last His blood-bought Bride;
He rests in her—<i>is satisfied!</i></p> |
|---|---|

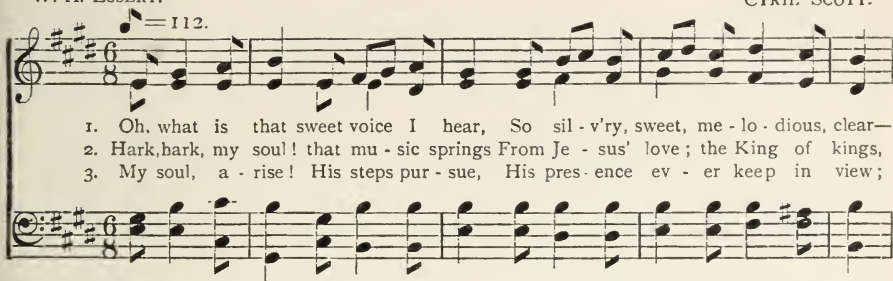
"Come, Follow Me!"

"I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."—MATT. ix. 13.

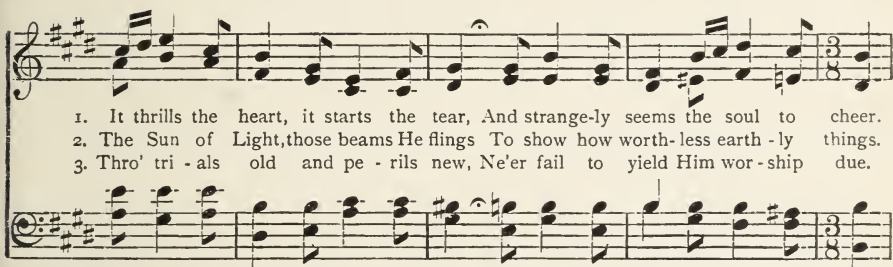
W. A. ESSERY.

CYRIL SCOTT.

♩ = 112.



1. Oh, what is that sweet voice I hear, So sil - v'ry, sweet, me - lo - dious, clear—
 2. Hark, hark, my soul! that mu - sic springs From Je - sus' love; the King of kings,
 3. My soul, a - rise! His steps pur - sue, His pres - ence ev - er keep in view;



1. It thrills the heart, it starts the tear, And strange - ly seems the soul to cheer.
 2. The Sun of Light, those beams He flings To show how worth - less earth - ly things.
 3. Thro' tri - als old and pe - rils new, Ne'er fail to yield Him wor - ship due.

f *pp Much slower.*



How sweet Thy word, dear Lord, to me: "Come, sinner, come and fol - low Me!"

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4. He calls, my soul, to give thee light,
 To dress thee in a robe of white,
 To shield thee in the solemn fight,
 To crown thee with Divine delight.
 How sweet Thy word, dear Lord, to me:
 "Come, sinner, come and follow Me!"
5. I will pursue, and not complain
 Of cross or thorn, of rod or pain;
 Will count all loss a glorious gain,
 If I may thus my way maintain.
 How sweet Thy word, dear Lord, to me:
 "Come, sinner, come and follow Me!"
6. If sins draw near, and hate assail,
 If terrors strike and make me quail,
 If death should come, at last prevail—
 Oh, never let Thy whisper fail!
 How sweet Thy word, dear Lord, to Me:
 "Come, sinner, come and follow Me!"

106 'Tis the Church Triumphant Singing.

J. KENT.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."—REV. v. 12.

REGINALD F. BARCLAY.

Con spirito.

1. 'Tis the Church tri - umph - ant sing - ing, Worth - y the Lamb!

Heav'n through-out with prais - es ring - ing, Worth - y the Lamb!

Thrones and pow'rs be - fore Him bend - ing, O - dours sweet with voice as - cend - ing,

Swell the chor - us nev - er end - ing, Worth - y the Lamb!

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2. Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
Worthy the Lamb!
Join to sing the great salvation,
Worthy the Lamb!
Loud as mighty thunder roaring,
Floods of mighty water pouring,
Prostrate at His feet adoring,
Worthy the Lamb!
3. Harps and songs for ever sounding,
Worthy the Lamb!
Mighty grace o'er sin abounding,
Worthy the Lamb!

- By His blood He dearly bought us,
Wandering from the fold He sought us,
And to glory safely brought us,
Worthy the Lamb!
4. Sing with blest anticipation,
Worthy the Lamb!
Through the vale of tribulation,
Worthy the Lamb!
Sweetest notes, all notes excelling,
On the theme for ever dwelling,
Still untold, though ever telling,
Worthy the Lamb!

"Not your Own!" but His ye are.

"Ye are not your own; for ye are bought with a price."—1 COR. vi. 19, 20.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

J. H. S. FOTHERGILL.

$\text{♩} = 90.$

1. "Not your own!" but His ye are, Who hath paid a price un - told
2. "Not your own!" but His by right, His pe - cu - liar trea - sure now,

1. For your life, ex - ceed - ing far All earth's store of gems and gold.
2. Fair and pre - cious in His sight, Pur - chased jew - els for His brow.

1. With the pre - cious blood of Christ, Ran - som - trea - sure all un - priced,
2. He will keep what thus He sought, Safe - ly guard the dear - ly bought,

1. Full re - demp - tion is pro - cured, Full sal - va - tion is as - sured.
2. Che - rish that which He did choose, Al - ways love and nev - er lose.

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3. "Not your own!" to Him ye owe
All your life and all your love;
Live, that ye His praise may show
Who is yet all praise above.
Every day and every hour,
Every gift and every power,
Consecrate to Him alone
Who hath claimed you for His own.

4. Teach us, Master, how to give
All we have and are to Thee;
Grant us, Saviour, while we live,
Wholly, only, Thine to be.
Henceforth be our calling high,
Thee to serve and glorify;
Ours no longer, but Thine own—
Thine for ever, Thine alone!

I am Waiting by the River.

"There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest."—JOB iii. 17.

SOLO. *Andante grazioso*. $\text{♩} = 72$.

A. HALLAM SIMPSON.

p

I am wait - ing by the riv - - er,

p

And my heart has wait - ed long ;

p

Now I think I hear the cho - rus

I am Waiting by the River—continued.

Of the an-gels' wel-come song. Oh, I see the dawn is

cres.

cres.

cres.

f

break - ing On the hill-tops of the blest,

cres.

f

CHORUS. *Slower.*

ppp ♩ = 60.

morendo.

"Where the wick - ed cease from trou-bling, And the wea - ry are at rest."

2.

Far away beyond the shadows
Of this dreary vale of tears,
There the tide of bliss is sweeping
Through the bright and changeless years:
Oh, I long to be with Jesus,
In the mansions of the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

3.

They are launching on the river
From the calm and quiet shore,
And they soon will bear my spirit
Where the weary sigh no more;
For the tide is swiftly flowing,
And I long to greet the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

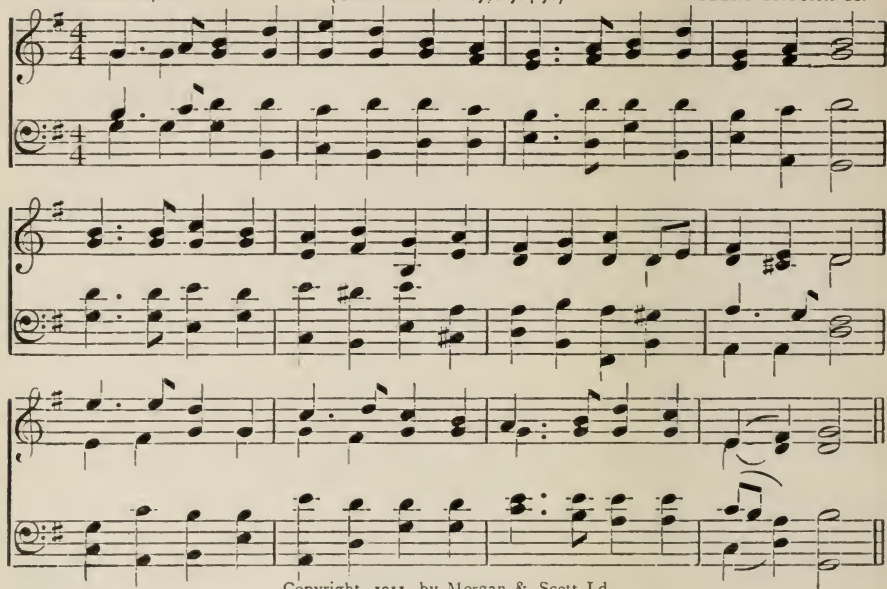
109 Mighty God, while Angels Bless Thee.

"The brightness of His glory . . . upholding all things."—HEB. i. 3.

R. ROBINSON, alt.

(CHORISTER. 8.7.8.7.4.7.)

ROBERT HITCHINGS.



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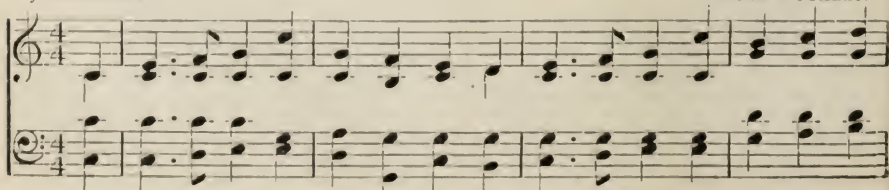
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. MIGHTY God, while angels bless Thee,
May a mortal sing Thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Amen.</p> <p>2. Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days,
Sounded through the wide creation
Be Thy just and lawful praise.
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Amen.</p> <p>3. For the grandeur of Thy nature—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Amen.</p> <p>4. For Thy providence that governs
Through Thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessed be Thy gentle reign.
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Amen.</p> | <p>5. But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along,
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who dare sing that awful song?
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Amen.</p> <p>6. Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die.
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Amen.</p> <p>7. From the highest throne of glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives—
Flow, my praise, for ever flow.
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Amen.</p> <p>8. Go—return, immortal Saviour,
Leave Thy footstool—take Thy throne
Thence return and reign for ever,
Be the kingdom all Thine own.
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Amen.</p> |
|--|---|

110 O Jesus, let me Hear Thy Voice.

"Let me hear Thy voice; for sweet is Thy voice."—SOL. SONG ii. 14.

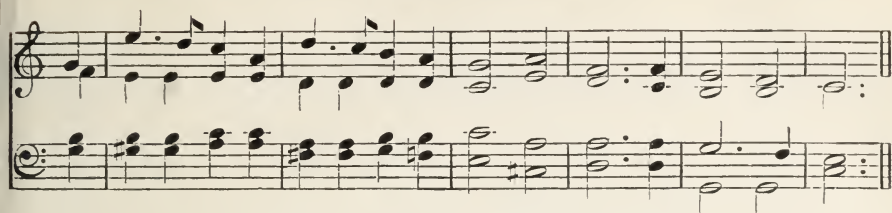
J. BROWNLIE.

HUGH BUCKLEY.



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O Jesus, let me Hear Thy Voice—continued.



1. O JESUS, let me hear Thy voice,
No music sweeter to my ear ;
It tells my drooping heart to hope,
For Thou art near.
2. Speak when the tempest fiercely blows,
Bid Thou its angry raging cease ;
For where Thy voice is heard, there reigns
Eternal peace.
3. Speak when the clouds in dusky folds
Hide from mine eyes the noonday sun ;
For when Thy voice proclaims Thy will,
Thy will be done.
4. O Jesus, let Thy voice be heard
In stillly eve and buoyant morn ;
And let the peace it brings, each day
My life adorn.

111

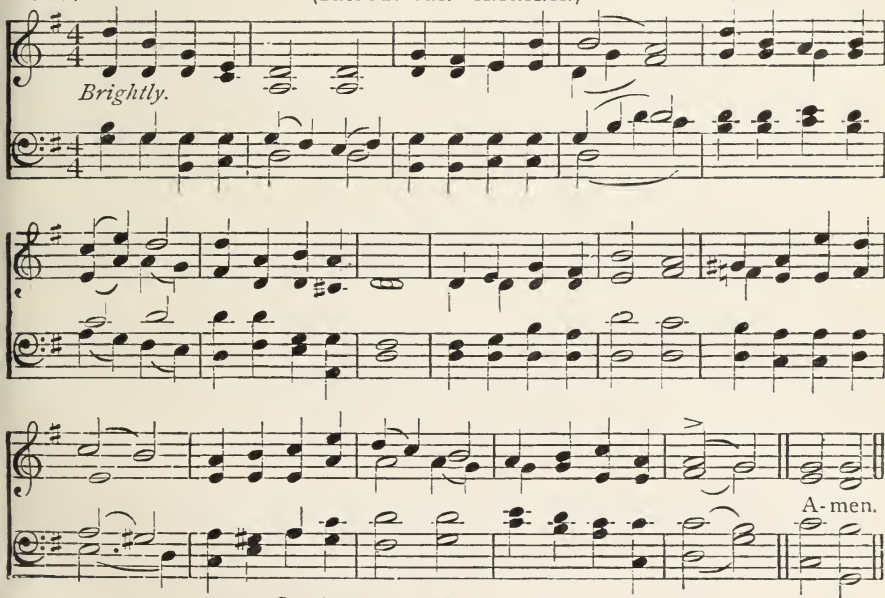
Hark ! the Swelling Breezes.

"Gird Thy sword upon Thy thigh, O most Mighty."—PSALM xlv. 3.

H. B.

(BRONDESBURY. II. II. II. II.)

EDGAR PETTMAN.



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1. HARK ! the swelling breezes, rising from afar,
Bring the sounds of conflict from the holy war ;
God is with our armies, He the word has given ;
He is watching o'er you, messengers of heaven.
2. Go, thou mighty Gospel, conquering on thy way ;
Night upon the mountains changes into day ;
Idols bow before thee, heathen temples fall ;
Soon the world shall own thee victor over all.
3. O Thou blessed Saviour, reigning now on high,
May Thy faithful soldiers find Thee ever nigh :
Bid the glorious mission speed from sea to sea,
Till the whole creation worship only Thee.

He is Mighty to Save.

"I will remember their sin no more."—JEREMIAH xxxi 34.

L. A. BENNETT.

(Suitable as a Solo.)

REGINALD F. PARCLAY.

Lento. ♩ = 54

1. There was One who in pi - ty look'd down from a - bove, From the
2. There was One who so loved me He came to the place, The.....

1. light of e - ter - ni - ty's day :..... And on wings of com - pas - sion, in
2. place of the doom'd and the dead!..... And..... there, as my Sure - ty, in

1. in - fi - nite love, He drew near to the "out of the way."
2. in - fi - nite grace, He laid down His life in my stead.....

..... He is migh - ty to save! He is migh - ty to save! Oh, how

great was the bur - den He bore!..... They were nail'd to the tree, where He

He is Mighty to Save—continued.

rit. e dim.

Two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a harmonic line. A tempo marking 'rit. e dim.' is at the start, and a metronome marking '♩=54' is at the end.

suf - fer'd for me, And my sins are re - mem - ber'd no more !.....

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3.
There was One who delivered my soul from the pit,
And no other with Him can compare !
He has sent His good Spirit, my spirit to fit
For the home He would have me to share.</p> | <p>4.
There is One who in glory, when night shall be past,
Is coming at dawn of the day ! [Last,
I shall see Him and know Him, the First and the
And reign in His kingdom for aye.</p> |
|---|--|

113 Oh, the Bitter Shame and Sorrow.

"Present your bodies a living sacrifice."—ROM. xii. 1.

THEODORE MONOD.

(ALPHAND. 8.7.8.8.7.)

J. H. S. FOTHERGILL.

Two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. It starts with a piano 'p' marking. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. A tempo marking '♩=60.' is at the start.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. Oh, the bit - ter shame and sor - row, That a time could ev - er be,
2. Yet He found me : I be - held Him Bleed - ing on th'ac - curs - ed tree :</p> | |
|---|--|

Two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature.

Two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. When I let the Sa - viour's pi - ty Plead in vain ; and proud - ly an - swer'd,
2. Heard Him pray : "For - give them, Fa - ther ! " And my wist - ful heart said faint - ly,</p> | |
|--|--|

Two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature.

A little slower.

Two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. It starts with a piano 'p' marking and a 'pp' marking later. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. "All of self, and none of Thee ! All of self, and none of Thee !"
2. "Some of self, and some of Thee ! Some of self, and some of Thee !"</p> | |
|--|--|

Two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature.

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- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3. Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, he'ping, full and free ;
Sweet and strong, and ah ! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
"Less of self, and more of Thee !"</p> | <p>4. Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered :
Grant me now my supplication—
<i>f</i> "None of self, and all of Thee !"</p> |
|---|--|

114 We Speak of the Land of the Blest.

"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying."—REV. xxi. 4.

E. MILLS.

WALTER HOLT.

$\text{♩} = 120.$

mf 1. We speak of the land of the blest,..... That coun - try so

bright and so fair,..... And oft are its glo - ries con -

- fess'd :..... But what must it be to be there !.....

REFRAIN.

f Oh, what must it be to be there! Oh, what must it be to be there!

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2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold :
But what must it be to be there !

3. We speak of its peace and its love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The songs of the blessed above :
But what must it be to be there !

4. We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care.
From trials without and within :
But what must it be to be there !

5. Do Thou, Lord, in pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare ;
Then shortly we also shall *know*,
And *feel* what it is to be there !

One Day Nearer Eternity!

M. A. E. S. (alt.). "For by grace are ye saved through faith."—EPHESIANS ii. 8.

M. A. E. SAUNDERS (alt.).

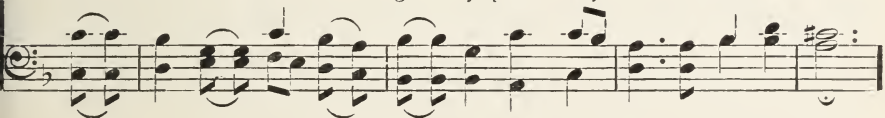
♩ = 88.



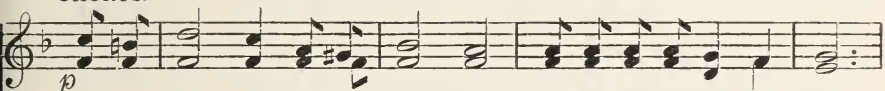
1. I'm one day near - er e - ter - ni - ty! We're near - er ev - 'ry day:
 2. I'm one day near - er e - ter - ni - ty! The Sa - viour pleads with me;



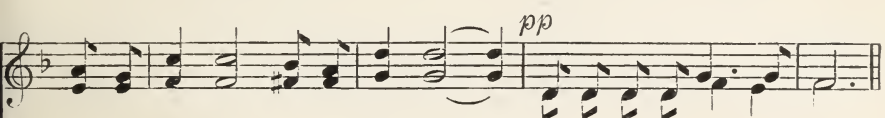
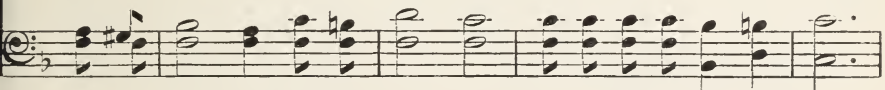
1. Can I each day say I am rea - dy to go To dwell in heav'n for aye?
 2. In ac - cents sweet He gen - tly speaks: "My blood was shed for thee."



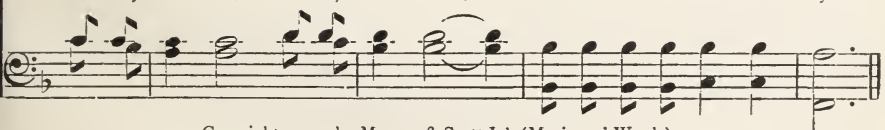
CHORUS.



One day near - er, one day near - er, Near - er to e - ter - ni - ty!



One day near - er, one day near - er, Near - er to e - ter - ni - ty!



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3. I'm one day nearer eternity!
 But oh, how great the loss
 If I heed not the Saviour's loving voice,
 Who died on Calv'ry's cross!

4. I'm one day nearer eternity!
 O Lord, I come to Thee;
 By grace Divine heav'n's prize is mine:
 Thy blood my only plea.

Best of All—He's Mine!

"My beloved is mine, and I am His."—SOL. SONG II. 16.

W. SPENCER WALTON.

GRAHAM MARTIN.

♩ = 132.

mf

1. I know I have e - ter - nal life, God's pre - cious gift thro' His dear
 2. I know I have a blood-bought peace, So real, be - yond all hu - man
 3. I know in love He dwells in me, Oh, bless - ed free - dom from sin's

1. Son; He faced the foe, He won the strife, The work for me is
 2. thought, A peace that ev - er will in - crease, Un - til His loved ones
 3. power! His law of life has set me free, His change - less love keeps

f *A little slower.*

1. ful - ly done: But best of all—He's mine! But best of all—He's mine!
 2. home He's brought: But best of all—He's mine! But best of all—He's mine!
 3. ev - 'ry hour: But best of all—He's mine! But best of all—He's mine!

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4. I know my Shepherd's tender care
 Leads me by waters calm and still;
 I hear His voice, how can I fear?
 'Tis sweeter than the running rill:
 But best of all—He's mine!

5. I know He'll welcome me up there,
 I know I'll sing redemption's song;
 I know His glory I shall share,
 Goodness and mercy all along:
 But best of all—He's mine!

Fill Thou my Life.

"His praise shall continually be in my mouth."—PSALM XXXIV. 1.

H. BONAR.

(COMMUNION. C.M.)

REGINALD HAWORTH.

♩ = 96.

mf

1. Fill Thou my life, O Lord my God, In ev - 'ry part with praise,
 2. Not for the lip of praise a - lone, Nor e'en the prais - ing heart
 3. Praise in the com - mon things of life Its go - ings out and in;
 4. Fill ev - 'ry part of me with praise; Let all my be - ing speak

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Fill Thou my Life—continued.

A little slower.

1. That my whole be - ing may pro - claim Thy be - ing and Thy ways.
2. I ask, but for a life made up Of praise in ev - 'ry part ;
3. Praise in each du - ty and each deed, How - ev - er small and mean.
4. Of Thee, and of Thy love, O Lord, Poor though I be and weak.

5. So shalt Thou, Lord, from me, e'en me,
Receive the glory due ;
And so shall I begin on earth
The song for ever new.

6. So shall no part of day or night
From sacredness be free ;
But all my life, in every step,
Be fellowship with Thee.

118

O Jesus, Friend Unfailing.

"A friend loveth at all times."—PROV. xvii. 17.

S. KUSTER (tr. H. K. BURLINGHAM).

HUGH BUCKLEY.

♩ = 112. Smoothly.

1. O Je - sus, Friend un - fail - ing, How dear Thou art to me! Are cares or fears as -
2. What fills my soul with glad - ness? 'Tis Thine a - bound - ing grace; Where can I look in

1. - sail - ing? I find my strength in Thee. Why should my feet grow wea - ry Of
2. sad - ness, But, Je - sus, on Thy face? My all is Thy pro - vi - ding, Thy

1. this my pil - grim way? Rough tho' the path and drea - ry, It ends in per - fect day.
2. love can ne'er grow cold; In Thee, my Ref - uge, hi - ding, No good wilt Thou with - hold.

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3. Why should I droop in sorrow?
Thou'rt ever by my side;
Why trembling, dread the morrow?
What ill can e'er betide?
If I my cross have taken,
'Tis but to follow Thee;
If scorned, despised, forsaken,
Naught severs Thee from me.

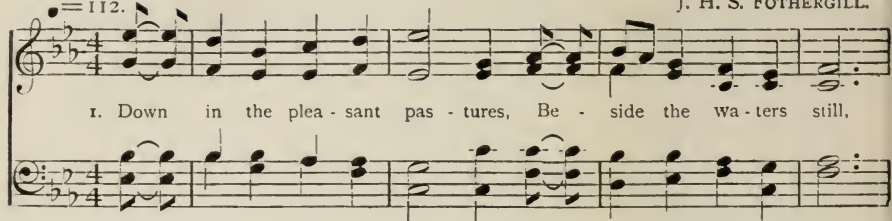
4. For every tribulation,
For every sore distress,
In Christ I've full salvation,
Sure help and quiet rest.
No fear of foes prevailing,
I triumph, Lord, in Thee;
O Jesus, Friend unfailing,
How dear Thou art to me!

A. SHIPTON.

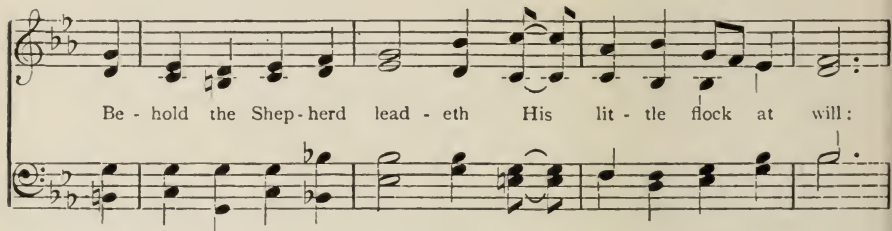
"The Lord is my shepherd : I shall not want."—Psa. xxiii. 1.

= 112.

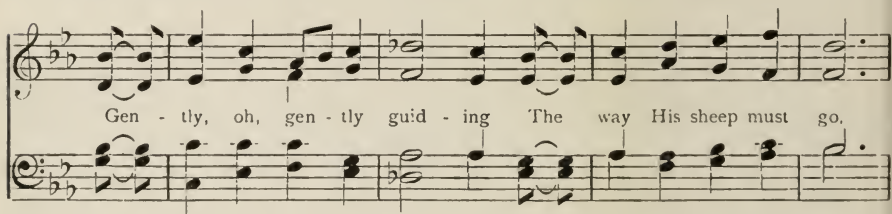
J. H. S. FOTHERGILL.



1. Down in the plea - sant pas - tures, Be - side the wa - ters still,



Be - hold the Shep - herd lead - eth His lit - tle flock at will :



Gen - tly, oh, gen - tly guid - ing The way His sheep must go,



Still on - ward to the foun - tain Where liv - ing wa - ters flow.

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- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. The stranger's voice they heed not,
Who seeks their ear to win ;
And never can a robber
To the sheepfold enter in :
No hireling is the Shepherd,
For He His watch will keep ;
'Tis He alone who giveth
His own life for His sheep.</p> | <p>4. If a wayward lamb He findeth,
Doth He coldly stand aloof,
Or meet the little trembler
With a voice of stern reproof ?
Nay ! with gentle words of welcome
Doth the gracious Shepherd come
And bears it in His bosom
With fond rejoicing home.</p> |
| <p>3. And all His own He knoweth,
He calleth them to come ;
O'er distant hills they hear Him,
And so He draws them home.
Though the way be set with briers,
Though the narrow path be steep,
They know His word of warning,
And the Shepherd knows His sheep.</p> | <p>5. And other sheep He owneth
Who wander now afar ;
He, the Good Shepherd, knoweth
Where all His loved ones are.
The blessed day is dawning,
That day by Him foretold,
When they shall own one Shepherd,
Safe sheltered in one fold.</p> |

A. E. NAISH.

"Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him."—PSALM xxxvii. 7.

C. I. CLAPPERTON.

♩ = 128.

mf
1. Oh, rest in His love who re-deem'd you, Whose grace is suf - fi-cient each day,

Who car-eth so ten-der-ly for you— Oh, rest in His love on life's way!

He know-eth the way, long or drea - ry, Whose love yet will guide you all through;

Whose feet were so oft - en a - wea - ry, That He might bring rest un - to you.

CHORUS, Slower. rit. e dim.
pp
Rest, rest, rest in His love! Rest, rest, rest in His love!

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2. Should others misjudge or forsake you,
Remember your Saviour doth know;
And rest in His love, as yet forward
You seek with true purpose to go.
If bidden to wait for His guidance
Or will to be clearly made known,
Still rest in His love, that with gladness
Your faith and your trust He may own.

3. 'Neath love that so tenderly careth,
All ever must work for the best,
Then rest in the love of your Saviour,
Till aye in His presence you rest.
Oh, rest in the love of your Saviour,
Let Him be your strength and your stay;
Whatever betide or befall you,
Still rest in His love on life's way.

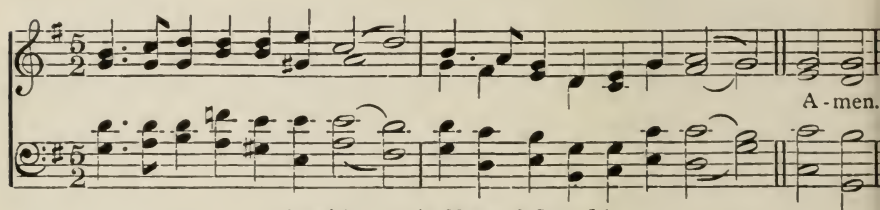
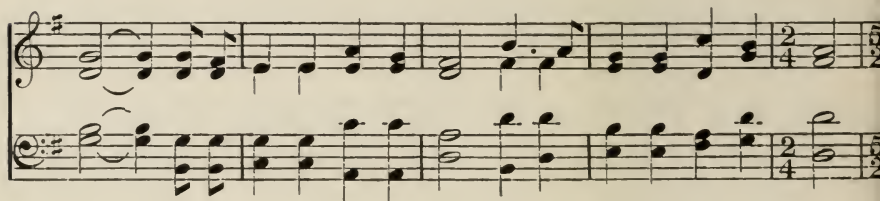
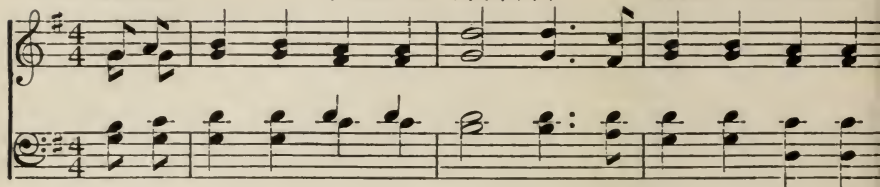
For the Beauty of the Earth.

"By Him let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually."—HEBREWS xiii, 15.

F. S. PIERPOINT.

(CHERITON. 7.7.7.7.7.)

FRANK HUGH SLATER.



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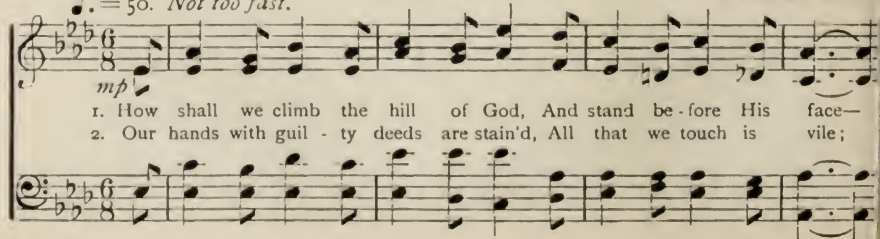
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the splendour of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies :
Father, unto Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.</p> | <p>3. For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces, human and Divine,
Flowers of earth, and buds of heaven :
Father, unto Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.</p> |
| <p>2. For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild :
Father, unto Thee we raise
This, our hymn of grateful praise</p> | <p>4. For Thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Its pure sacrifice of love :
Father, unto Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.</p> |

122 How Shall we Climb the Hill of God ?

J. BROWNLIE.

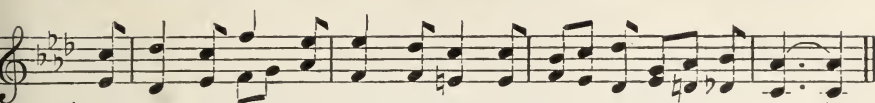
"Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?"—PSA. xxiv. 3.

HUGH BUCKLEY.

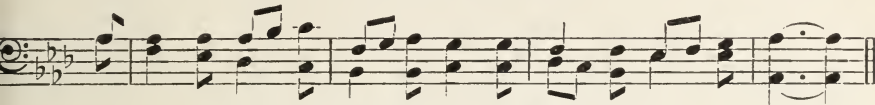
♩. = 50. *Not too fast.*

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. How shall we climb the hill of God, And stand be-fore His face—</p> | <p>2. Our hands with guil - ty deeds are stain'd, All that we touch is vile;</p> |
|---|--|

How Shall we Climb the Hill of God?—continued.



1. We, who in heed - less ways have trod, And scorn'd the thought of grace ?
2. The things we sought for, and have gain'd, With filth - i - ness de - file.



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3. And in our hearts, the home of love,
No love of God resides ;
No thought that wings its flight above,
Where purity abides.
4. But Thou wilt cleanse our filthiness,
And with Thy Spirit's fire
Consume the hateful sordidness
That taints our souls' desire.
5. Then shall we climb the holy hill
With those whose hands are clean ;
Such visions bright our minds shall fill
As by the pure are seen.
6. O God, our God, we worship low,
For Thou hast brought us nigh ;
Grant us in holiness to grow,
Till we abide on high.

123

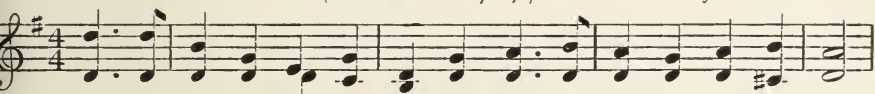
Souls of Men.

"To know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."—EPHESIANS iii. 19.

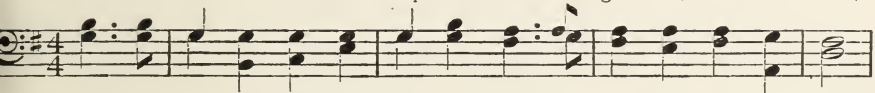
F. W. FABER.

(BEECHMONT. 8.7.8.7.)

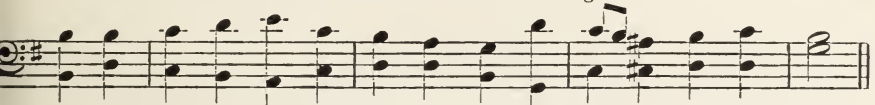
J. F. BURROWES.



1. Souls of men, why will ye scat - ter Like a crowd of frigh - ten'd sheep ?
2. Was there ev - er kind - est shep - herd Half so gen - tle, half so sweet,



1. Fool - ish hearts, why will ye wan - der From a love so true and deep ?
2. As the Sa - viour who would have us Come and ga - ther round His feet ?



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3. There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea ;
There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.
4. There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven ;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.
5. There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good ;
There is mercy with the Saviour,
There is healing in His blood.
6. There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed ;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.
7. For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind ;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
8. If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word ;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

124 Thou hast Called me, Loving Saviour.

A. E. NAISH.

"I have called thee by thy name: thou art Mine."—Isa. xliii. 1.

$\text{♩} = 96.$

J. H. S. FOTHERGILL.

1. Thou hast call'd me, lov - ing Sa - viour, Led me to o - bey Thy word;
2. By Thy gen - tle Ho - ly Spi - rit, Teach me, Lord, Thy will to do,

1. By Thy pre - cious blood re - deemed me, To be Thine for ev - er, Lord.
2. So to live that o - thers watch - ing May be led to love Thee, too:

1. Oh, then let me fol - low close - ly Ev - er in the bet - ter way;
2. Al - ways rea - dy for Thy ser - vice, And Thy lov - ing will to know;

1. Ev - 'ry tal - ent con - se - cra - ting To Thy ser - vice day by day.
2. Heed - ing still Thy word so gra - cious, May I ev - er on - ward go.

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Should earth's sounds and voices mingle
E'er again mine ear to charm,
Earthly pleasures seek to draw me
From the shelter of Thine arm—
Closer yet, dear Saviour, hold me,
Let Thy gentle voice Divine
Still in tender accents whisper,
"I have called thee: thou art Mine!"

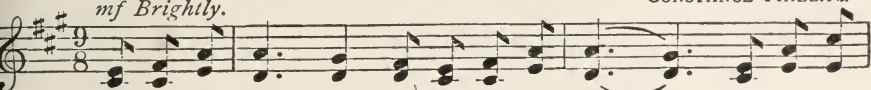
4. Earthly sounds will grow discordant,
Earthly pleasures fade and die;
But Thy love, my glad heart filling,
Evermore will satisfy.
Called by love so great and wondrous,
May I ever faithful be;
Never, never cease to thank Thee,
Loving Lord, for loving me!

Singing for Jesus.

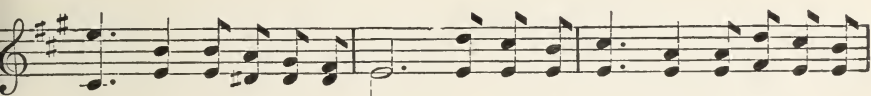
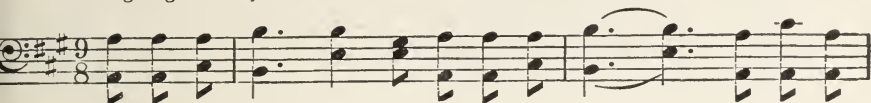
"With my song will I praise Him."—PSALM xxviii. 7.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

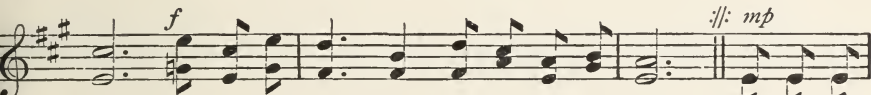
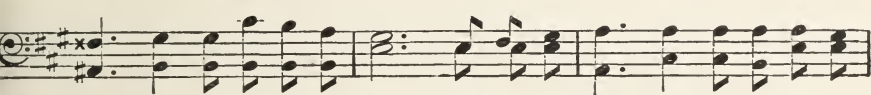
CONSTANCE PHILLIPS.

mf Brightly.

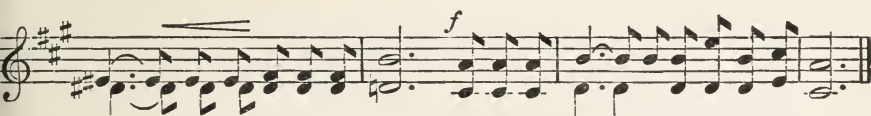
1. Sing-ing for Je - sus, our Sa-viour and King, Sing-ing for



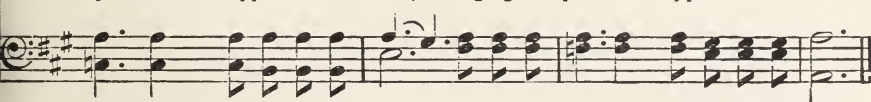
Je - sus, the Lord whom we love; All ad - or - a - tion we joy-ous-ly



bring, Long-ing to praise as they praise Him a - bove. Long-ing to



praise.... as they praise Him a - bove, Long ing to praise as they praise Him a - bove.



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2. Singing for Jesus, our Master and Friend,
Telling His love and His marvellous grace.
Love from eternity, love without end,
Love for the loveless, the sinful and base.

3. Singing for Jesus, and trying to win
Many to love Him, and join in the song;
Calling the weary and wandering in,
Rolling the chorus of gladness along.

4. Singing for Jesus, our Shepherd and Guide,
Singing for gladness of heart that He gives;
Singing for wonder and praise that He died,
Singing for blessing and joy that He lives.

5. Singing for Jesus, oh, singing with joy!
Thus will we praise Him and tell out His love,
Till He shall call us to brighter employ,
Singing for Jesus for ever above.

More to be Gathered in.

"Compel them to come in, that My house may be filled."—LUKE xiv. 23.

JOHN TELFER.

HUGH BUCKLEY.

1. Some have cross'd the swell - ing flood, Some are now at home with God—
2. Some of ev - 'ry land and race, Souls re-deemed by Je - sus' grace,

1. Well be - yond the reach of care, Free from ev - 'ry hurt - ful snare:
2. Now are in the Shep-herd's fold, Bought with nei - ther gems nor gold:

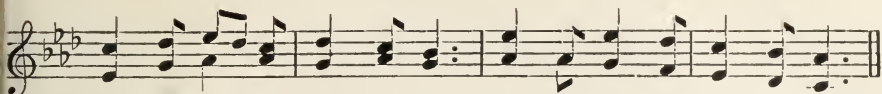
1. Gone thro' death to glo - ry bright, Pres - ent with the Lord in light,
2. Saved from end - less death and shame, Saved to grace the Sa - viour's name;

1. But ere per - fect joy be - gin, More must yet be ga - thered in!
2. O - ther souls are still to win— More must yet be ga - thered in!

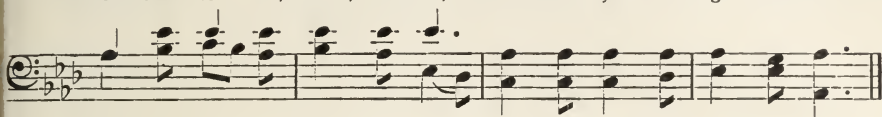
CHORUS

Saved from death's e - ter - nal loss By the power of Je - sus' cross;

More to be Gathered in—continued.



From their sor - row, shame, and sin, More must yet be ga - thered in!



3. Some have drifted far from God,
Trampling on the Saviour's blood,
By the worldling's glitter caught,
Selling life and soul for naught :
Fashion's form for every hour,
Christian name without the power :
Dead in trespasses and sin—
Oh that they were gathered in !

4. Some are sunk in vice and shame,
Heedless of the Saviour's name ;
Some, in superstition's sway,
Hate the light of Gospel-day :
Thou thy testimony give—
They may yet believe and live ;
For, from 'mong the ranks of sin,
More must yet be gathered in !

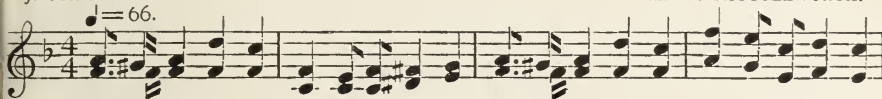
127

Breast the Wave, Christian.

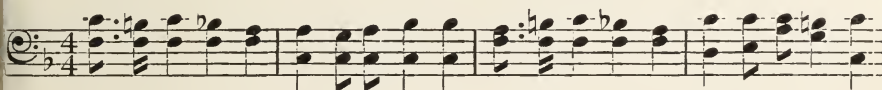
"Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life."—1 TIMOTHY vi. 12.

J. STAMMERS.

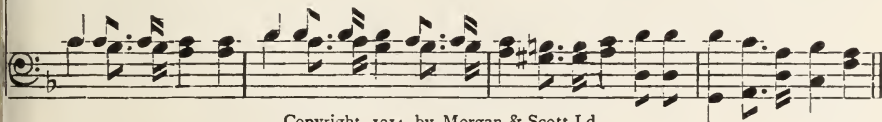
E. W. SHUTTLEWORTH.



1. Breast the wave, Christian, when it is strongest ; Watch for day, Christian, when the night's long est ;



Onward, still onward, be thine en-deav-our, The rest that re-main-eth a - bi-deth for ev - er.



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2. Fight the fight, Christian, Jesus is o'er thee ;
Run the race, Christian, heaven is before thee :
He who hath promised faltereth never ;
The love of the Saviour abideth for ever.
3. Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth ;
Raise the heart, Christian, ere it repositeth ;
Thee from the Saviour nothing shall sever,
For soon we shall see Him and praise Him for ever.

"Who loved me and gave Himself for me."—GAL. ii. 20.

C. WESLEY.

(REGENT STREET. 8.8.6. D.)

GERALD SAINTON.

With decision.

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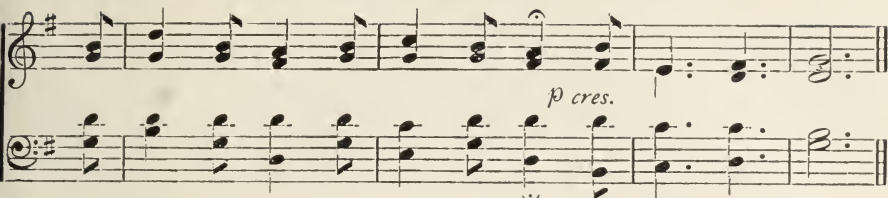
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. O LOVE Divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
I thirst, I taint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me!</p> <p>2. His love more strong than death or hell,
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see—
They cannot reach the mystery.
The length, and breadth, and height.</p> | <p>3 God only knows the love of God;
Oh that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.</p> <p>4 Oh that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet—
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this—
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.</p> |
|---|--|

"A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise."—PS. lxxii. 17.

J. BROWNIE.

HUGH BUCKLEY.

Far from Thy Heavenly Care—continued.



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- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. FAR from Thy heavenly care,
Lord, I have gone astray ;
And all the wealth Thou gav'st to me,
Have cast away.</p> | <p>2. Now from a broken heart,
In penitence sincere,
I lift my prayer, to Thee, O Lord ;
In mercy hear :</p> |
| <p>3. And in Thy blest abode
Give me a servant's place,
That I, a son, may learn to own
A Father's grace.</p> | |

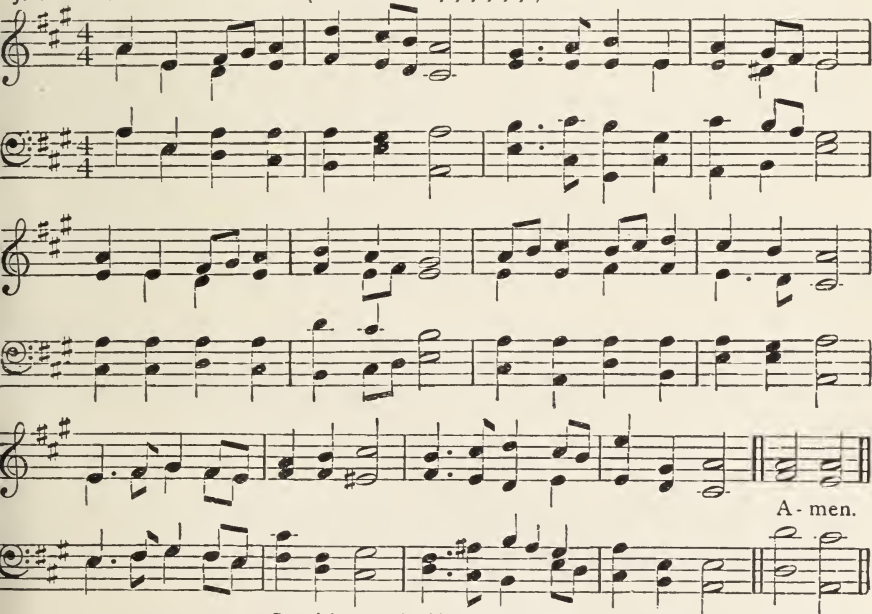
130 Oh, Give Thanks to Him who Made.

"I will mention the lovingkindness of the Lord."—ISAIAH lxiii. 7.

J. CONDER.

(WESTGATE. 7.7.7.7.7.)

ROBERT HITCHINGS.



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- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. OH, give thanks to Him who made
Morning light and evening shade ;
Source and Giver of all good,
Nightly sleep and daily food ;
Quickener of our wearied powers,
Guard of our unconscious hours.</p> | <p>3. Oh, give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are His workmanship :
And all creatures are His care ;
Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed ; but, who can
Speak the Father's love to man ?</p> |
| <p>2. Oh, give thanks to nature's King,
Who made every breathing thing ;
His, our warm and sentient frame,
His, the mind's immortal flame,
Oh, how close the ties that bind
Spirits to th' Eternal Mind !</p> | <p>4. Oh, give thanks to Him who came
In a mortal, suffering frame—
Temple of the Deity—
Came for rebel man to die ,
In the path Himself hath trod,
Leading back His saints to God.</p> |

"Christ for Me!"

"Who gave Himself a ransom for all."—1 TIMOTHY ii. 6.

M. A. E. SAUNDERS.

♩ = 108.

JOHN WILLIAM WATSON.

1. Glo - ri - ous ti - dings we bring un - to you, Ti - dings of mer - cy so

gra - cious and true; God loved poor sin - ners, con - demn'd and un - done,

TREBLES & ALTOS ONLY.

Gave for them free - ly His well - be - loved Son. Je - sus came down from His

glo - ry on high, Came as a ran - som to suf - fer and die;

FULL.

Won der ful love, ev - er full, ev - er free! Per - fect re - demp - tion thro' Christ for me!

"Christ for Me!"—continued.

CHORUS.

UNISON.

ff Christ for me! Christ for me! This our watch-word— Christ for me!

2.

3.

Thus did He suffer and pay the world's debt ;
Now if we trust Him our sins He'll forget ;
Sinners, if only this truth will believe,
Life everlasting through Him may receive.
Never was story so sweet and so true,
Pardon He offers so freely to you :
Come then ; accept Him, and let your song be,
Perfect redemption through Christ for me!

Jesus is calling ; oh, seek Him to-day ;
He is the Life, and the Truth, and the Way ;
He is the Saviour, whose love knows no end ;
He is the Shepherd, thy Guide and thy Friend.
Turn from this world, with its strife and its sin,
Look unto Him, and the new life begin ;
Then from your heart let your song ever be,
Perfect redemption through Christ for me!

132 Lord, to our Humble Prayers Attend.

J. BROWNLIE.

"Thou Son of David, have mercy on us."—MATT. ix. 27.

HUGH BUCKLEY.

♩=60. Very smoothly.

1. Lord, to our hum-ble pray'rs at - tend : Let Thou Thy peace from heav'n de - scend,
2. Rule in our hearts, Thou Prince of Peace, The wel - fare of Thy Church in - crease,

♩ A little slower.

1. And to our souls sal - va - tion send : Have mer - cy, Lord, up - on us.
2. And bid all strife and dis - cord cease : Have mer - cy, Lord, up - on us.

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3. To all who meet for worship here,
Do Thou in faithfulness draw near ;
Inspire with faith and godly fear :
Have mercy, Lord, upon us.
4. Oh, clothe Thy ministers with might,
To rule within Thy Church aright,
That they may serve as in Thy sight :
Have mercy, Lord, upon us.
5. The sovereign ruler of our land
Protect by Thine Almighty hand,
And all around the throne who stand :
Have mercy, Lord, upon us.
6. Let clouds and sunshine bless the earth,
Give fruits and flowers a timely birth,
Our harvests crown with peaceful mirth :
Have mercy, Lord, upon us.
7. Let voyagers by land and sea
In danger's hour in safety be ;
The suffering and the captives free :
Have mercy, Lord, upon us.
8. Around us let Thy shield be cast,
Till wrath and danger are o'erpast,
And tribulation's bitter blast :
Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

My God, in Thee I do Rejoice.

L. SHOREY.

"I will love Thee, O Lord my strength."—Psa. xviii. 1.

E. W. SHUTTLEWORTH.

♩ = 100.

1. My God, in Thee I do re - joice ! Thou art my King ;
 2. My God, in Thee I put my trust : Thou art my Stay ;
 3. My God, in Thee I find my strength, For Thou art strong ;

1. To Thee do I lift up my voice, Thy prais - es sing ;
 2. I trust Thee, not be - cause I must, I love Thy way ;
 3. The strength to fight un - til at length ('Twill not be long),

1. For Thou art all in all to me, And here is one that lov - eth Thee.
 2. For Thou art all in all to me, And here is one that lov - eth Thee.
 3. An o - ver - com - er I shall be, For here is one made strong in Thee.

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4. My God, in Thee I find my rest,
 My rest and peace ;
 In Thee I am supremely blest
 For mine increase :
 Thy love is peace and rest to me,
 And here is one that rests in Thee.

5. My God, in Thee I own my King ;
 And so would I
 With gladness my thank-offering bring.
 My loyalty :
 For grace and favour shown to me,
 I bring my all, my King, to Thee !

Holy Father, in Thy Mercy.

"The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another."—GEN. xxxi. 49.

I. S. STEPHENSON.

(REMEMBRANCE. 8.5.8.3.)

CLAUDE WRIGHT.

♩ = 84.

1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, in Thy mer - cy Hear our anx - ious prayer ;.....
 2. Je - sus, Sa - viour, let Thy pres - ence Be their light and - guide ;.....

Holy Father, in Thy Mercy—continued.

1. Keep our loved ones, now far ab-sent, 'Neath Thy care.
 2. Keep, oh keep them in their weak-ness, At Thy side.

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- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3. When in sorrow, when in danger,
 When in loneliness,
 In Thy love look down and comfort
 Their distress.</p> <p>4. May the joy of Thy salvation
 Be their strength and stay;
 May they love and may they praise Thee
 Day by day.</p> | <p>5. Holy Spirit, let Thy teaching
 Sanctify their life;
 Send Thy grace, that they may conquer
 In the strife.</p> <p>6. Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 God the One in Three, [them
 Bless them, guide them, save them, keep
 Near to Thee.</p> |
|---|---|

135

High on the Throne.

“Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come.”—REV. iv. 8.

J. BROWNLIE.

HUGH BUCKLEY.

$\text{♩} = 144.$

1. High on the throne of the An-cient of Days, Laud-ed by
 2. High-est in rank fall a-dor-ing ly down, Che-rub, and

1. hosts that un-ceas-ing-ly praise, Christ in the glo-ry He
 2. se-raph of peer-less re-noun; Bow-ing their heads 'neath the

1. va-liant-ly won, Reigns in His right, the om-ni-po-tent Son.
 2. shade of their wings, Each the Tri-sa-gi-on cease-less-ly sings.

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- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3. Princes and potentates, noble and strong,
 They to whom virtue and kingship belong,
 Lay at His footstool the crowns which they
 wear,
 Honoured to leave them in loyalty there.</p> <p>4. Who can approach where such majesty bright
 Fills with its radiance the dwelling of light?
 Who, where immortals abide evermore,
 Dare in the glory transcendent adore?</p> | <p>5. Lo, from the regions of sorrow they come,
 Singing, whose lips in the darkness were dumb;
 Thousands, ten thousands, with offerings of love,
 Rise to the bliss that receives them above.</p> <p>6. Thou hast redeemed them, O Christ, they are
 Thine;
 Pure as the hosts in Thy presence they shine;
 They with the angels adoringly praise,
 Blending their song with immortals always.</p> |
|--|--|

136 Call Him by His Name of "Jesus."

L. A. BENNETT.

"Thou shalt call His name JESUS."—MATT. i. 21.

A. HALLAM SIMPSON.

Andante. ♩ = 80.

p

1. Call Him by His name of
2. For the wound-ed, bro - ken
3. Tell the bless - ed name of

p

1. JE - - SUS—
2. spi - - rit,
3. JE - - SUS—

Name all o - ther names a -
This the heal - ing balm we
Yea, to "ev - 'ry crea - ture"

1. - bove!
2. need:
3. tell!

From our guilt He hath re -
We will bring no o - ther
This the on - ly name that

Call Him by His Name of "Jesus"—continued.

mf *p* *poco rit.*

1. - deem'd us, Lord of life and King of love.....
 2. mer - - it, JE - - SUS is the name we plead.....
 3. saves us, This can all our fears dis - pel.....

CHORUS. *a tempo*. ♩ = 56. *p* *p* so well :

Ho - ly name! sweet - est name! There is none we love so well: Ho -
 Ho - ly name!
 - - ly name! sweet - est name! Who can half its glo - ries tell?

4. Softly breathe the name of JESUS
 When on Jordan's brink we stand ;
 His the first glad voice to greet us,
 As we reach Immanuel's land.
5. Glory to the Lord who sought us—
 Prince amid the white-robed throng !
 "Praise to Him who loved and bought us,"
 Burden of the gladsome song !

137 For Thy Temple, Lord, we Bless Thee.

W. A. ESSERY.

"They take delight in approaching to God."—Isa. lviii. 2.

EDGAR PETTMAN.

$\text{♩} = 76.$

1. For Thy tem - ple, Lord, we bless Thee, Home of peace and house of prayer ;
2. For Thy Gos - pel, Lord, we bless Thee, Word of peace and voice of power ;

1. In Thy pres - ence we have wait - ed, By Thy mer - cy found Thee here :
2. In Thy tem - ple we have heard it, And will trust it ev - er - more :

1. Thou hast shed Thy glo - ry on us From the throne of heav'n - ly light ;
2. Let it, all our foot - steps gui - ding, Bring us to Thy heav'n - ly light,

1. We have felt Thy pres - ence gra - cious, Here Thou hast re - new'd our might.
2. There to dwell, with love a - bi - ding, In Thy ho - ly, hap - py sight.

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3. For Thy Sabbath, Lord, we bless Thee,
Day of peace and time of rest ;
Whilst we worship in Thy temple,
Of all days it is our best ;
Type of joys Divine and glorious,
How it makes our prospects bright,
Beaming heavenly radiance on us,
Shining with eternal light !

4. For Thy heaven, Lord, we bless Thee,
Scene of peace, our home on high ;
When we reach Thy crystal mansion
Songs of praise shall fill the sky.
For Thy Gospel, for Thy Sabbaths,
For the House of Prayer we'll praise ;
For the grace which they have brought us,
We will bless Thee endless days.

Thou art Near.

"He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still."—Psa. cvii. 29.

H. K. BURLINGHAM.

GRAHAM MARTIN.

$\text{♩} = 84.$

mf

1. I know, O Lord, though all a-round is dark, I need not fear;
 2. Yes, I shall see, soon as this storm has pass'd A-cross the soul;
 3. What though long cher-ish'd hopes like au-tumn leaves All scat-ter'd lie,

1. Rough are the waves that toss my lit-tle bark, But Thou art near;
 2. That He who slum-bers not held ev-ry blast In His con-trol;
 3. Know-ing Thy love Di-vine, this scarcely grieves, For spring is nigh.

f

1. The storm-y winds Thy word a-lone ful-fil, Their rage shall cease;
 2. And though, o'er-sha-dow'd by the pre-sent woe, The heart may quail;
 3. New hopes, God-giv'n, shall then un-fold and bloom In beau-ty bright;

pp

1. And when Thy voice shall give the charge, "Be still!" All will be peace, All will be peace.
 2. Strong in the grace, the strength Thou dost be-stow, I shall pre-vail, I shall pre-vail.
 3. There-fore, in hope re-joi-cing, 'mid the gloom, I wait for light, I wait for light.

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4.

Thou precious Saviour, by whose life I live,
 Lighten mine eyes!
 Let me not miss the lessons Thou dost give;
 Oh, make me wise!
 Keep me, whilst tempest-driv'n on life's rough sea,
 Close to Thy side;
 There, safely anchored by sure hope in Thee,
 Let me abide!

5.

Jesus, Thou art my All! what can I lose
 Since Thou art mine?
 Guide me, Thou best-beloved; my portion choose,
 For I am Thine:
 To the desired haven let me come
 In Thine own way:
 There will be no more night in that fair home,
 But endless day.

Is thy Spirit Wounded?

H. BURTON.

"Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example."—1 PETER ii. 21.

Smoothly.

E. W. SHUTTLEWORTH.

mp $\text{♩} = 84.$

1. Is thy spi - rit wound - ed By the un - kind word? Is the fire of
2. Art thou faint and wea - ry? Does thy toil seem vain? See, the sow - er

1. pas - sion In thy bo - som stirr'd? Be not swift to an - swer,
2. wait - eth For the lat - ter rain. Pa - tience, heart de - spond - ing!

1. Learn to bear and wait; He who rules his spi - rit—He a - lone is great.
2. Look be - yond thy tears; Soon will come the har - vest, With its gold - en ears.

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3. Is thy burden heavy?
Is the furnace hot?
'Tis His love that wills it—
Love that changes not;
Courage, drooping spirit!
God's time is the best;
And God's way, though rugged,
Is the way of rest.

4. Is thy spirit yearning
For thine absent Lord?
Wait His sure returning,
And His blest reward:
Soon we shall behold Him,
'Mid the angel-throng;
Ours the joy, the triumph,
Ours the bridal song.

Thy Kingdom Come.

"The field is the world."—MATT. xiii. 38.

"The seed is the word of God."—LUKE viii. 11.

J. CAWOOD.

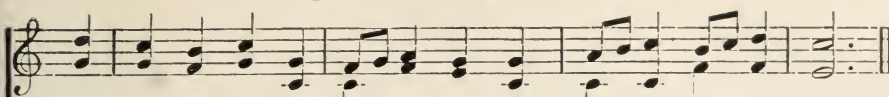
(CLACTON. C.M.)

C. F. COBB.

 $\text{♩} = 108.$

1. O God, when - e'er Thy Word is cast Like seed up - on the ground,
2. Grant that the foes of Christ and man This seed may not re - move,
3. Let not the world's dis - tract - ing cares The ris - ing plant de - stroy,

Thy Kingdom Come—continued.



1. Oh, may it grow in hum - ble hearts, And righ - teous fruits a - bound.
 2. But give it root in pray - ing souls To bring forth fruits of love.
 3. But may it in con - vert - ed hearts Pro - duce the fruits of joy.



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4. Let not Thy Word, so kindly sent
 To raise us to Thy throne,
 Return to Thee, and sadly tell
 That we reject Thy Son.

5. Great God, come down, and on Thy Word
 Thy mighty power bestow,
 That all who hear the joyful sound
 Thy saving grace may know.

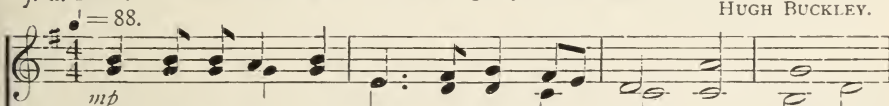
141

Jesus, I Rest on Thee.

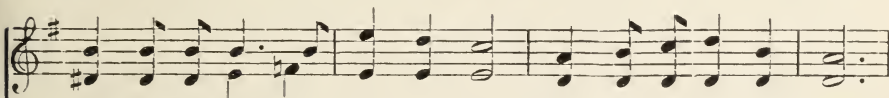
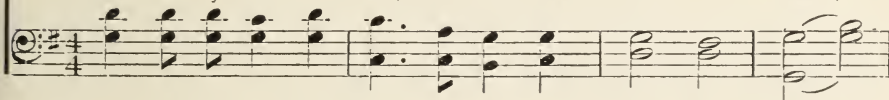
J. G. DECK.

"Come unto Me, . . . and I will give you rest."—MATT. xi. 28.

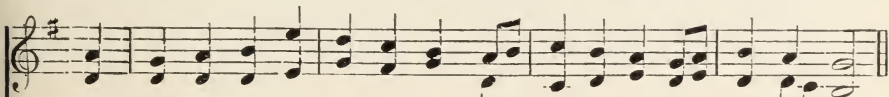
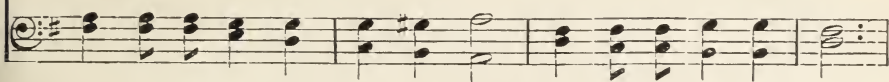
HUGH BUCKLEY.



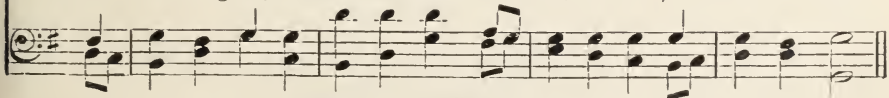
1. Je - sus, I rest on Thee, In Thee my - self I hide;
 2. Thou Ho - ly One of God, The Fa - ther rests in Thee;



1. La - den with guilt and mis - e - ry, Where can I rest be - side?
 2. The voice of Thy a - ton - ing blood Pleads ev - er - more for me.



1. 'Tis on Thy meek and low - ly breast My wea - ry soul a - lone can rest.
 2. The curse is gone; thro' Thee I'm blest: God rests in Thee; in Thee I rest.



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3. The slave of sin and fear,
 Thy truth my bondage broke;
 And now my spirit loves to wear
 Thy light and easy yoke:
 The love which fills my grateful breast
 Makes duty joy and labour rest.

4. Soon the bright glorious day,
 The rest of God, shall come;
 Sorrow and sin shall pass away,
 And I shall reach my home:
 Then of the promised land possess
 My soul shall know eternal rest.

E. MAY CRAWFORD. "The Master is come, and calleth for thee."—JOHN xi. 28.

FRANK HARRIS.

mp $\text{♩} = 92.$

1. The Mas - ter comes ! He calls for thee ! Go forth at His al - migh - ty word,

O - be - dient to His last com-mand, And tell to those who nev - er heard,

Who sit in deep - est shades of night, That Christ has come to give them light !

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2. The Master calls ! Arise and go :
How blest His messenger to be !
He who hath given thee liberty
Now bids thee set the captive free :
Proclaim His mighty power to save,
Who for the world His life-blood gave.

3. The Master calls ! Shall not thy heart
In warm responsive love reply :
"Lord, here am I ; send me, send me,
Thy willing slave to live or die !
An instrument unfit indeed,
Yet Thou wilt give me what I need."

4. And if thou canst not go, yet bring
An offering of a "willing heart";
Then though thou tarriest at home,
Thy God shall give thee, too, thy part :
The messengers of peace upbear
In ceaseless and prevailing prayer.

5. Short is the time for service true,
For soon shall dawn that glorious day
When, all the harvest gathered in,
Each faithful heart shall hear Him say :
"My child, well done ; your toil is o'er—
Enter My joy for evermore !"

R. S. COOK.

"The Spirit and the bride say, Come !"—REV. xxii. 17.

EDGAR PETTMAN.

p $\text{♩} = 52.$

1. Just as thou art, with - out one trace Of love, or joy, or in - ward grace,

Just as thou Art—continued.



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- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2. Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be blest ?
Trust not the world, it gives no rest ;
Christ brings relief to hearts opprest :
O weary sinner, come !</p> <p>3. Come, leave thy burden at the cross,
Count all thy gains but worthless dross,
His grace o'er pays all earthly loss :
O needy sinner, come !</p> | <p>4. Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy burning tears :
'Tis Mercy's voice salutes thine ears :
" O trembling sinner, come ! "</p> <p>5. " The Spirit and the bride say, Come ! "
Rejoicing saints re-echo, " Come ! "
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come :
The Saviour bids thee come !</p> |
|--|--|

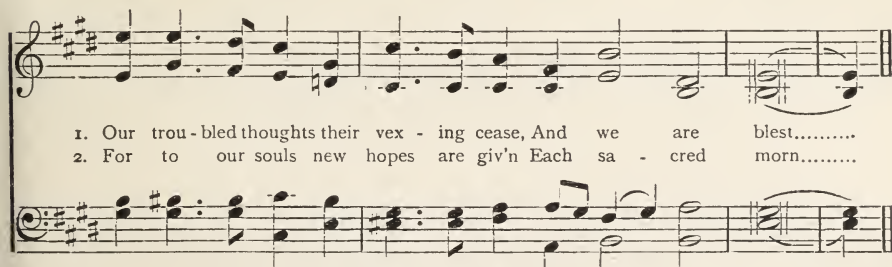
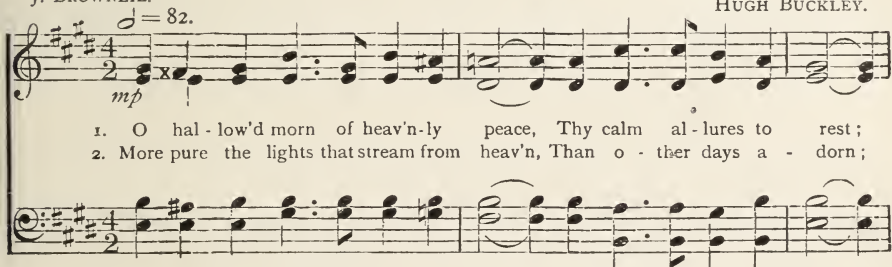
144

O Hallowed Morn !

" Call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord."—ISA. lviii 13.

J. BROWNLIE.

HUGH BUCKLEY.



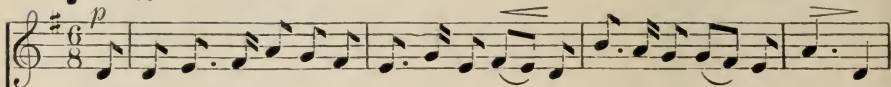
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- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3. We hail Thy rising, Glorious Light,
Upon our darkness shed ;
The night of sin is banished quite,
And death is dead.</p> <p>4. Then, Lord, we rise to where Thou art,
And share Thy rest with Thee,
Where Thou wilt ease the burdened heart
And set it free.</p> | <p>5. That even in the storm of life
Our souls in peace may rest—
Secure amid the angry strife—
Upon Thy breast.</p> <p>6. And when the toil of life is past,
And earthly Sabbaths o'er,
May we abide with Thee at last,
For evermore !</p> |
|---|---|

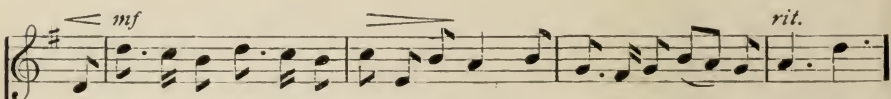
P. P. BLISS.

"I am the light of the world."—JOHN ix. 5.

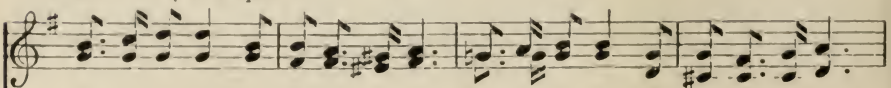
J. H. S. FOTHERGILL.

 $\text{♩} = 108.$ 

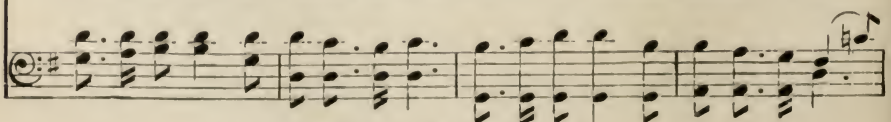
1. The whole world was lost in the dark-ness of sin: The Light of the world is Je - sus!
2. No dark-ness have we who in Je - sus a-bide: The Light of the world is Je - sus!
3. Ye dwell-ers in darkness, with sin-blind-ed eyes, The Light of the world is Je - sus!
4. No need of the sun-light in hea-ven, we're told, The Light of that world is Je - sus!



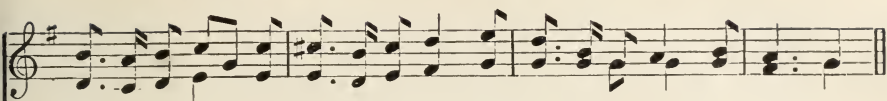
1. Like sun-shine at noon-day His glo-ry shone in: The Light of the world is Je - sus!
2. We walk in the Light when we fol-low our Guide: The Light of the world is Je - sus!
3. Go, wash at His bid-ding, and light will a-rise: The Light of the world is Je - sus!
4. The Lamb is the Light in the Ci-ty of Gold: The Light of that world is Je - sus!

CHORUS. *mf a tempo.*

Come to the Light, 'tis shi-n-ing for thee; Sweet-ly the Light has dawn'd up-on me:



The Light of the World—continued.



Once I was blind, but now I can see: The Light of the world is Je - sus!

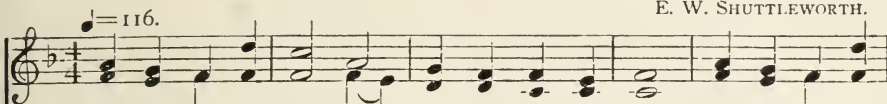


146

Work, for Time is Flying.

"The night cometh, when no man can work."—JOHN ix. 4.

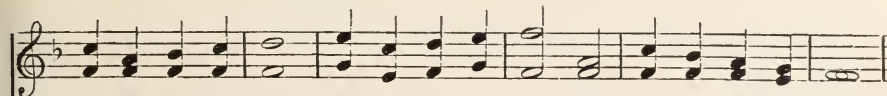
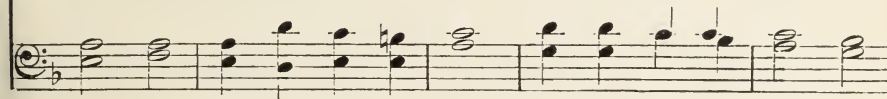
E. W. SHUTTLEWORTH.



1. Work, for time is fly - ing, Work with hearts sin - cere; Work, for souls are
2. In this glo - rious call - ing Work till day is o'er; Work till, ev-'ning
3. There, where saints a - dore Him, Where the ran - som'd meet, Joy they show be -



1. dy - ing; Work, for night is near: In the Mas - ter's vine - yard
2. fall - ing, You can work no more; Then your la - bour bring - ing
3. - fore Him, Bow - ing at His feet: Hear the Mas - ter say - ing,



1. Go and work to - day; Be no use - less slug - gard Stand - ing in the way.
2. To the King of kings, Borne, with joy and sing - ing, Home on an - gels' wings.
3. From His heav'nly throne, When thy toil re - ward - ing, "La - bour - er, well done!"



"Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."—ISA. xlv. 22.

L. SHOREY.

OWEN MEREDITH.

$\text{♩} = 108.$

mf

1. Look to Je - sus, wea - ry one, Wea - ry of earth's din; Wea - ry of its
 2. Look to Je - sus, bur - den'd one, Toil - ing up life's road; Toil - ing in the
 3. Look to Je - sus, hun - gry one, Man - na He will give; He Him - self, the

1. pomp and show, Wea - ry of its sin. Look to Je - sus, He is near,
 2. dust and heat, Hea - vy is thy load. Look to Je - sus, for His strength
 3. heav'n - ly Bread, Eat, and thou shalt live. Come and drink, O thirs - ty soul,

1. Let not faith grow dim; Turn a - side and rest a - while, Spend one hour with Him.
 2. For thy dai - ly need; Walk with Him, thy bur - den will Light - er grow in - deed.
 3. From the Liv - ing Spring; Then thou from its wa - ters sweet Life and health will bring.

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4. Look to Jesus, doubting one;
 Wherefore doubt so long?
 Look upon His hands and feet,
 Let thy faith grow strong.
 Look upon His pierc'd side;
 See His thorn-crowned brow;
 Turn aside from doubt and fear:
 Oh, believe Him now!

5. Look to Jesus, waiting one;
 Though the time seem long.
 Though the heart and flesh may fail,
 Yet in Him be strong.
 Patience! yet a little while,
 Waiting will be o'er;
 Rest and peace is surely thine,
 Joy for evermore.

"Trusting in the Lord."—PSALM cxii. 7.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

(SIDCUP. 8.5.8.3.)

FRANK BRAMLEY.

$\text{♩} = 120.$

1. I am trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust - ing on - ly Thee I.....
 2. I am trust - ing Thee for par - don, At Thy feet I bow;.....

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I am Trusting Thee, Lord Jesus—continued.

1. Trust-ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free, Great and free.
 2. For Thy grace and ten - der mer - cy, Trust - ing now, Trust - ing now.

3. I am trusting Thee for cleansing
 In the crimson flood;
 Trusting Thee to make me holy
 By Thy blood.

4. I am trusting Thee to guide me,
 Thou alone shalt lead;
 Every day and hour supplying
 All my need.

5. I am trusting Thee for power,
 'Thine can never fail;
 Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
 Must prevail.

6. I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
 Never let me fall!
 I am trusting Thee for ever,
 And for all!

149

Jesus is Nigh!

"Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea."—MATT. xiv. 25.

H. K. BURLINGHAM.

ALFRED CRIPP MONTAGU.

$\text{♩} = 120.$

1. When the night is dark and drea - ry, Je - sus is nigh! When we're toil - ing,
 2. Trou - bled hearts, why sink for sor - row? Je - sus is nigh! We shall sight the
 3. All His power in grace en - gag - ing, Je - sus is nigh! Tho' the sea be

1. worn and wea - ry, Je - sus is nigh! Yes, the Lord is ev - er near us,
 2. land to - mor - row, Je - sus is nigh! There is bliss be - yond our know - ing,
 3. wild - ly rag - ing, Je - sus is nigh! When the lightnings round are play - ing,

1. He is close at hand to cheer us, Safe - ly shall our Pi - lot steer us: Je - sus is nigh!
 2. Pass the wa - ter - flood's o'er - flow - ing; To "the o - ther side" we're go - ing: Je - sus is nigh!
 3. Hear His voice the storm al - lay - ing; "Peace, be still!" the Lord is say - ing: Je - sus is nigh!

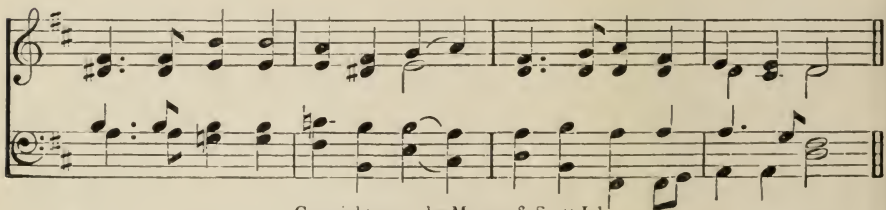
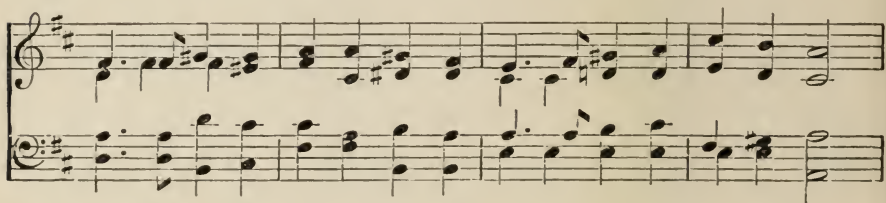
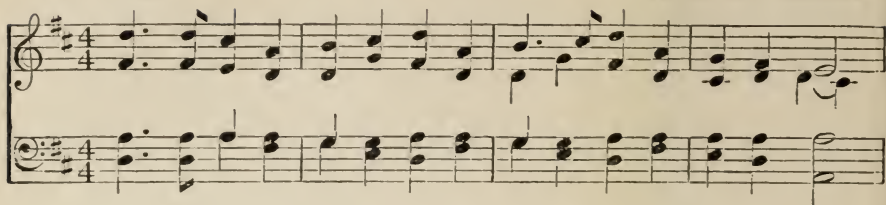
Master, Speak!

"Speak, Lord; for Thy servant heareth."—1 SAM. iii. 9.

F. R. HAVEGAL.

(STOKE. 8.7.8.7.7.7.)

REGINALD F. BARCLAY.



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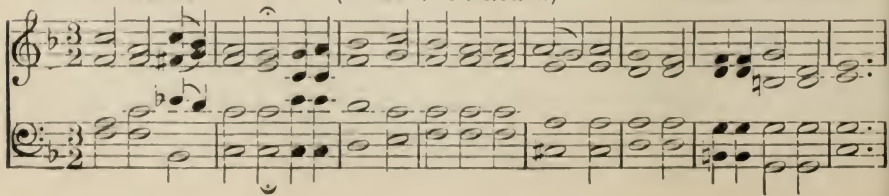
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. MASTER, speak! Thy servant heareth,
 Longing for Thy gracious word,
 Longing for Thy voice that cheereth;
 Master, let it now be heard.
 I am listening, Lord, for Thee;
 What hast Thou to say to me?</p> <p>2. Often through my heart is pealing
 Many another voice than Thine,
 Many an unwilling echo stealing
 From the walls of this Thy shrine.
 Let Thy longed-for accents fall;
 Master, speak and silence all.</p> | <p>3. Master, speak! though least and lowest
 Let me not unheard depart;
 Master, speak! for oh, Thou knowest
 All the yearning of my heart—
 Knowest all its truest need;
 Speak! and make me blest indeed.</p> <p>4. Master, speak! and make me ready,
 When Thy voice is truly heard,
 With obedience glad and steady,
 Still to follow every word.
 I am listening, Lord, for Thee;
 Master, speak, oh, speak to me!</p> <p>5. Speak to me by name, O Master,
 Let me know it is to me;
 Speak, that I may follow faster,
 With a step more firm and free,
 Where the Shepherd leads the flock,
 In the shadow of the Rock!</p> |
|---|---|

"We would see Jesus."

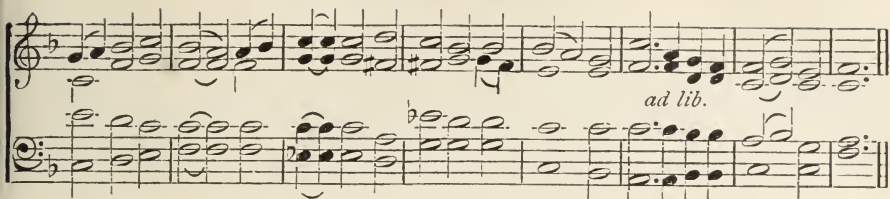
ANNA B. WARNER.

(ANDREW. 11.10.11.10.)

ROBERT HITCHINGS.



"We would see Jesus"—continued.



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1.

We would see Jesus—for the shadows lengthen
Across this little landscape of our life;
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen
For the last weariness—the final strife.

2.

We would see Jesus—the great Rock Foundation,
Whereon our feet were set with sovereign
grace;
Not life, nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.

3.

We would see Jesus—other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see:
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing;
We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.

4.

We would see Jesus—this is all we're needing,
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the
sight;
We would see Jesus—dying, risen, pleading,
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night!

152

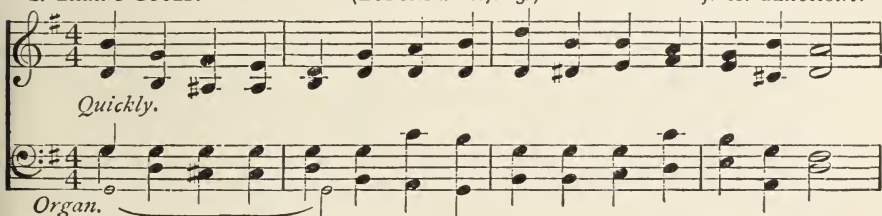
On the Resurrection Morning.

"Death is swallowed up in victory."—1 COR. xv. 54.

S. BARING GOULD.

(LUDGATE. 8.7.8.3.)

J. H. BEAUMONT.



Quickly.

Organ.

A - men.

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1. On the Resurrection morning
Soul and body meet again;
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
No more pain!
2. Here awhile they must be parted,
And the flesh its Sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness,
Wrapt in sleep.
3. For a while the tired body
Lies with feet towards the morn;
Till the last and brightest Easter
Day be born.
4. But the soul in contemplation
Utters earnest prayer and strong,
Bursting at the Resurrection
Into song.

5. Soul and body reunited
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
Waking up in Christ's own likeness,
Satisfied.
6. Oh, the beauty! Oh, the gladness
Of that Resurrection day,
Which shall not through endless ages
Pass away!
7. On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore;
Father, sister, child, and mother,
Meet once more.
8. To that brightest of all meetings
Bring us, Jesu Christ, at last;
By Thy cross, through death and judgment
Holding fast.

153 (First Tune.)

He Speaketh Yet!

A. E. NAISH.

"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."—JOHN xiv. 6.

(VENTNOR. L.M.)

C. I. CLAPPERTON.

$\text{♩} = 80.$

1. He speak-eth yet! whose lov-ing words True comfort brought to hearts dis-tress'd;

Whose gen-tle voice in wel-come bade The wea-ry come to Him and rest.

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2. He speaketh yet! though earthly strife
Oft dulls the ear, yet faith doth know
That One, with gentle, healing touch,
Still waits to bless in every woe.
3. Jesus who died, for us who bore—
Ah! more than heart or tongue can tell—
In patient love yet speaks, that we
With Him in endless joy may dwell.
4. Those gracious words, "Come unto Me!"
Still seek to win each weary heart,

- To rest in One who only can
True peace and joy and life impart.
5. Oh, heed, then, now Christ's loving call!
The Saviour's voice with gladness hear,
While yet He speaks in welcome sweet,
To Him in all thy need draw near.
6. Jesus alone can truly bless:
Oh, make His love Thy strength and stay!
In gentle voice He speaketh yet:
"I am the Life, the Truth, the Way!"

153 (Second Tune.)

(OXFORD. L.M.)

Arranged by E. P.

$\text{♩} = 80.$

1. He speak-eth yet! whose lov-ing words True com-fort brought to hearts dis-tress'd;

Whose gen-tle voice in wel-come bade The wea-ry come to Him and rest.

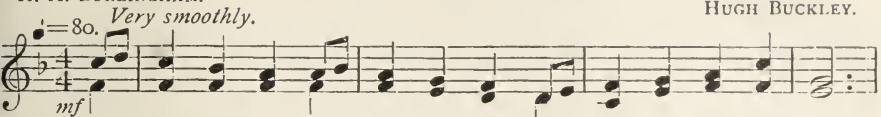
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O Jesus, Ever-present Friend.

H. K. BURLINGHAM.

"A friend loveth at all times."—PROV. xvii. 17.

HUGH BUCKLEY.



1. O Je - sus, ev - er - pres - ent Friend, Our need is known to Thee;
 2. Home to the ark the wea - ry dove Came from the wa - ters wide;
 3. But as the dove went forth a - gain, Com - mis - sion'd of her lord,



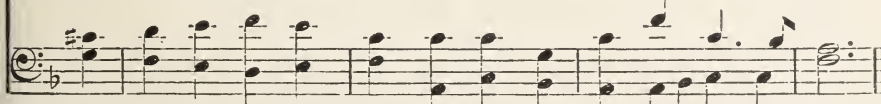
1. Grace all - suf - fi - cient Thou wilt send, And we will fol - low Thee.
 2. So would we shel - ter in Thy love, A - bove temp - ta - tion's tide.
 3. We can pass o'er the drea - ry plain, If Je - sus gives the word.



1. We have not pass'd this way be - fore, But Thou wilt lead us right;
 2. Dry land and trees all cov - er'd o'er, Sub - merg'd the once - loved nest;
 3. Bless - ed in - deed to be for Him The mes - sen - gers of peace,



1. Ah, since our eyes may gaze on Thee, We would not walk by sight.
 2. And, like that waste with - out a shore, This world is not our rest.
 3. Bear - ing sweet te - kens of a day When storms and strife shall cease.



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4. Thy presence our pavilion, Lord,
 'Mid outward strife we rest;
 Our guide Thy never-failing Word,
 We cannot but be blest.
 Though passing clouds may often cast
 Deep shadows o'er our way,
 We know the darkness cannot last;
 The light shall be for aye.

5. Safe in the cleft of Christ our Rock,
 Well may our soul rejoice:
 Lord, we will sing aloud to Thee,
 And Thou shalt hear our voice.
 In quiet confidence our strength,
 Whilst keeping near Thy side,
 We shall reach home with joy at length
 Through Thee, our Way, our Guide.

H. BURTON.

"He knoweth the way that I take."—JOB xxiii. 20

HUGH BUCKLEY.

$\text{♩} = 60.$

p

1. I'm walk-ing in the sha-dow Of the cloud-y day, With no gleam of
 2. I'm rest-ing in the qui-et By the wa-ters still, Not a cloud a-
 3. I'm hi-ding in the shel-ter Of the smit-ten Rock, Not a sound can

1. sun-shine Fall-ing on my way; But He knows, and holds me,
 2. round me, Not a sound of ill; And heav'n's voi-ces cheer me,
 3. reach me Of the bat-tle-shock: In His se-cret pla-ces

f *>* *rit. e dim.*

1. And His arm en-folds me: Yes, He knows! Yes, He knows!
 2. And He lin-gers near me: Ah, He knows! Ah, He knows!
 3. Sweet are His em-bra-ces, For He knows! For He knows!

B♭ in last verse.

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4.
 I'm waiting in the furnace
 Where the fires are hot;
 No one knows but Jesus
 Of my bitter lot:
 Hush the deep repining;
 'Tis His hand refining,
 For He knows!

5.
 I'm walking in the sunlight
 Of the summer morn,
 In the breaking glory
 Of th' eternal dawn!
 Smiling heavens are o'er me,
 Home is just before me,
 And He knows!

6.
 Oh, hush the sad repining,
 Each storm has its bow,
 Clouds their silver lining,
 And the bitterest woe;
 His kind love assays it,
 And His mercy weighs it—
 All He knows!

M. A. E. S. "The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, . . . He shall teach you all things."

(JOHN xiv. 26.)

M. A. E. SAUNDERS.

$\text{♩} = 108.$

f

1. O Trin-i-ty of love and pow'r, Lead me and guide me hour by hour;
 2. Fa-ther in heav'n, keep me, Thy child, Thro' life's rough way and tem-pests wild;
 3. I praise Thee for Thy won-drons love Which sent Thy Son from realms a-bove;

O Trinity of Love and Power—continued.

1. Be Thou my Shield from ev - 'ry sin, Give vic - t'ry o - ver self with - in.
 2. Trust-ing in Thee I'll fear no ill, But faith-ful - ly per - form Thy will.
 3. He was the Lamb for sin - ners slain, That all might full sal - va - tion gain.

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4. O Saviour dear, Thy love Divine
 Has won my heart and made me Thine;
 Thou shalt my joy and glory be
 Through time and through eternity.

5. Fill me with Thy blest Spirit, Lord,
 Direct my every thought and word;
 Thus may my every action be
 Governed by Thee, blest Trinity.

157

Ere each Morning Breaketh.

"I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely."

W. PENNEFATHER.

(REV. xxi. 6.)

E. W. SHUTTLEWORTH.

$\text{♩} = 116.$

1. Ere each morn-ing break-eth I would see Thy face, Je - sus, pre - cious

Sa - viour! Je - sus, King of grace! For my thirs - ty spi - rit Longs to

drink a - gain Of the liv - ing riv - er Flow-ing through this plain.

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2.

Hark! how sweet its music
 As it dashes by,
 Clear and fresh as ever
 In its melody;
 From the crystal city,
 From the throne on high,
 It has leaped to succour
 Sinners, lest they die.

3.

Flowing where the desert
 Looks most parched and bare,
 There its shining wavelets
 Sparkle everywhere:
 We with dying thousands
 Would again partake
 Of this crystal river—
 It our thirst can slake!

4.

It the drooping pastures
 Can refresh and bless,
 And with fragrant blossoms
 Clothe the wilderness.
 O Thou living Spirit,
 Give us of Thy dew,
 Then our souls, like gardens,
 Will yield fruit anew!

O Light that Knew no Dawn.

J. BROWNLIE. "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all."—1 JOHN i. 5.

EDGAR PETTMAN.

$\text{♩} = 104.$

mf

1. O Light that knew no dawn, That shines to end - less day,
2. Thy grace, O Fa - ther, give, That I may serve in fear;
3. That, cleansed from fil - thy stain, I may meet hom - age give,

1. All things in earth and heav'n Are lus - tred by Thy ray;
2. A - bove all boons, I pray, Grant me Thy voice to hear;
3. And, pure in heart, be - hold And serve Thee while I live;

1. No eye can to Thy throne as - cend, Nor mind Thy brightness com - pre - hend.
2. From sin Thy child in mer - cy free, And let me dwell in light with Thee.
3. Clean hands in ho - ly wor - ship raise, And Thee, O Christ my Sa - viour, praise.

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4. In supplication meek
To Thee I bend the knee;
O Christ, when Thou shalt come,
In love remember me,
And in Thy kingdom, by Thy grace,
Grant me a humble servant's place.

5. Thy grace, O Father, give,
I humbly Thee implore;
And let Thy mercy bless
Thy servant more and more.
All grace and glory be to Thee
From age to age eternally.

When all Thy Mercies.

J. ADDISON.

"My cup runneth over."—PSA. xxiii. 5.

(RISBY, C.M.)

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.

$\text{♩} = 108.$

1. When all Thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,
2. Un - num - ber'd com - forts to my soul Thy ten - der care be - stow'd,
3. When in the slip - p'ry paths of youth With heed - less steps I ran,

When all Thy Mercies—continued.

1. Trans - port - ed with the view I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.
 2. Be - fore my in - fant heart con - ceived From whom those com - forts flow'd.
 3. Thine arm un - seen con - vey'd me safe, And led me up to man.

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4. Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue,
 And after death in distant worlds
 The glorious theme renew.

4. Through all eternity to Thee
 A joyful song I'll raise;
 But oh, eternity's too short
 To utter all Thy praise!

160 Jesu, who from Thy Father's Throne.

"He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich."

W. AUSTIN.

(2 COR. viii. 9.)

F. BURNLEY.

1. Je - su, who from Thy Fa - ther's throne Didst to our vale of tears come down,
 2. Je - su, whose high and hum - ble birth, In heav'n the an - gels, and on earth

1. In our poor na - ture drest; Oh, may the fra - grance of Thy love
 2. Thy faith - ful ser - vants, sing; Oh, may our hymns, here dull and low,

1. Draw up our souls to Thee a - bove, And fix them there to rest.
 2. Shoot up a - loft, and fruit - ful grow In the e - ter - nal spring.

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3. Jesu, Redeemer, kindest Name,
 Ordained heav'n's purpose to proclaim
 Of saving lost mankind;
 Oh, may we, bowing heart and knee,
 Great Name above all names, to Thee,
 Thy hidden sweetness find.

4. Jesu, of all delight the source,
 Crown of the saints' unfailing course,
 To Thee all praise be given;
 Oh, may the great mysterious Three
 Beloved, adored, exalted be
 By all in earth and heav'n.

"Who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies."—PSALM ciii. 4.

E. MAY CRAWFORD.

HUGH BUCKLEY.

$\text{♩} = 80.$

1. God's deal - ings are so won - der - ful! I oft - en pause to note
 2. God's deal - ings are so won - der - ful! I long to tell it out!
 3. God's deal - ings are so won - der - ful! He bal - an - ces the scales;

1. His ma - ny com - pen - sa - tions sweet (Like some blest an - ti - dote)
 2. When some dark cloud en - vel - ops me With mist of fear and doubt;
 3. With e - ven hand He weighs each grief, With all that it en - tails;

1. Which com - pass all my life a - round, And tune to praise each mi - nor sound.
 2. I lift my eyes! the sha - dows flee, And JE - SUS ON - LY can I see!
 3. He knows how much His child can bear, And in the sor - row HE IS NEAR.

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4. God's dealings are so wonderful!
 Though flesh and heart may fail,
 I know He never will forsake,
 His love will still prevail:
 Some sweet oasis He'll prepare,
 And guide my trembling footsteps there.

5. God's dealings are so wonderful!
 I sing it o'er and o'er;
 And when the pilgrim journey's done
 I'll praise Him more and more;
 As in the light of heaven I trace
 The compensations of His grace.

Jesus said, "I am the Light of the world."—JOHN ix. 5.

J. BROWNIE.

E. W. SHUTTLEWORTH.

$\text{♩} = 80.$

1. Lord, give me sight, for I am blind, Thy bless - ed face I can - not see;
 2. And hear my prayer a - mid the cries Of sur - ging crowds that round Thee press;
 3. Didst Thou not come a Light to men, To fill with light the dar - ken'd soul,
 4. Oh, touch mine eyes, and let the Light That shines from heav'n my spi - rit find;

Lord, gibe me Sight—continued.

1. But Thou art mer - ci - ful and kind : Oh, let Thy mer - cy come to me !
 2. Come near and touch my seal - ed eyes, And let me know Thy pow'r to bless.
 3. To raise the dead to life a - gain, And make the sin - sick spi - rit whole ?
 4. I grope and stum - ble in the night— I fol - low, but am left be - hind.

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- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>5. O Jesus, Lord of heavenly light,
 Come to our help, our spirits fill,
 And quicken now our inward sight,
 That we may know, and do Thy will;</p> | <p>6. And follow where the path is clear,
 Nor linger where the danger lies;
 And in the darkness feel no fear,
 Because we see Thee with our eyes.</p> |
|--|---|

163

Lord of Might and Glory.

J. S. BLACKIE.

"Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation."—PSALM li. 12.

OWEN THOMAS.

$\text{♩} = 58.$

1. Lord of might and Lord of glo - ry, Hum - bly do I
 2. Pas - sions proud and fierce have ruled me, Fan - cies light and
 3. Gro - ping dim and bend - ing low - ly, Mor - tal vis - ion

1. bow be - fore Thee; With my whole heart I a - dore Thee, Great Lord:
 2. vain have fool'd me, But Thy train - ing stern hath school'd me: Now, Lord,
 3. catch - eth slow - ly Glimp - ses of the pure and ho - ly: Now, Lord,

1. List - en to my cry, O Lord! List - en to my cry, O Lord!
 3. Take me for Thy child, O Lord! Take me for Thy child, O Lord!
 2. O - pen Thou mine eyes, O Lord! O - pen Thou mine eyes, O Lord!

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- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>4. In the deed that no man knoweth,
 Where no praiseful trumpet bloweth,
 Where he may not reap who soweth—
 There, Lord,
 Let my heart serve Thee, O Lord!</p> | <p>5. In His name who, meek and lowly,
 Died to make poor sinners holy,
 Stumbling oft, and creeping slowly,
 Great Lord,
 Guide me by Thy truth, O Lord!</p> |
|--|---|

There's Room for Thee.

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. vi. 2.

H. K. BURLINGHAM.

E. W. SHUTTLEWORTH.

$\text{♩} = 60.$

f
1. Hark! hark! hark!..... 'Tis a mes - sage of mer - cy

free;..... There's ref - uge from judg - ment with - in the Ark: O

Much slower.
pp

sin - ner, there's room for thee! O sin - ner, there's room for thee!

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- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2. Come! come! come!
'Twas Jesus who rescued me;
The waters of judgment will close o'er some:
Oh, why should they close o'er thee?</p> | <p>4. Look! look! look!
The Saviour in glory see;
The load of my sins on Himself He took—
He suffered and died for me.</p> |
| <p>3. Haste! haste! haste!
Delay not from wrath to flee;
Oh, wherefore the moments in madness waste
Whilst mercy still waits for thee?</p> | <p>5. Now! now! now!
To-morrow too late may be!
O sinner, acknowledge His glory now,
And know that He died for thee!</p> |

165 (First Tune.) The Hunger of the Soul.

"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness."—MATT. v. 6.

FRED A HANBURY ALLEN.

C. I. CLAPPERTON.

Pleadingly.

1. Lord, Thou know - est all the hun - ger Of the heart that seeks Thee now;

The Hunger of the Soul—continued.

How my soul hath long been cra - ving What Thou on - ly canst be - stow.

CHORUS.

Seek - ing now, seek - ing now, Let Thy Spi - rit meet me now.

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2. Failure in my walk and witness,
Failure in my work I see;
Fruitless toil, un-Christlike living,
Calling forth no praise to Thee.
3. Now to Thee my soul confesses
All its failure, all its sin;
All the pride, the self-contentment,
All the "secret faults" within.

4. Save me from myself, my Father,
From each subtle form of pride;
Lead me now with Christ to Calvary,
Show me I with Him have died.
5. Let the fulness of Thy Spirit
Resting on Him cover me,
That the witness borne to others
May bring glory, Lord, to Thee.

165 (Second Tune.)

E. W. SHUTTLEWORTH.

$\text{♩} = 60.$

mf 1. Lord, Thou know-est all the hun - ger Of the heart that seeks Thee now;

How my soul hath long been cra - ving What Thou on - ly canst be - stow.

CHORUS.

A little slower.

mf Seek - ing now, seek - ing now, *pp* Let Thy Spi - rit meet me now.

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A. E. NAISH.

"Be valiant, and fight the Lord's battles."—1 SAMUEL xviii. 17.

L. J. KENNEDY

$\text{♩} = 100.$

f

i. Be val-iant for Je-sus, His cause to de-fend; Press for-ward in

ser-vice, be true to the end: His arm will de-liv-er and scat-ter the foe—

CHORUS.

Oh, trust then your Cap-tain, and for-ward still go! Be val-iant for

Je-sus, His cause to de-fend; Press for-ward in ser-vice, be true to the end.

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2. Be earnest for Jesus, His love to proclaim;
At all times be ready to own His dear name;
His love free and boundless hath blessed you indeed—
Oh, speak of it gladly to others in need.
3. Be watchful for Jesus, His spirit to show;
No harsh word to utter, or cold look bestow;
By love we must conquer, in seeking to win
A battle for Jesus o'er darkness and sin.
4. Be faithful to Jesus, His arm will sustain;
To witness and suffer short time doth remain;
Life's golden hours quickly are passing away—
Oh, work then for Jesus while yet it is day!

The Voice of Jesus.

"Come" (MATT. xi. 28); "Follow" (JOHN xxi. 22); "Abide" (JOHN xv. 4);

E. F. MILLER.

"Go" (MATT. xxviii. 19).

E. W. SHUTTLEWORTH.

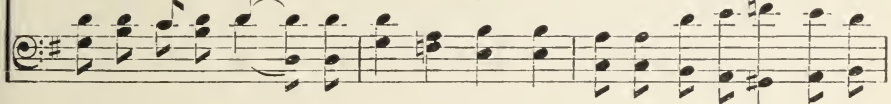
♩ = 62.



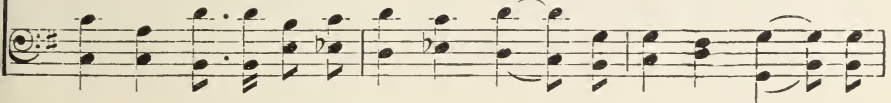
1. "Come un - to Me!" Oh list, the voice of Je - sus Rings soft and low, like
 2. "Come, fol - low Me!" Hearn - en, the voice of Je - sus In - sis - tent sounds, 'midst



1. far - off mu - sic chime, It calls to rest, all wea - ry hea - vy - lad - en, It
 2. all life's toil and care; Its plea - sures, sor - rows, sin - nings—ev - er call - ing For



1. speaks of peace, deep, wondrous and sub - lime. Rest thee, my soul, up -
 2. love, o - be - dience, and de - vo - tion rare. Rise, O my soul! and



1. - on thy Sa - viour's pro - mise, His word's the same thro' all the flight of time.
 2. at thy Sa - viour's bid - ding Give Him thy best, and for Him all things dare.



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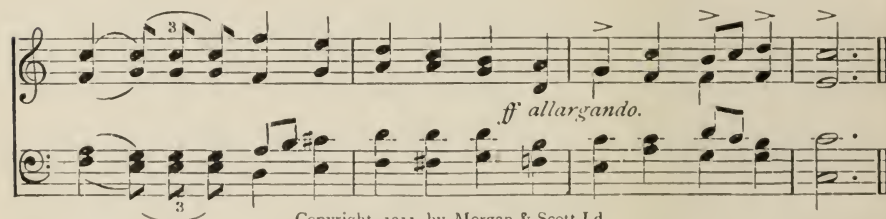
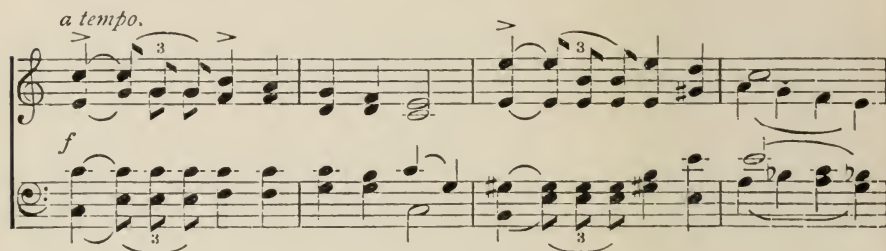
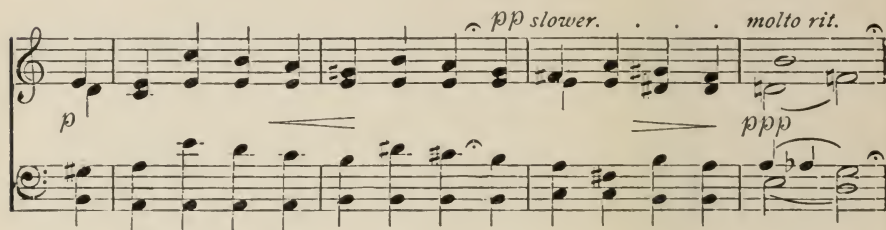
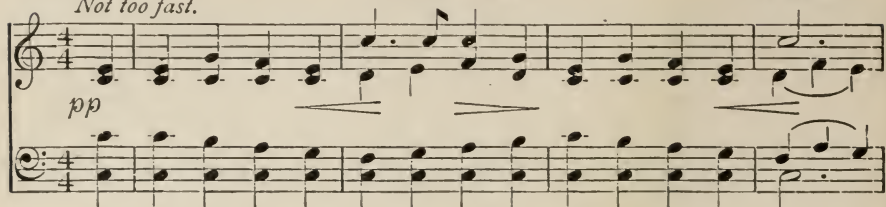
3. "Abide in Me!" Ah, still the voice of Jesus
 Sounds sweet and clear, above earth's noise and din,
 It calls to closest, tenderest communion—
 Such fellowship as love alone can win.
 Rejoice, my soul! for of thy Saviour's mercy
 To this rich feast e'en thou may'st enter in.
4. "Go ye for Me!" Again the voice of Jesus
 Swift, eager, comes with the compelling plea,
 That those who sit in nature's grossest darkness
 Might the full light of His salvation see.
 Answer, my soul—thy Saviour's love impelling—
 "Here, Lord, am I, send me, send even me!"

"The things which are not seen are eternal."—2 COR. iv. 18.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

(SYNDALE, D.C.M.)

C. F. ARNOLD.

Not too fast.

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1. THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky—
How fast they fade away !
Oh for the pearly gates of heaven,
Oh for the golden floor,
Oh for the Sun of Righteousness
That setteth nevermore !

2. The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint ;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint !

Oh for a heart that never sins,
Oh for a soul washed white,
Oh for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night !

3. Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher ;
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire,
Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
And by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown. Amen.

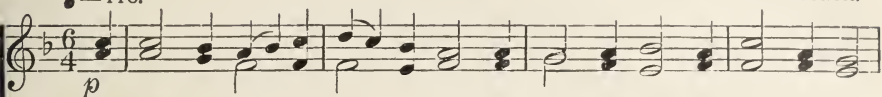
He Watcheth and Keepeth.

"He shall feed them, and He shall be their Shepherd."—EZEK. xxxiv. 23.

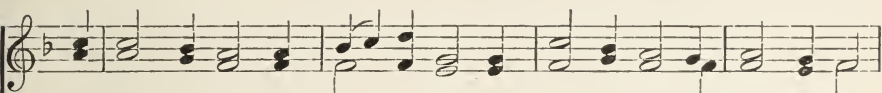
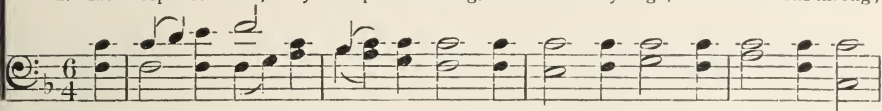
W. A. ESSERY.

$\text{♩} = 116.$

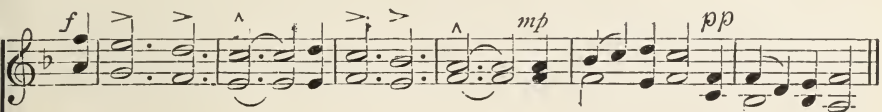
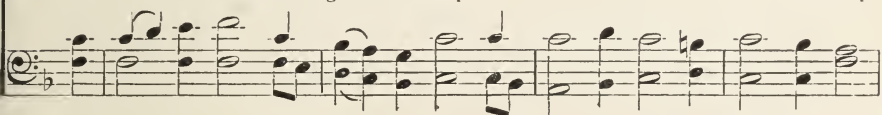
E. W. SHUTTLEWORTH,



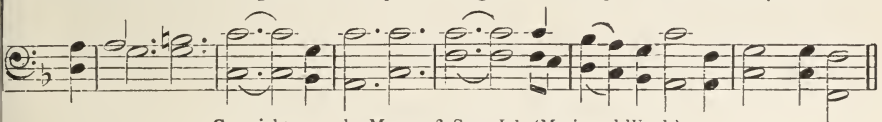
1. He watch-eth thee: thy Shep-herd true, Marks all thy thoughts, what thou wouldst do;
2. He keep-eth thee, thy Shep-herd strong, The wolf may rage, and de-mons throng;



1. Nor will He turn His eye a-way In long-est night or storm-iest day:
2. His faith-ful arm strict guard shall keep, To baf-fle all who seek His sheep:



1. Then raise the song, This note pro-long, He watch-eth me! He watch-eth me!
2. Then raise the song, This note pro-long, He keep-eth me! He keep-eth me!



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3.

He leadeth thee: thy Shepherd's hand
Doth ever grasp the feeblest lamb;
Through rocky paths and lonesome glens,
To thee and all His might He sends:

Then raise the song,
This note prolong,
He leadeth me! He leadeth me!

4.

He feedeth thee: thy Shepherd Door
Reveals God's love in boundless store;
By waters still, in pastures green,
His loving sheep are resting seen:

Then raise the song,
This note prolong,
He feedeth me! He feedeth me!

5.

He guideth thee: thy Shepherd's rod,
Like magnet true, must point to God;
His flock He guides with faithful might
To tearless plains of perfect light:

Then raise the song,
This note prolong,
He guideth me! He guideth me!

6.

He loveth thee: thy Shepherd good,
Full ransom paid in tears and blood;
And still for thee He works and prays,
Nor will He fail through all thy days:

Then raise the song,
This note prolong,
He loveth me! He loveth me!

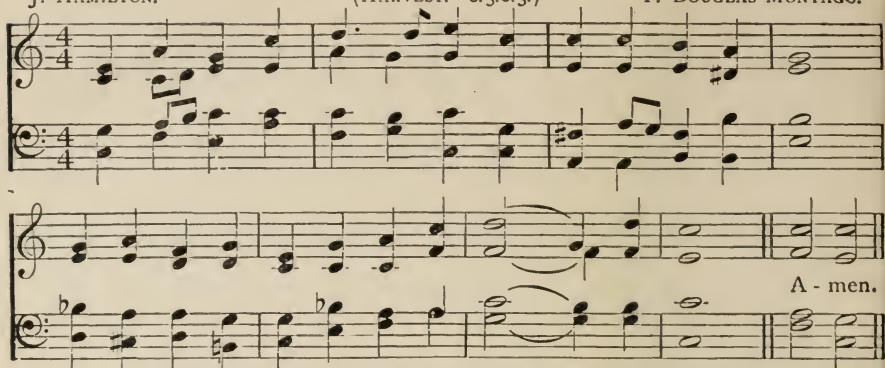
170 Praise, oh Praise the Lord of Harvest.

"Thou openest Thine hand."—PSA. civ. 28.

J. HAMILTON.

(HARVEST. 8.5.8.3.)

F. DOUGLAS MONTAGU.



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1. PRAISE, oh praise the Lord of harvest,
Providence and Love!
Praise Him in His earthly temples,
And above.
2. Praise Him, ye revolving seasons,
While the world endures,
Whose word, standing fast for ever,
All secures.
3. Praise Him, every living creature,
By His goodness fed,
Whose rich mercy daily giveth
Daily bread.
4. Sing Him thanks for all the bounties
Of His gracious hand :—
Smiling peace and welcome plenty,
O'er our land.
5. Praise His Name that war's loud thunder
Breaks not on our shore !
Fields of harvest, not of plunder,
Yield their store.
6. Quickened unto life eternal,
Bear we heavenly fruit ;
Lest, if barren, He reject us,
Branch and root.
7. Now the Church of God in patience
Waits her Harvest-home,

- Till, with angels for His reapers,
Christ shall come.
8. May we all be safely gathered,
At the Master's word,
In the everlasting garner
With the Lord :
9. With the saints of far back ages,
Crowns upon their brow :
With the army of the martyrs,
Conquerors now :
10. With the flowers of strength and beauty,
Reaped before their time—
Smitten down by Death's sharp sickle,
In their prime :
11. With the sweet departed faces
Missed these weary years :
Given back in heavenly places,
Past all fears.
12. Speed, oh speed that glorious harvest
Of the souls of men :
When Christ's members, here long scattered,
Meet again.
13. Glory to the Lord of harvest !
Holy Three in One !
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Praise be done !

171

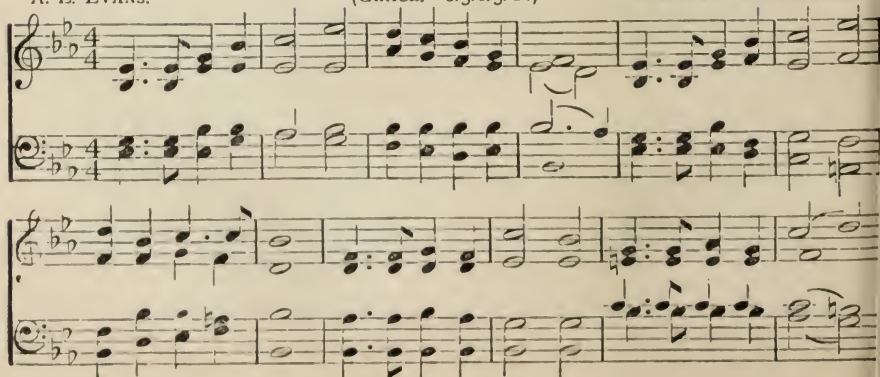
To! the Voice of Jesus.

"It is the voice of my Beloved that knocketh."—CANT. v. 2.

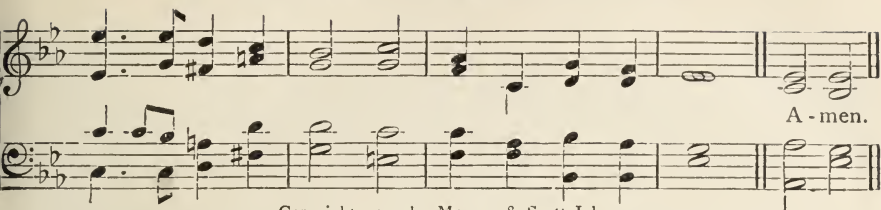
A. E. EVANS.

(GRACE. 6.5.6.5. D.)

REGINALD L'ESTRANGE.



Lo! the Voice of Jesus—continued.



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1. Lo! the voice of Jesus
Fondly speaks to all;
He it is who frees us
From sin's bitter thrall;
He it is whose nature,
Human as our own,
Pleads for every creature
By the Father's throne.

2. Lo! the voice of Jesus,
Heard within the breast,
Tells us He will ease us,
Howsoe'er distressed—

Tells us that our sorrow
For the night may last,
But a glad to-morrow
Breaks upon us fast.

3. Lo! the voice of Jesus
Bids us still endure,
Seek not what will please us,
But things just and pure:
Strive through self-denial
Upwards to the light,
Where faith's years of trial
Shall be lost in sight.

172

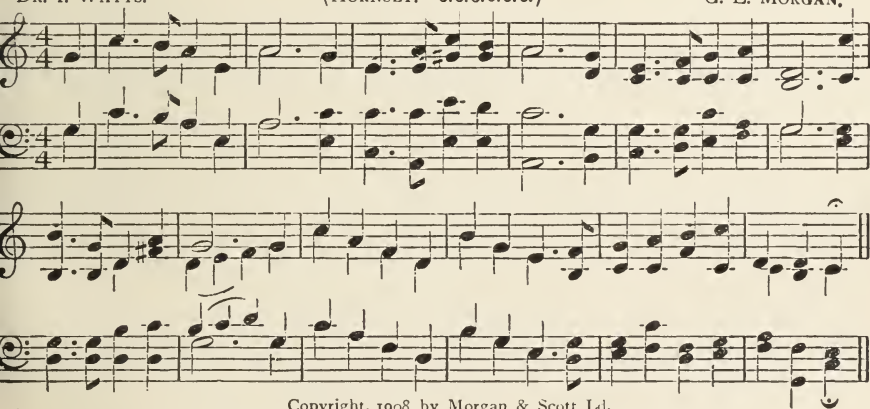
Join all the Glorious Names.

"Far above . . . every name that is named."—EPHESIANS i. 21.

DR. I. WATTS.

(HORNSEY. 6.6.6.6.8.8.)

G. E. MORGAN,



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1. JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That mortals ever knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2. Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy name;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came:
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

3. Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered His blood, and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside;
His powerful blood did once atone—
And now it pleads before the throne.

4. My dear Almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy matchless power and love,
Thy saving grace, I sing;
Thine is the power—oh, may I sit
In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.

5. Then let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down!
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.
The feeblest saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

6. Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on,
I shall be safe; for Christ displays
Superior power and guardian grace.

H. BONAR.

"Come unto Me, . . . and I will give you rest."—MATT. xi. 28.

♩ = 118.

E. W. SHUTTLEWORTH.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me, and rest:

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."

I came to Je - sus as I was—Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;

I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad.

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2. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold, I freely give
 The living water—thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live."
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.

3. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's Light;
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright."
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun;
 And in that light of life I'll walk
 Till travelling days are done.

Let Jesus give thee Rest.

H. K. BURLINGHAM.

"Let him that heareth say, Come."—REVELATION xxii. 17.

CYRIL SCOTT.

p = 63.

1. O wea-ry soul, with guilt op-pressed, Let Je-sus
2. Be-hold God's pre-cious, spot-less Lamb! He bore the

1. give thee per-fect rest, Let Je-sus calm thy trou-bled
2. weight of sin and shame; There's pow'r to save in Je-sus'

p Slower.

1. breast, Let Je-sus com- - fort..... thee.....
2. name; His blood a - - vails for... .. thee.....

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- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3. He left His home, the heaven above,
Came down in purest grace and love;
Mercy the Saviour's heart did move,
Mercy for such as thee.</p> <p>4. Would'st thou this moment be made whole?
Then hear and live, poor trembling soul!
God did on Christ thy burden roll:
Yes, Jesus died for thee.</p> <p>5. Upon the cross thy sins He bore;
Raised from the dead, He dies no more;
He is alive for evermore:
In heaven He pleads for thee.</p> <p>6. Oh, why a single doubt retain?
He lives—God raised His Christ again:
He lives, the Lord who once was slain,
Whose blood was shed for thee.</p> | <p>[7. 'Twas nineteen hundred years ago
God's well-beloved suffered so;
His love God now would have thee know—
Jesus hath died for thee.</p> <p>8. Come, read what grace for thee has done!
How God, the High and Holy One,
Loves thee e'en as He loves the Son
He freely gave for thee.]</p> <p>9. Thy load of sins He put away,
For Christ in full thy debt did pay;
He freed thee, ransomed one, for aye!
His death has ransomed thee.</p> <p>10. Sing, saved one, sing thy Saviour's praise,
To God thy glad thanksgivings raise;
And learn, through everlasting days,
His love unchanging, free!</p> |
|---|---|

BERNARD BARTON.

"Walk as children of light."—EPHESIANS v. 8.

C. F. NAYLOR.

1. Walk in the light, so shalt thou know That fel - low - ship of love His
2. Walk in the light, and thou shalt find Thy heart made tru - ly His Who

1. Spi - rit on - ly can be - stow, Who reigns in light a - bove.
2. dwells in cloud - less light en - shrined, In whom no dark - ness is,

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3. Walk in the light—and sin abhorred
Shall not dehle again ;
The blood of Jesus Christ the Lord
Shall cleanse from every stain.
4. Walk in the light, and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear ;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

5. Walk in the light, and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone,
In which is perfect day.
6. Walk in the light—thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright ;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is Light.

WADE ROBINSON.

"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."—HEB. xiii. 8.

HUGH BUCKLEY.
mp Slower.

1. Je - sus is the same for ev - er ; We may change, but Je - sus nev - er, Je - sus nev - er.
2. Oh, what rest in Him a - bi - ding, In His love and care con - fi - ding, Still con - fi - ding !

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3. From our wand'rings home returning,
Lo, He meets us with His yearning,
Fondest yearning.
4. Small the service we can render,
He is patient still and tender—
Oh, how tender !
5. Day by day He walks beside us,
Ours to shield us, ours to guide us,
Shield and guide us.
6. Calm we sleep, for He, unsleeping,
Folds us with Almighty keeping,
Sleepless keeping.
7. Lo, the heart that He created
Only with Himself is sated,
Sweetly sated.

8. He is nearer than our nearest,
He is dearer than our dearest,
More than dearest.
9. He will lead us to perfection,
And complete His great election,
His election.
10. Down the age His purpose ranges,
Changeless in the midst of changes,
Through all changes.
11. For the work He set before Him,
We adore Him—fall before Him,
We adore Him.
12. Earth, to heaven with praises raise Him !
Heaven, with higher praising praise Him !
Praise Him, praise Him !

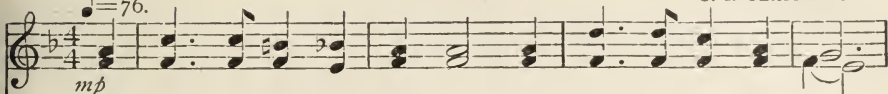
Oh, Take my Hand, Lord Jesus!

"Jesus took the blind man by the hand, and led him."—MARK viii. 23.

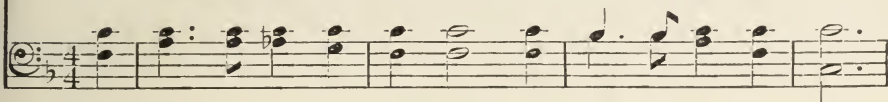
E. G. CHERRY.

C. I. CLAPPERTON.

♩ = 76.



1. Oh, take my hand, Lord Je - sus! Oh, take it in Thine own,
 2. Oh, take my hand, Lord Je - sus! Oh, Thou who art "the Way,"



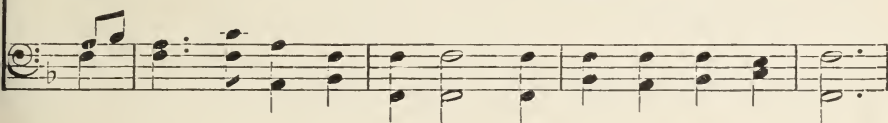
1. And lead me on - ward, up - ward, Un - to Thy heav'n - ly throne!
 2. And lead me thro' earth's dark - ness To hea - ven's per - fect day!



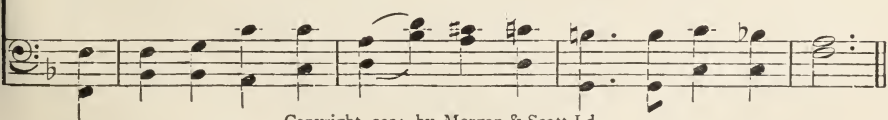
CHORUS.



Oh, take my hand, Lord Je - sus, And keep me near Thy side;



There, safe in Thy pro - tec - tion, My soul may e'er a - bide.



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3. Oh, take my hand, Lord Jesus!
 The unknown path looks dim,
 And phantom forms seem rising
 To tempt my soul to sin.

4. Oh, take my hand, and lead me
 The way Thy feet have trod,
 To where redeemed ones praise Thee,
 My Saviour and my God!

T. HASTINGS. "For Thy name's sake, lead me, and guide me."—PSALM xxxi. 3.

♩ = 72.

HUGH BUCKLEY.

mp
1. Gen - tly, Lord, oh gen - tly lead us Thro' this gloom - y vale of tears!

Thro' the chan - ges Thou'st de - creed us, Till our last great change ap - pears.

CHORUS.

mf
Oh, re - fresh us with Thy bless - ing! Oh, re - fresh us with Thy grace!

May Thy mer - cies, nev - er ceas - ing, Fit us for Thy dwell - ing - place!

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- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2. When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us—
Lead us in Thy perfect way.</p> | <p>4. When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in Thy arms to rest,
Till, by angel-bands attended,
We awake among the blest.</p> |
| <p>3. In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.</p> | <p>5. Then, oh crown us with Thy blessing
Through the triumphs of Thy grace;
Then shall praises, never ceasing,
Echo through Thy dwelling-place!</p> |

In Evil long I took Delight.

JOHN NEWTON.

"He gave Himself for me."—GAL. ii. 20.

E. W. SHUTTLEWORTH.

 $d_1 = 68.$

1. In e - vil long I took de - light, Un - awed by shame or fear,
2. I saw One hang - ing on a tree, In ag - o - nies and blood,
3. Sure nev - er till my la - test breath Can I for - get that look ;

The first staff of music is in G major (one sharp) and 3/8 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of the following notes: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (half). The bass line consists of the following notes: G3 (quarter), A3 (quarter), B3 (quarter), A3 (quarter), G3 (quarter), F#3 (quarter), E3 (quarter), D3 (half). The staff ends with a double bar line.

1. Till a new ob - ject met my sight, And stopp'd my wild ca - reer.
2. Who fix'd His lan - guid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
3. It seem'd to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.

The first system of musical notation for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single five-line staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#), indicating the key of D major. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

CHORUS. *Slower.*

CHORUS. *Slower.*

Oh, the Lamb, the bleed-ing Lamb! The Lamb on Cal - va - ry ; The Lamb that was slain, that

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single five-line staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. There are several rests throughout the system. The system concludes with a double bar line.

pp *morendo.* *dim. slower.*

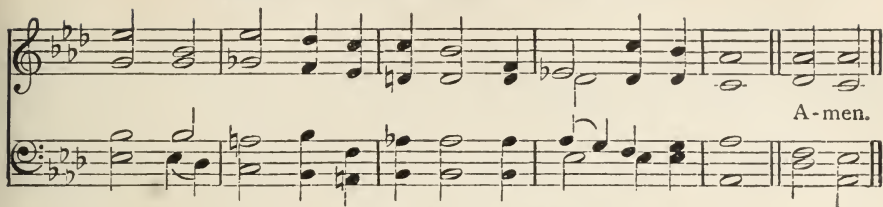
liv-eth a-gain, To in-ter-cede for me, To in-ter-cede for me.

[illegible]

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- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>4. My conscience felt and owned my guilt,
 And plunged me in despair ;
 I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
 And helped to nail Him there.</p> | <p>6. Thus while His death my sin displays
 In all its blackest hue,
 Such is the mystery of grace,
 It seals my pardon too.</p> |
| <p>5. A second look He gave, which said,
 " I freely all forgive ;
 This blood is for thy ransom paid,
 I die that thou may'st live."</p> | <p>7. With pleasing grief and mournful joy
 My spirit now is filled,
 That I should such a life destroy,
 Yet live by Him I killed.</p> |

Peacefully Sleeping—continued.



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1. PEACEFULLY round us the night-winds are sleeping ;
Slowly the twilight doth fade from the lea ;
Flowers and grasses in humid dews steeping ;
Children of nature asleep on her knee.
2. Closely around us night's mantle is falling,
Comforting sorrow and curing our woes ;
Mothers to children their "good-nights" are calling,
Tired in slumber their eyelids they close.
3. Faithfully round us God's angels are watching,
Guarding our slumbers they ever are nigh ;
Through the dark hours they ay are avouching
Love of our Father while silent we lie.
4. Pleadingly through them Christ's Spirit is speaking,
Bidding us trust Him as mighty to save ;
Naught can e'er harm us if Him we are seeking,
Peril or sickness, or death or the grave.
5. Patiently for us our duties are waiting,
Gleams the broad daylight afar o'er the deep ;
Parents and children will soon be relating
Blessings God gives to His loved ones asleep.

182 Cleansed in our Saviour's Precious Blood.

"Our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ."

W. SPENCER WALTON.

(1 JOHN i. 3.)

HUGH BUCKLEY.

$\text{♩} = 80.$

A musical score for two staves, treble and bass clef, in 4/4 time. The key signature changes from two flats to one flat (B-flat) after the first line. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The score includes dynamic markings: *f* (forte), *sf* (sforzando), *f* (forte), and *rit.* (ritardando). The lyrics are written below the staves.

1. Cleansed in our Sa-viour's pre-cious blood, Fill'd with the ful-ness of our God,

Walk-ing by faith the path He trod: Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!

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- | | |
|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 2. Leaning our heads on Jesus' breast,
Knowing the joy of that sweet rest,
Finding in Him the chief, the best :
Alleluia ! 3. Kept by His power from day to day,
Held by His hand, we cannot stray ;
Glory to glory all the way :
Alleluia ! | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 4. Living in us His own pure life,
Giving us rest from inward strife,
From strength to strength, from death to life :
Alleluia ! 5. Oh, what a Saviour we have found ;
Well may we make the world resound
With one continual joyous sound :
Alleluia ! |
|---|---|

A. E. NAISH.

"Even unto the end of the world."—MATT. xxviii. 20.

HUGH BUCKLEY.

$\text{♩} = 52.$

mf

1. "Lo, I am with you al - way!" I hear the Sa - viour say,
 2. "Lo, I am with you al - way! If clouds ob - scure thy sky,
 3. "Lo, I am with you al - way! If clear thy path and bright,

1. In ac - cents sweet and gen - tle, "I'll be thy Strength and Stay.
 2. And tri - als deep thy path be - set, Still know that I am nigh.
 3. In thank - ful - ness look up to Me, The Source of all thy light.

1. I sought thee when thou wan - der'dst A - way from Me in sin,
 2. I suf - fer'd much, and gave My life Thy soul from sin to free;
 3. In sun - shine or in sha - dow With Me thou still art blest;

1. And brought thee back in love, that I Thy pre - cious soul might win.
 2. Thou, too, must take thy cross, and bear It pa - tient - ly for Me.
 3. And trust - ing to My care wilt find A sure and per - fect rest.

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4. "Lo, I am with you always!
 I will thy footsteps guide;
 Then cheerfully pursue thy way
 While keeping at My side:
 And seek in all My glory,
 My loving will to do,
 And thou wilt find Me ever near,
 To guide and help thee too."

5. Jesus, Thou loving Saviour,
 Our faithful Guide and Friend,
 We know that Thou art with us,
 And wilt be to the end.
 Ah, then what joy and rapture!
 Our souls, from earth set free,
 Shall dwell in realms of endless bliss
 For ever, Lord, with Thee!

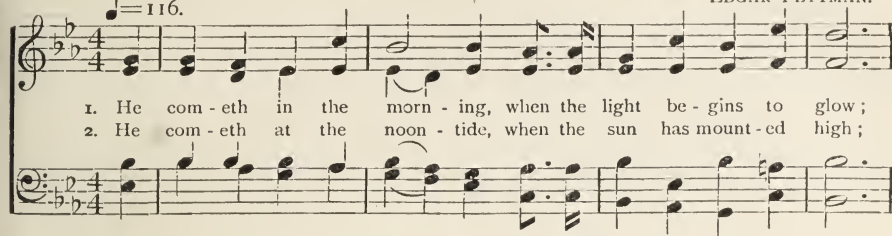
He Cometh in the Morning.

"In such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."—MATT. xxiv. 44.

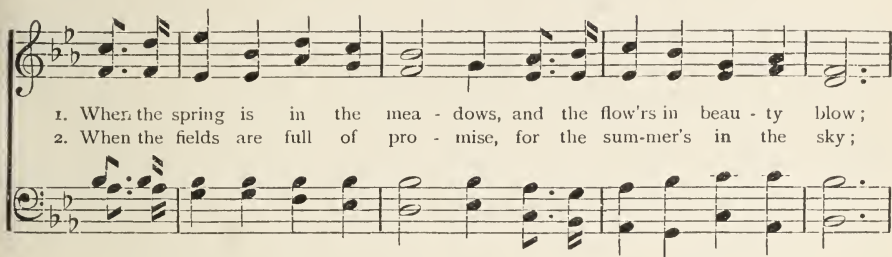
J. BROWNIE.

EDGAR PETTMAN.

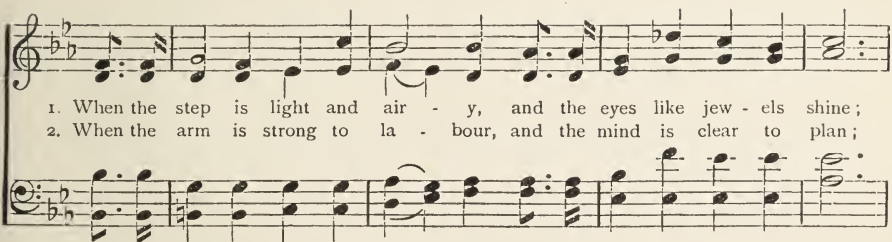
♩ = 116.



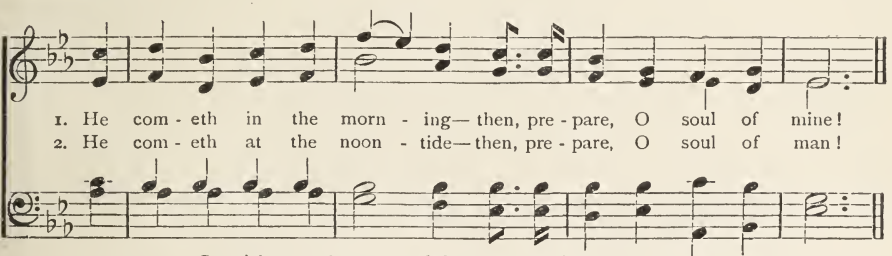
1. He com-eth in the morn-ing, when the light be-gins to glow;
2. He com-eth at the noon-tide, when the sun has mount-ed high;



1. When the spring is in the mea-dows, and the flow'rs in beau-ty blow;
2. When the fields are full of pro-mise, for the sum-mer's in the sky;



1. When the step is light and air-y, and the eyes like jew-els shine;
2. When the arm is strong to la-bour, and the mind is clear to plan;



1. He com-eth in the morn-ing—then, pre-pare, O soul of mine!
2. He com-eth at the noon-tide—then, pre-pare, O soul of man!

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3. He cometh in the evening, when the light is getting low;
When the autumn's in the harvest-field, where men with sickles go;
When the clouds of care are gathering, and the thoughts are far away;
He cometh in the evening—then prepare, O soul, I pray!
4. He cometh in the night-time, when the stars are circling round;
When winter smites the woodland, and the snow is on the ground;
When the step is short and feeble, and the sun has gone from sight:
Then, O my soul, be ready, for He cometh in the night!
5. O Christ, the heavenly Bridegroom! Thou wilt come to claim the Bride,
And all who wait shall enter, when the door is standing wide;
Then, O my soul, be ready, if He comes when shines the light,
Or even if He tarry till the watches of the night!

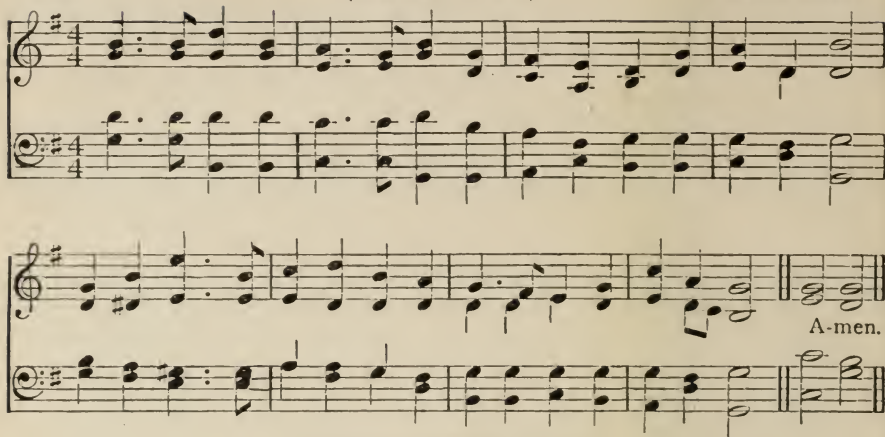
Hast thou Heard Him?

"He is altogether lovely."—CANT. v. 16.

Anon.

(NEASDEN. 8.7.8.7.)

G. HAYDN BAKER.



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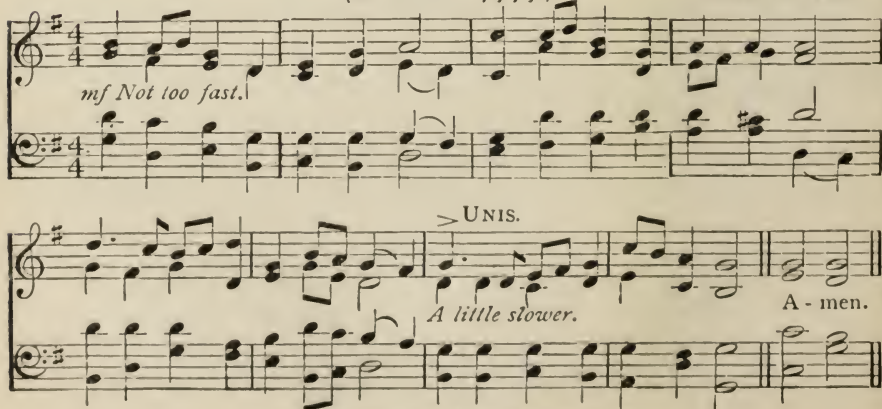
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. HAST thou heard Him, seen Him, known Him?
Is not thine a captured heart?
Chief among ten thousand own Him,
Joyful choose the better part.</p> <p>2. Idols once they won thee, charmed thee,
Lovely things of time and sense;
Gilded thus does sin disarm thee,
Honeyed lest thou turn thee thence.</p> <p>3. What has stript the seeming beauty
From the idols of the earth?
Not a sense of right or duty,
But the sight of peerless worth.</p> | <p>4. Not the crushing of those idols,
With its bitter void and smart;
But the beaming of His beauty,
The unveiling of His heart!</p> <p>5. Who extinguishes their taper
Till they hail the rising sun?
Who discards the garb of winter
Till the summer has begun?</p> <p>6. 'Tis that look that melted Peter,
'Tis that face that Stephen saw,
'Tis that heart that wept with Mary.
Can alone from idols draw.</p> |
|---|---|
7. Draw and win and fill completely,
Till the cup o'erflow the brim;
What have we to do with idols
Who have companied with Him?

Eber Faithful, Eber Sure.

"The glory of the Lord shall be revealed."—ISAIAH xl. 5.

(ADORATION. 7.7.7.7.)

EDGAR PETTMAN.



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Ever Faithful, Ever Sure—continued.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. PRAISE, oh praise our God and King ;
Hymns of adoration sing ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.</p> <p>2. Praise Him that He made the sun
Day by day his course to run ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure ;</p> <p>3. And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light ;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.</p> <p>4. Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure ;</p> | <p>5. And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.</p> <p>6. Praise Him for our harvest-store,
He hath filled the garner-floor ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure ;</p> <p>7. And for richer Food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss :
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.</p> <p>8. Glory to our Bounteous King ;
Glory let creation sing ;
Glory to the Father, Son,
And Blest Spirit, Three in One.</p> |
|--|---|

187

Fierce was the Wild Billow.

"There arose a tempestuous wind, called Euroclydon."—ACTS xxvii. 14.

Tr. DR. J. M. NEALE.

(TEMPEST. 6.4.6.4 D.)

Arr. by EDGAR PETTMAN.

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- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. FIERCE was the wild billow,
Dark was the night ;
Oars laboured heavily ;
Foam glimmered white ;
Trembled the mariners ;
Peril was high ;
Then said the God of God,
"Peace : it is I."</p> <p>2. Ridge of the mountain wave,
Lower thy crest :
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest.</p> | <p>Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
When saith the Light of Light.
"Peace : it is I."</p> <p>3. Jesus, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me :
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea ;
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth
"Peace : it is I."</p> |
|--|--|

I need Thee, Precious Jesu!

"Unto you therefore which believe He is precious."—1 PETER ii. 7.

F. WHITFIELD.

(PILGRIMAGE. 7.6.7.6. D.)

EDGAR PETTMAN.

p Andante.

1. I need Thee, pre-cious Je - su! For I am full of sin:
2. I need Thee, pre-cious Je - su! For I am ve - ry poor;

*mf**p**Slower.*

1. My soul is dark and guilt - ty, My heart is dead with - in:
2. A stran - ger and a pil - grim, I have no earth - ly store:

f Quicker.

1. I need the cleans - ing foun - tain, Where I can al - ways flee,.....
2. I need the love of Je - sus To cheer me on my way,.....

1. The blood of Christ most pre - cious, The sin - ner's per - fect plea.
2. To guide my doubt - ing foot - steps, To be my strength and stay.

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3. I need Thee, precious Jesu!
I need a friend like Thee;
A friend to soothe my sorrows,
A friend to care for me:
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trouble,
And all my sorrows share.

4. I need Thee, precious Jesu!
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne:
There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing Thy praises, Jesu,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

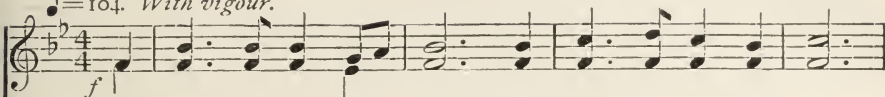
"O Lord, Revive Thy Work!"

"O Lord, revive Thy work."—HAB. iii. 2. "Wilt Thou not revive us again?"—PSA. lxxxv. 6.

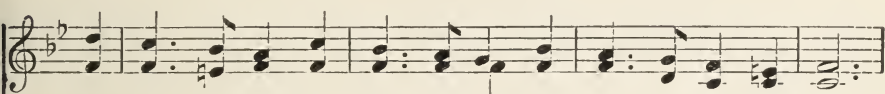
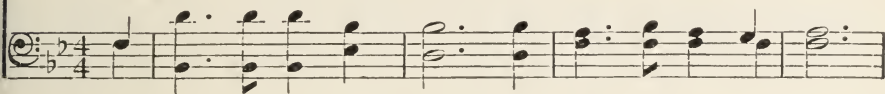
J. T. WIGNER.

HUGH BUCKLEY.

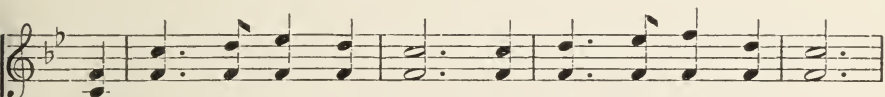
$\text{♩} = 104.$ *With vigour.*



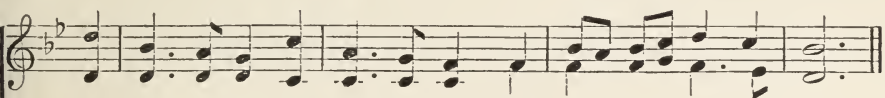
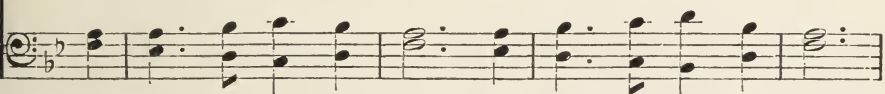
1. "O Lord, re - vive Thy work!" Bid show'rs of grace de - scend ;



To long - ing hearts re - veal Thy love, And save us to the end,



We mourn our lan - guid zeal, Our un - be - lief re - move ;



Oh, take our hearts and make them Thine : Lord, fill each soul with love.



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2. "O Lord, revive Thy work!"

Regard Thy planted vine ;
Behold us each, through Christ Thy Son—
For Thee, for Thee we pine.
This is our heartfelt prayer,
Content we cannot be ;
We will not, dare not let Thee rest
Till we Thy glory see !

3. "O Lord, revive Thy work!"

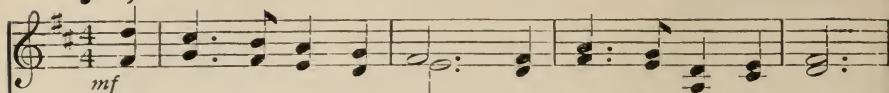
Let many souls be saved ;
Make bare Thine arm, and rescue men,
By nature all depraved.
Then fit us for Thy work,
Endue with power Divine :
Lord, keep us earnest in Thy cause,
The glory shall be Thine !

W. A. ESSERY.

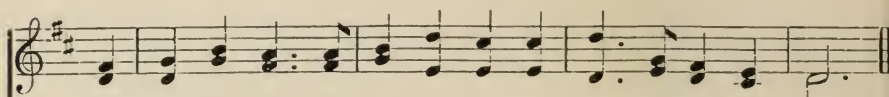
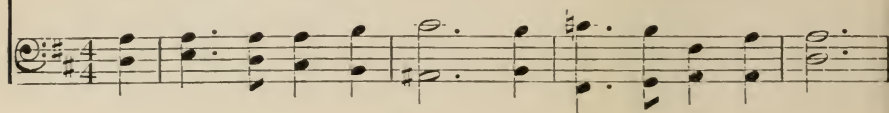
"And to die is gain."—PHIL. i. 21.

HUGH BUCKLEY.

♩ = 96.



1. "For me to live is Christ"; His im - age fair to show,
 2. "For me to live is Christ"; His ho - ly works to do,



1. That sin - ful men a - round may see His glo - ry here be - low.
 2. Tell o - thers of His won - drous love, And point the way to go.



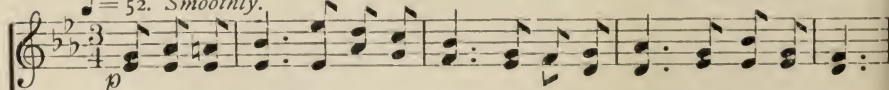
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- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3. "For me to live is Christ";
 He all things will provide,
 Though flocks should fail and olives die,
 Whilst keeping near His side.</p> <p>4. "For me to live is Christ":
 My life from Him to draw;
 With Him to die upon the cross
 To sin, the world, the law.</p> <p>5. "For me to die is gain";
 Rest from my pilgrim strife
 In that dear land of endless day,
 Where reigns the Prince of Life.</p> | <p>6. "For me to die is gain";
 Bliss, pure, without a tear,
 Shall then in rapture fill my soul,
 Whilst angels sing to cheer.</p> <p>7. "For me to die is gain";
 Christ then mine eyes shall see,
 I in His perfect image shine
 To all eternity.</p> <p>8. "For me to live is Christ,
 For me to die is gain";
 O blessèd Saviour, by Thy grace
 This song in me maintain!</p> |
|---|--|

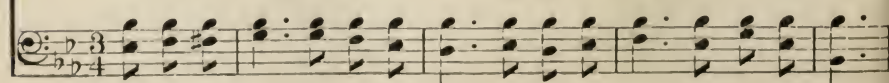
"Let us run with patience the race that is set before us."—HEB. xii. 1.

W. SPENCER WALTON.

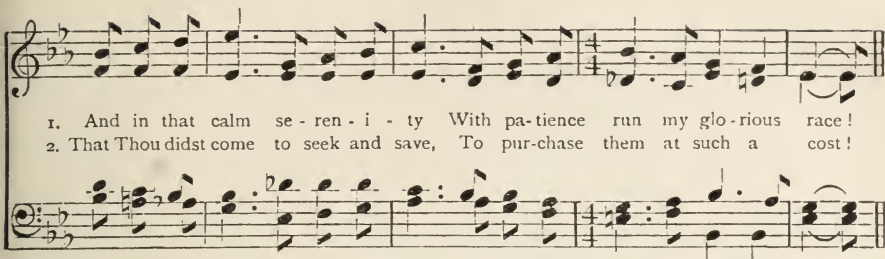
Adapted from CALEH.

♩ = 52. *Smoothly.*

1. Oh, touch mine eyes, that I may see In cloud-less rap - ture Thy dear face,
 2. Oh, loose my tongue, that I may tell With burn-ing words, to sin - ners, lost,



Oh, Touch mine Eyes!—continued.



1. And in that calm se - ren - i - ty With pa-tience run my glo-rious race!
 2. That Thou didst come to seek and save, To pur-chase them at such a cost!

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3. Unstop my ears, that I may hear
 The softest whisper of Thy love,
 To draw my heart from earthly things,
 And fix it on Thyself above.
4. Release my feet, that I may run
 The way of holiness Divine;
 Held by Thy hand they cannot fall—
 Filled with Thy life I'll brightly shine.

192

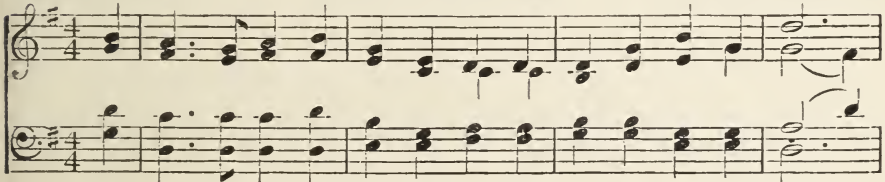
Ho, ye that Thirst.

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."—Isa. lv. 1.

W. ROBERTSON (?)

(WATER OF LIFE. C.M.)

G. B. L. CUNLIFFE.



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1. Ho, ye that thirst, approach the spring
 Whence living waters flow:
 Free to that sacred fountain all
 Without a price may go.
2. Let sinners quit their evil ways,
 Their evil thoughts forego;
 And God, when they to Him return,
 Returning grace will show.
3. Seek ye the Lord, while yet His ear
 Is open to your call;
 While offered mercy still is near,
 Before His footstool fall.
4. He pardons with o'erflowing love;
 "For," hear the voice Divine,
 "My thoughts are not the same as yours,
 Nor like your ways to Mine:
5. "But, far as heaven's resplendent heights
 Beyond earth's bound extend,
 So far My thoughts, so far My ways,
 Your ways and thoughts transcend."

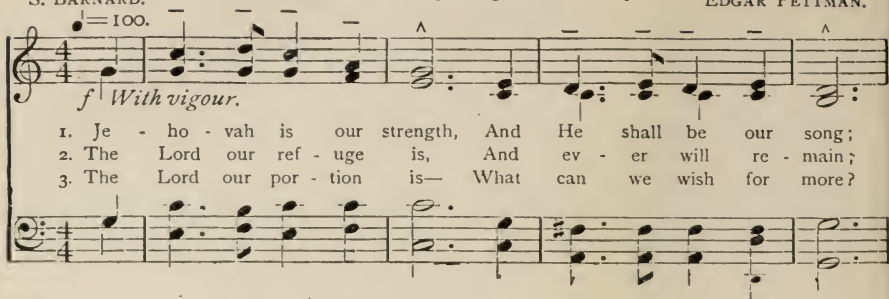
S. BARNARD.

"The Lord God is my strength."—HAB. iii. 19.

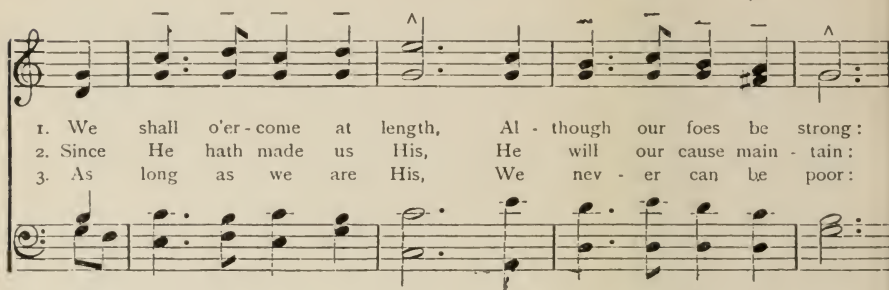
EDGAR PETTMAN.

$\text{♩} = 100.$

f With vigour.



1. Je - ho - vah is our strength, And He shall be our song ;
 2. The Lord our ref - uge is, And ev - er will re - main ;
 3. The Lord our por - tion is— What can we wish for more ?

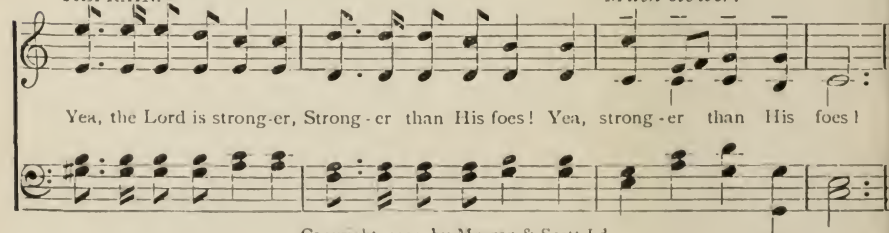


1. We shall o'er - come at length, Al - though our foes be strong :
 2. Since He hath made us His, He will our cause main - tain :
 3. As long as we are His, We nev - er can be poor :



1. In vain then Sa - tan doth op - pose, The Lord is strong - er than His foes !
 2. In vain our en - e - mies op - pose, The Lord is strong - er than His foes !
 3. In vain do earth and hell op - pose, The Lord is strong - er than His foes !

REFRAIN.

Much slower.


Yea, the Lord is strong - er, Strong - er than His foes ! Yea, strong - er than His foes !

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4. The Lord our Shepherd is,
 He knows our every need ;
 And since we now are His,
 His care our souls will feed ;
 In vain do sin and death oppose,
 The Lord is stronger than His foes !

5. Our God our Father is ;
 Our names are on His heart ;
 We ever shall be His,
 He ne'er from us will part ;
 In vain the world and flesh oppose,
 The Lord is stronger than His foes !

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

JOHN NEWTON.

(MATTHEW xi. 28.)

REGINALD F. BARCLAY.

$\text{♩} = 96.$

1. Does the Gos - pel word pro - claim Rest for those that wea - ry be?
2. Bur - den'd with a load of sin, Har - ass'd with tor - ment - ing doubt,

1. Then, my soul, put in thy claim— Sure that pro - mise speaks to thee:
2. Hour - ly con - flicts from with - in, Hour - ly cross - es from with - out:

1. Marks of grace I can - not show, All pol - lu - ted is my best;
2. All my lit - tle strength is gone, Sink I must with - out sup - ply;

1. Yet I wea - ry am, I know, And the wea - ry long for rest.
2. Sure, up - on the earth is none Can more wea - ry be than I.

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3. In the ark the weary dove
Found a welcome resting-place;
Thus my spirit longs to prove
Rest in Christ, the Ark of grace.
Tempest-tossed I long have been,
And the flood increases fast:
Open, Lord, and take me in,
Till the storm be overpast.

4. Safely lodged within Thy breast,
What a wondrous change I find!
Now I know Thy promised rest
Can compose a troubled mind.
You that weary are like me,
Hearken to the Gospel call;
To the Ark for refuge flee,
Jesus will receive you all!

There Came a Word.

"Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows."—ISAIAH li. 4.

W. SPENCER WALTON, alt.

E. W. SHUTTLEWORTH.

$\text{♩} = 54.$

1. There came a word in ten - d'rest love And whis - per'd in mine ear :.....
2. On Cal - v'ry's cross He hung and died With bro - ken heart and groan ;...

1. Christ gave His pre - cious life for thee, He paid a price so dear !.....
2. And now He long - eth for thy love To make thee all His own.....

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3. The crown of thorns, the cruel stripes,
The mocking and the sneer,
The wretched traitor's false embrace,
The priest's derisive jeer.

4. All these He felt ; but not so much
As when God turned His face,
While there alone He drank the cup,
And took the sinner's place.

5. Oh, canst thou choose to walk with those
Who still His love neglect,
And find thy pleasure in a world
Whose Lord they still reject ?

6. They never did what He hath done,
They never bled and died ;
And now in love He longs to draw
And press thee to His side.

"What Things were Gain to me."

H. K. BURLINGHAM.

"These I counted loss for Christ."—PHIL. iii. 7.

F. A. CONNOR.

$\text{♩} = 48.$

1. "What things were gain to me,"..... Lord Je - sus, these I count for Thee but

loss :..... Mine be the fer - vent mind to fol - low Thee, And

"What Things were Gain to me"—continued.

p dim. e rall.

glo - ry in Thy cross,..... And glo - ry in Thy cross.....

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- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Oh keep me, lest I stray ;
I see the love of many waxing cold ;
And fewer tread in faith the narrow way,
Than took that path of old.</p> <p>3. "What things were gain to me"—
'Tis these I've cast aside and prize no more ;
'Tis the deep joy, O Christ, of knowing Thee,
That makes my cup run o'er.</p> | <p>4. If all should pass away,
Mine's an inheritance that will not fade :
What men call loss, seen in the coming day,
To richest gain is made.</p> <p>5. That day is drawing near : [come ;
O welcome day, when Christ the Lord shall
When He no more shall be a Stranger here,
But honoured as God's Son !</p> |
|--|---|

197 O Christ, Thine Eyes of Light and Love.

"The Lord is thy Keeper."—PSA. cxxi. 5.

BISHOP H. C. G. MOULE.

(THORNCLIFFE. C.M.)

REGINALD F. BARCLAY.

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- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. O CHRIST, Thine eyes of light and love
With Christians always go,
Alike on earth's green fields above
And in the caves below.</p> <p>2. Thou with the miner in the dark
Dost down the shaft descend ;
Thou, while he plies his venturous work
Art with him as his Friend.</p> <p>3. No midnight gloom shuts out Thy face ;
No silence stills Thy voice ;
Our Jesus in the dreariest place
Makes faithful souls rejoice.</p> | <p>4. Then hear us, Lord, and always bless
Our brethren's toil and ours ;
From danger shield us, and distress,
From sin and Satan's powers.</p> <p>5. Add strength and skill to strenuous limbs ;
Our homes with plenty cheer ;
And bid our hearts sing gladsome hymns
For joy that Thou art near.</p> <p>6. Then by Thy cross and sovereign grace
Exalt us, Lord, at last,
To wake and see Thy unveiled face,
Where darkness all is past.</p> |
|---|--|

Let Thy Presence go with me.

"My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."—Exod. xxxiii. 14.

W. A. ESSERY.

(8.7.8.7.4.7, or 8.7.8.7.8.7.)

C. FRANCIS.

♩ = 69.

1. Fa-ther, hear my hum-ble plead-ing, Of-fer'd low on bend-ed knee;
2. In past days of dread-ful dark-ness I have found Thee near to me;

1. I, Thy gra-cious pres-ence need-ing, Plead the pro-mise made by Thee:
2. Heard Thee, seen Thee, felt a calm-ness, Thro' Thy grace so sweet, so free:

1. By Thy pro-mise, By Thy pro-mise, Let Thy pres-ence go with me.
2. By past mer-cies, By past mer-cies, Let Thy pres-ence go with me.

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3. Father, do not chide my weeping—
I am dust, Thine eye can see;
Now this load which Thou art heaping
On my soul—I dare not flee:
By new sorrows,
Let Thy presence go with me.

4. Prophets clad in robes of sadness,
Voiced like thunder of the sea,
Prophesy the death of gladness,
Waves of fire, extremity:
By these voices,
Let Thy presence go with me.

5. Though I start, and fear, and shudder,
Father, hear my strongest plea;
Thou dost love me like no other,
Though I search immensity:
By Thy true love,
Let Thy presence go with me.

6. Then shall trials end in glory,
Glory to the Holy Three;
Fountain of redemption's story,
Thrice-adored Trinity:
By that glory,
Let Thy presence go with me.

Speak, Lord, in the Stillness.

"The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."—JOHN vi. 63.

E. MAY GRIMES.

(6.5.6.5.)

EDGAR PETTMAN.

♩ = 84.

1. Speak, Lord, in the still-ness, While I wait on Thee;.....
2. Speak, O bless-ed Mas-ter, In this qui-et hour;.....
3. For the words Thou speak-est, "They are life" in-deed;.....

Speak, Lord, in the Stillness—continued.

pp Slower.

1. Hush'd my heart to list - en In ex - pec - tan - cy.
 2. Let me see Thy face, Lord, Feel Thy touch of pow'r.
 3. Liv - ing bread from hea - ven, Now my spi - rit feed!

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4. All to Thee is yielded,
 I am not my own;
 Blissful, glad surrender—
 I am Thine alone!
5. Speak, Thy servant heareth!
 Be not silent, Lord;
 Waits my soul upon Thee
 For the quickening word!

6. Fill me with the knowledge
 Of Thy glorious will;
 All Thine own good pleasure
 In Thy child fulfil.
7. Like "a watered garden,"
 Full of fragrance rare,
 Lingering in Thy presence,
 Let my life appear.

200 When I Heard the Saviour Calling.

J. BROWNLIE. "Come unto Me, . . . and I will give you rest."—MATT. xi. 28.

$\text{♩} = 63$. *Lightly.*

(8.7.8.7.8.7.)

EDGAR PETTMAN.

1. When I heard the Sa-vi-our call - ing Wea - ry, bur - den'd souls to rest—
 2. Wea - ry souls, all up - ward toil - ing, Have ye sor - row for your care?

1. "'Tis the voice of love that call - eth, I will hon - our His be - hest;"
 2. Where-fore bend be - neath the bur - den Which your Lord will glad - ly share?

1. And I found re - pose from sor - row, Lean-ing on my Sa-vi-our's breast.
 2. He can bear your weight of sor - row, Who the cross to Cal - v'ry bare.

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3. Seek not rest in worldly promise;
 Worldly rest hath troubled dreams;
 Not so true the world's fulfilment,
 As at first the promise seems:
 He who tastes the Living Water
 Thirsts not after other streams.

4. Hear the voice of Jesus calling,
 Take the burden He bestows;
 'Tis a load, the more you bear it,
 Lighter and yet lighter grows;
 And at length the faithful bearer
 Finds an undisturbed repose.

W. A. ESSERY. "A man shall be as . . . a covert from the tempest."—ISA. xxxii. 2.

Adapted by E. P.

$\text{♩} = 52.$

1. Come and help me; Sa-viour, hide me; Fierce the storm, cold the blast,
2. Come and light me, Dark-ness frights me; Sun is gone, stars are fled,

1. Near the foe, strong and fast; Hear my cry, Be swift-ly nigh.
2. Joy un-known, com-fort dead; Hear my cry, Thy light sup-ply.

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3. Come and guide me,
Go before me;
Shepherd true, lead the way
Through the night, through the day;
Hear my cry,
With succour fly.

4. Come and save me,
Never leave me;
Weak I am, bruised reed,
Smoking flax, Thee my need;
Hear my cry,
Uplift me high.

J. HART.

"Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do."—JOHN xiv. 13.

HUGH BUCKLEY.

$\text{♩} = 112.$

mf

1. Prayer was ap-point-ed to con-vey The bless-ings God de-signs to give;
2. The Chris-tian's heart his prayer in-dites, He speaks as prompt-ed from with-in;

1. Long as they live should Christians pray, For on-ly while they pray they live.
2. The Spi-rit his pe-ti-tion writes, And Christ re-ceive and gives it in.

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3. And wilt thou in dead silence lie
When Christ stands waiting for thy prayer?
My soul, thou hast a Friend on high;
Arise, and try thy interest there.

4. If pains afflict or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
The remedy's before thee: pray!

5. 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,
Though thought be broken, language lame;
Pray if thou canst or canst not speak,
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

6. Depend on Him—thou canst not fail,
Make all thy wants and wishes known:
Fear not! His merits must prevail;
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

The Only Friend.

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. xviii. 24.

C. BINGHAM.

H. BARNHEED.

1. O Sa - viour dear, Thou art in - deed My Friend, my Hope, my Stay!

Thou wilt not fail me in my need, Nor turn from me a - way.

On Thee I lean when wea - ry grows The lone - ly way I wend;

No o - ther aid my spi - rit knows: Thou art the on - ly Friend.

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2. O Saviour dear, I cling to Thee
 When all beside is lost;
 Adrift upon life's raging sea,
 Alone, and tempest-tost.
 Thou art the Rock of Love Divine,
 No storm can break or rend;
 Oh, save me by that might of Thine:
 Thou art the only Friend.

3. O Saviour dear, by night, by day,
 To me Thy care is shown;
 While I have Thee I shall not stray,
 Nor ever walk alone.
 So let me serve Thee through the night,
 Until the darkness end,
 And find at last in heaven's light
 Thou wert the only Friend,

O King Enthroned on High.

"He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever."

J. BROWNLIE.

(JOHN xiv. 16.)

GRAHAM MARTIN.

$\text{♩} = 92.$

f

1. O King en-throned on high, Thou Com - fort - er Di - vine,
2. Yea, Thou art ev - 'ry - where, All pla - ces far or near;

1. Blest Spi - rit of all Truth, be nigh, And make us Thine.
2. Oh, list - en to our hum - ble prayer, Be with us here!

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3. Thou art the source of life,
Thou art our treasure-store;
Give us Thy peace, and end our strife
For evermore.

4. Descend, O Heavenly Dove,
Abide with us always;
And in the fulness of Thy love
Cleanse us, we pray.

205

Sound the Trumpet.

W. A. ESSERY.

"Put on the whole armour of God."—EPHESIANS vi. 11.

C. FRANCIS.

$\text{♩} = 69.$

f *Maestoso.*

1. Sound the trum - pet, go to war, Haste to pull the strong-holds down;
2. Haste to bat - tle, wea - pons bright, Your Com man - der hath be - stow'd;
3. Rise and march to hea - then lands; Sol - diers, lift the nigh - ty cross;

1. Sa - tan's cap - tives near and far, With a glo - rious free - dom crown.
2. Truth and faith, and love and light, These shall break each i - dol - god.
3. Hur - ry forth in hal - low'd bands, Count - ing all things else but loss.

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4. Christ our Lord commandeth thee,
He would all the heathen save;
Linger not, the captives free,
Win His victory, O ye brave!

5. Day of Jubilee, appear!
Let thy notes of triumph ring;
All the nations singing clear,
Christ the Lord alone is King!

206 What wilt Thou have me to do, Lord?

E. MAY CRAWFORD.

"Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"—ACTS ix. 6.

HUGH BUCKLEY.

$\text{♩} = 46.$

p *mf*

1. What wilt Thou have me to do, Lord? What wilt Thou have me to be?

Where wilt Thou have me to go, Lord? These are the ques-tions for me.

p *cres*

One lit-tle life I can yield Thee, Glad-ly 'tis laid at Thy feet;

- cen - - - - do.

May I be true to my Sa-viour, Make my sur-ren-der com-plete!

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2.

Where *Thou* wilt have me to go, Lord,
That is the country for me;
What *Thou* wilt have me to do, Lord,
Life's sweetest guerdon shall be.
What *Thou* wilt have me to be, Lord,
Humble, and loving, and pure;
May I be found to Thy glory,
Seeking the things which endure.

3.

Choosing the things that *Thou* choosest,
Thinking Thy thoughts after Thee;
Joyfully witnessing, toiling—
This is the service for me!
Seeking the lost and the fallen,
Telling them Jesus has died;
No other life-work so precious,
These are the joys that abide.

207 In the East the Morn is Breaking.

M. E. MAXWELL.

"Surely I come quickly. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

(REV. xxii. 20.)

EDGAR PETTMAN.

$\text{♩} = 63.$

1. In the East the morn is break - ing, Faint - ly glim-m'ring from a - far ;
 2. Oh, we praise Thee for Thy com - ing Once in low - li - ness and pain,
 3. By Thy Ho - ly Spi - rit's teach - ing, Cal - v'ry's heal - ing stream we know ;

1. Glad-d'ning eyes that wait the ri - sing Of the Bright and Morn - ing Star :
 2. To re - deem from sin's pol - lu - tion, Free - ing us from Sa - tan's chain :
 3. Blood to par - don—pu - ri - fy - ing—Sin - stain'd hearts made white as snow ;

1. Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Wilt Thou soon to us ap - pear ?
 2. But how glad - ly, oh how glad - ly, We will see Thee come a - gain !
 3. But Thy ful - ness—all Thy ful - ness—Thou wilt in Thy glo - ry show !

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4. Thou art coming, blessèd Master ;
 Days and moments speed apace ;
 Soon will cease earth's day of service,
 Soon we'll see Thee face to face :
 Are we ready, are we ready
 For that day of crowning grace ?

5. Vainly human thought can picture
 What that day to us will be,
 Who have welcomed full salvation
 Let Thee cleanse and sanctify ;
 Then Thy beauty, then Thy beauty,
 Will each longing satisfy !

208 Trust in Jesus Ever.

W. A. ESSERY.

"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."—JOB xiii. 15.

FRANK MASSEY.

$\text{♩} = 52.$

1. Trust in Je - sus ev - er, All His words are true ;.....
 2. Trust in Je - sus ev - er, Strong His glo - rious arm ;.....

Trust in Jesus Ever—continued.

piu rit.

1. Mer - ci - ful and ten - der Are His thoughts to you.
2. Nev - er shalt thou quiv - er, Nev - er feel a - larm.

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- | | |
|---|---|
| 3. Trust in Jesus ever,
Though the thunder roll;
He will thee deliver,
Safely keep thy soul. | 5. Trust in Jesus ever,
Trust His constant love;
Trust and never waver,
Never from Him move. |
| 4. Trust in Jesus ever,
Through the battle-day;
In the hour of prayer,
All the darkness way. | 6. Trust in Jesus ever—
In thy dying hour;
Thou shalt then discover
Great His saving power. |

209 As thy Day thy Strength shall be.

"As thy days, so shall thy strength be."—DEUT. xxxiii. 25.

A. SHIPTON.

FRANK SELBY.

$\text{♩} = 72.$

mf
1. "As thy day thy strength shall be"; Thou, the Lord, the pro-mise gave us;

Shall we look in vain for Thee In the threat-'ning hour to save us?

Pre-cious pro-mise breathed to me: "As thy day thy strength shall be."

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- | | |
|--|--|
| 2. Lord, my trembling soul forgot
All my future lay before Thee!
Thou had'st fixed the wanderer's lot,
Thou in love wert watching o'er me.
Sinking soul, thy fears must flee,
"As thy day thy strength shall be." | 3. God the promise writ in blood,
Dost thou dread that He will fail thee?
Death nor hell His might withstood;
Tremble not, though doubts assail thee;
Rest on Him, and thou wilt see,
"As thy day thy strength shall be." |
|--|--|

"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us."—1 JOHN iii. 1.

C. J. P. SPITTA (tr. MASSIE).

F. MARTIN GALE.

mf

1. See, oh see, what love the Fa-ther Hath be-stow'd up-on our race;

How He bends with sweet com-pas-sion O-ver us His beam-ing face!

See how He, His best and dear-est, For the ve-ry worst hath giv'n;

His own Son for us poor sin-ners— See, oh see, the love of Heav'n!

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2. See, oh see, what love the Saviour
Also hath on us bestowed!
How He bled for us and suffered,
How He bare the heavy load!
On the cross, and in the garden,
Oh, how sore was His distress!
Is not this a love that passeth
Aught that tongue can e'er express?

3. See, oh see, what love is shown us
Also by the Holy Ghost!
How He strives with us poor sinners,
Even when we sin the most!
Teaching, comforting, correcting,
Where He sees it needful is!
Oh, what heart would not be thankful
For a three-fold love like this!

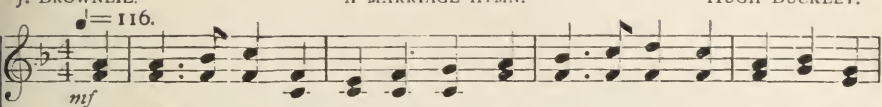
O Love Divine!

"He shall receive the blessing from the Lord."—PSALM xxiv, 5.

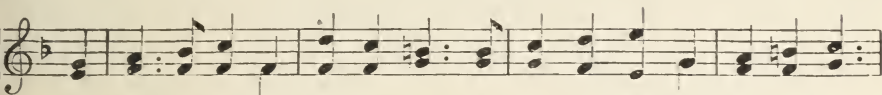
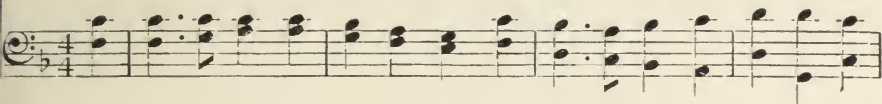
J. BROWNLIE.

A MARRIAGE HYMN.

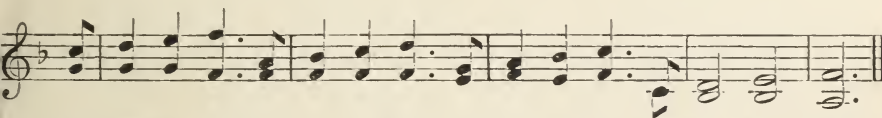
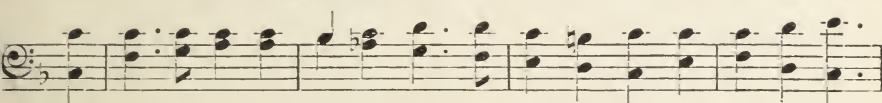
HUGH BUCKLEY.



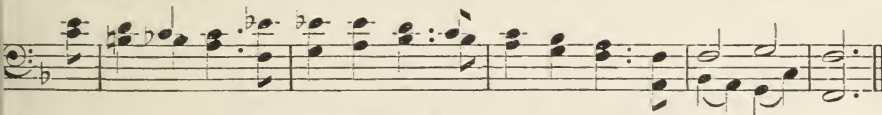
1. O Love Di-vine come down from heav'n, To make our hearts Thy home on earth,
2. Where hearts are knit in ten-der bonds, To live as one in joy or grief,
3. O Love Di-vine, Thy pres-ence give, Now, as at Ca-na long a-go;



1. By whom, for bless-ing has been giv'n To all things beau-ti-ful, their birth:
2. And love of heart, to love re-sponds And finds in love its sole re-lief:
3. And teach Thy ser-vants while they live On each love's guer-don to be-stow:



1. Thy heav'n-ly in-fluence let us know, Its gen-tle thought and fer-vent glow.
2. O Love Di-vine, from heav'n that came, 'Tis Thine to wake and tend the flame.
3. For them Thy wine in plen-ty pour, And fill with rich-est gifts their store.



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4. In days of joy and hours of pain,
In calm and storm, in hope and fear,
May faith unmoved and love remain,
To fill their hearts with heavenly cheer:
To hold them up when bow'd down,
And aye with love their lives encrown.

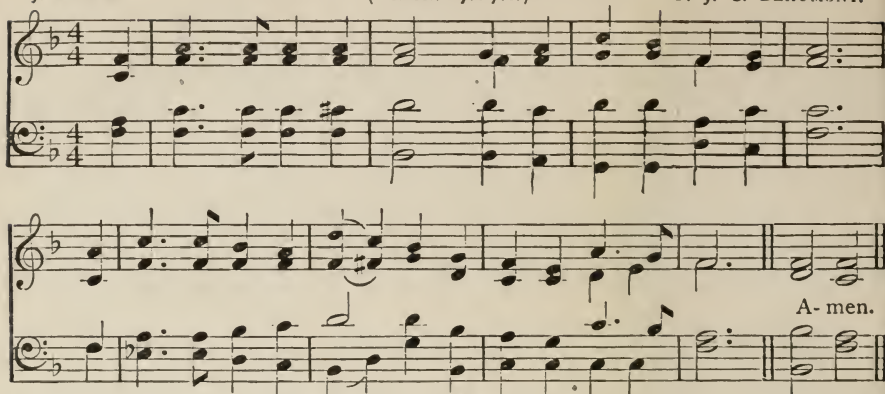
5. Their home be Thine where'er it be,
O Love Divine, nor quit its hearth;
And bring Thy blessing aye with Thee.
That they may taste its lasting worth:
Till in Thy home, when life is o'er,
They dwell in love for evermore.

"A three-fold cord is not quickly broken."—ECCLES. iv. 12.

J. KEBLE.

(UNION. 7.6.7.6.)

F. J. C. BEAUMONT.



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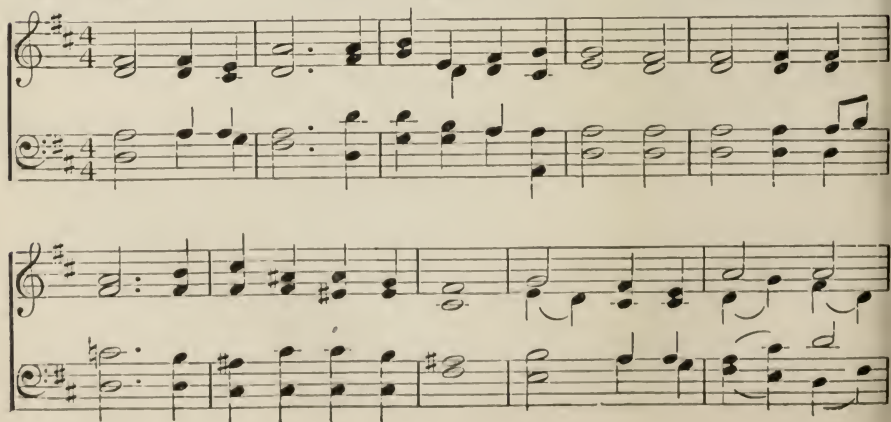
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. THE voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away.</p> <p>2. Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said :</p> <p>3. For dower of blessèd children,
For love and faith's sweet sake,
For high mysterious union
Which naught on earth may break.</p> <p>4. Be present, Heavenly Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side.</p> | <p>5. Be present here, Immanuel,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands.</p> <p>6. Be present, Holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel ;
As Thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,
The heavenly spouse dost seal.</p> <p>7. Oh, spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Thy overshadowing love,
While one in Thee for ever
They seek Thy rest above ;</p> <p>8. Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own bride they rise,
And cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice.</p> |
|---|--|

"The Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."—RUTH i. 17.

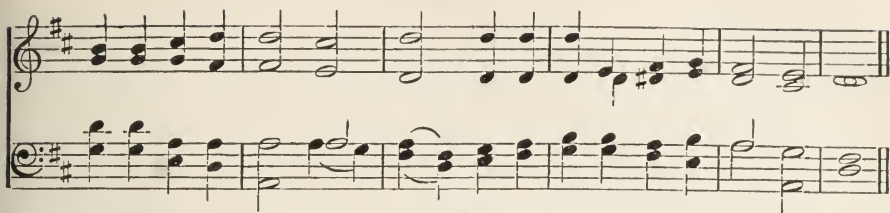
MRS. GURNEY.

(SURBITON HILL. 11.10.11.10.)

C. I. CLAPPERTON.



O Perfect Love—continued.



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1. O PERFECT Love, all human thought transcending,
Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy throne,
That theirs may be the love which knows no ending,
Whom Thou for evermore dost join in one.
2. O perfect Life, be Thou our full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.
3. Grant us the joy which brightens earthly sorrow,
Grant us the peace which calms all earthly strife;
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

214

In the Cross of Christ.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—GAL. vi. 14.

JOHN BOWRING.

(WILLESDEN. 8.7.8.7.)

CONSTANCE PHILLIPS.



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- | | |
|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime. 2. When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 3. When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day. 4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide. |
|---|---|

Our God, we Seek Thy Face.

"My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God."—PSALM xlii. 2.

E. MAY GRIMES.

C. FRANCIS.

♩. = 60.

1. Our God, we seek Thy face With one ac - cord to - day ;
 2. We thirst a - lone for Thee; Thy - self, O Lord, re - veal :
 3. God of our life, ap - pear! De - scend in power to - day ;

1. Oh, come and bless our wait - ing souls, And teach us how to pray.
 2. As - sem - bled here with - in this place May we Thy pres - ence feel.
 3. Bap - tize us with Thy Spi - rit now, And all our be - ing sway.

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4. Thy gifts will not suffice,
 Our spirits cry for Thee;
 Enter Thy temples, blessed Lord,
 Reign undividedly!

5. In stillness, Lord, we bow
 Within Thy secret place;
 And broken, contrite hearts await
 The fulness of Thy grace!

Keep Watch for the Master!

"Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."—MATT. xxiv. 42.

E. G. CHERRY.

HAROLD TWYMAN.

♩. = 58.

1. Keep watch for the Mas - ter! The day draw - eth near; Soon, soon in His glo - ry
 2. Soon, soon thou shalt hear Him All - lov - ing - ly say: "Rise up, My be - lov - ed,

1. My Lord will ap - pear! Soon, soon in His glo - ry My Lord will ap - pear!
 2. And come thou a - way; Rise up, My be - lov - ed, And come thou a - way."

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3. Keep watch for the Master!
 Glad, glad will it be
 That day when He cometh,
 And calleth for thee!

4. Joy, joy to be ready,
 Found doing His will;
 Fount watching and waiting,
 And serving Him still.

5. Keep watch for the Master!
 Keep watch for the King!
 Tasks many and varied
 Thy swift days may bring.

6. Sweet, sweet is His service;
 But, 'mid its delight,
 Keep watch for His coming,
 By day and by night.

7. Keep watch for the Master
 While treading His ways;
 Live but for His glory,
 Seek naught but His praise.

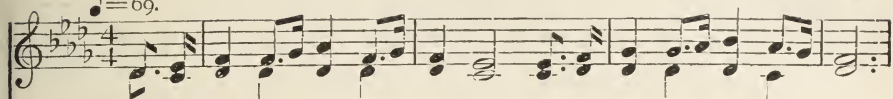
8. Care only to hasten
 His kingdom of grace;
 Until, "the veil" lifted,
 Thou seest His face.

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises."—2 PETER 1. 4.

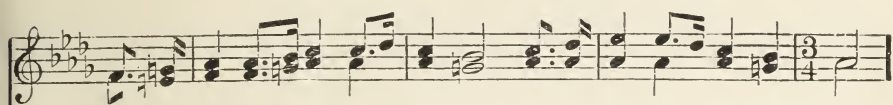
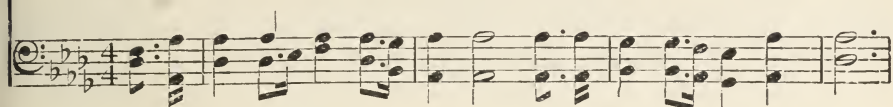
L. A. BENNETT.

ROBERT HITCHINGS.

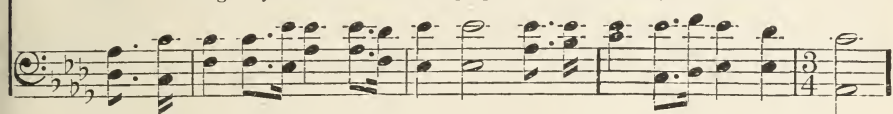
$\text{♩} = 69.$



1. When the storm of life is ra-ging, When the waves are deep and chill,



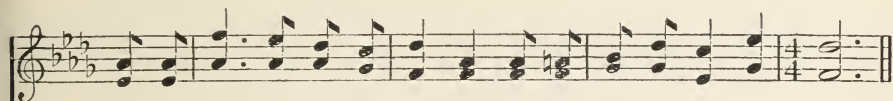
Hear a king - ly voice as - sua - ging, With His whis - per, "Peace, be still!"



REFRAIN.



Sweet - er than the sweet - est mu - sic Hu - man ears have ev - er heard!



Change-less pro - mise of the Fa - ther, Thro' the Ev - er - last - ing Word.



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2. If the world despise and grieve thee,
Let thy trust on Him be stayed;
He hath said, "I will not leave thee";
He hath said, "Be not afraid!"

3. Though the way lie dark before thee,
He hath promised, "I will guide;
I with comforts will restore thee"—
And "Jehovah will provide."

4. To the weary He hath spoken,
"There remaineth still a rest";
Never hath His word been broken—
Whom He blesses aye are blest!

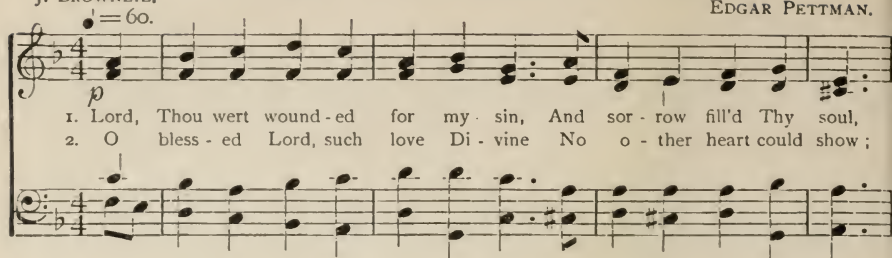
5. And again, "For you He careth"—
Cast upon Him all your care;
"Many mansions" He prepareth,
"And My servant shall be there."

"The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."—ISAIAH liii. 6.

J. BROWNLIE.

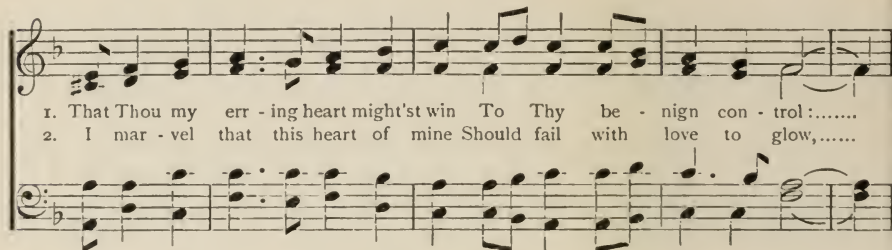
EDGAR PETTMAN.

$\text{♩} = 60.$



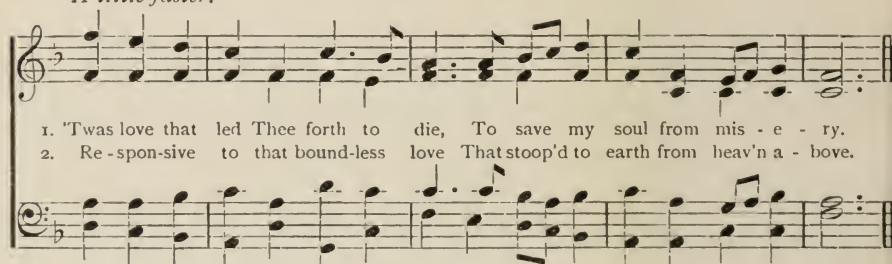
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1. Lord, Thou wert wound - ed for my sin, And sor - row fill'd Thy soul,
2. O bless - ed Lord, such love Di - vine No o - ther heart could show ;



1. That Thou my err - ing heart might'st win To Thy be - nign con - trol :.....
2. I mar - vel that this heart of mine Should fail with love to glow,.....

A little faster.



1. 'Twas love that led Thee forth to die, To save my soul from mis - e - ry.
2. Re - spon - sive to that bound - less love That stoop'd to earth from heav'n a - bove.

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3. O bless'd Lord, be gracious still,
And speak that I may hear,
And let Thy tender accents fill
My soul with heavenly cheer ;
Nor let the love of earth incline
My heart to turn away from Thine.

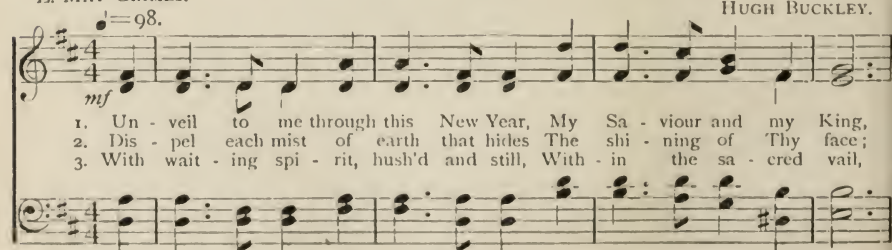
4. Then I shall aye behold Thy face,
And in its shining live ;
And conscious of Thy wondrous grace
My life its service give,
Because Thy love revealed to me
Has won my loveless soul to Thee.

E. MAY GRIMES.

"I will go in the strength of the Lord God."—PSALM lxxi. 16.

HUGH BUCKLEY.

$\text{♩} = 98.$



mf

1. Un - veil to me through this New Year, My Sa - viour and my King,
2. Dis - pel each mist of earth that hides The shi - ning of Thy face ;
3. With wait - ing spi - rit, hush'd and still, With - in the sa - cred veil,

A New Year's Prayer—continued.

1. A life with - in Thy se - cret place Past all im - a - gi - ning!
 2. And lead me on - ward to ex - plore The deep - er mines of grace.
 3. In priest - ly in - ter - ces - sion, Lord, Oh, teach me to pre - vail.

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4. Help me to pour my life away
 That other souls may live;
 Nor ever count it sacrifice
 My costliest to give.

5. With ear uncovered to Thy voice,
 And deaf to all beside,
 Thus, dearest Master, day by day
 In Thee I would abide.

220

O Sin-afflicted Soul!

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—ACTS ix. 31.

J. BROWNIE.

HUGH BUCKLEY.

$\text{♩} = 60.$

1. O sin - af - flict - ed soul! By my - riad fears dis -
 2. O sin - af - flict - ed soul! A ha - ven lies se -

1. - tress'd, Like waves that cease - less roll With mount - ing, threat - 'ning crest,
 2. - cure, Where storms, in Heav'n's con - trol, No anx - ious souls en - dure:

1. Wouldst thou a calm from trou - ble find, A ha - ven from the storm - y wind?
 2. Be - neath the cross the ref - uge lies, Where Christ our Lord was cru - ci - fied.

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3. O sin-afflicted soul!
 There lift thy downcast eyes,
 And on the mocking scroll
 Learn who in suffering dies:
 For He is King, ev'n as He said,
 Though thorns bedecked His wounded head.

4. O sin-afflicted soul!
 A kingly power is there;
 Beneath His kind control
 An offering yield in prayer:
 To Him confiding tell thy fears,
 His love will shield when trouble nears.

Lead Thou me On!

"Behold, I have given Him for . . . a Leader and Commander to the people."

V. J. CHARLESWORTH.

(ISAIAH lv. 4.)

EDGAR PETTMAN.

♩ = 98.

1. Sa - viour, by Thy love con - strain - ing, Lead Thou me on! In the path of
2. Keep my way - ward feet from stray - ing: Lead Thou me on! Toil is sweet, Thy

1. Thine or - dain - ing, Lead Thou me on! When our days are dark and drea - ry,
2. will o - bey - ing: Lead Thou me on! In Thy faith - ful - ness con - fi - ding,

1. And when heart and flesh grow weary, Faith will make us brave and cheery: Lead Thou me on!
2. In Thy love, se - cure, a - bi - ding, Thy rich grace all good pro - vi - ding: Lead Thou me on!

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3. Trustful souls must triumph ever:
Lead Thou me on!
Victory crown each bold endeavour:
Lead Thou me on!
All the hosts of ill defying,
On Thy promised aid relying;
Or in living, or in dying,
Lead Thou me on!

4. Till shall close life's chequered story,
Lead Thou me on!
And Thy grace is crowned with glory,
Lead Thou me on!
Then, our work and warfare ended,
And to heights of bliss ascended,
Prayer with praise will still be blended:
Lead Thou me on!

Come, Sinner, Hear!

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy."—LUKE ii. 10.

W. A. ESSERY.

FRANKLIN MASSEY.

♩ = 54.

1. Come, sin - ner, hear! glad news I bring To heal thy heart, and kill the sting
2. Thou heir of wrath, give ear, give ear, Tho' great thy guilt, thou may'st not fear;

Come, Sinner, Hear!—continued.

1. Of all thy woe, and make thee sing: "God..... is love, God is love."
 2. A voice Di-vinespeaks thee to cheer: "God..... is love, God is love."

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- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3. A pardon full you may obtain,
 Through blood of Christ, th' atonement slain
 To prove the truth we now proclaim:
 "God is love, God is love."</p> <p>4. O child of faith, is dark thy day,
 Bethorned thy path, and lone the way?
 Thy Saviour guides, then hear Him say,
 "God is love, God is love."</p> | <p>5. Is great thy load and sad thy lot,
 The waters deep, the furnace hot,
 The tempter strong? Then, fear thou not!—
 "God is love, God is love."</p> <p>6. Though waves should break in angry spray,
 And flames should, raging, spread dismay;
 Yet true this word from day to day:
 "God is love, God is love."</p> <p>7. Within this Rock let sinners hide,
 Here let the saints in peace abide;
 This Rock is sure what'er betide:
 "God is love! God is love!"</p> |
|--|--|

223

We Bless Thee, Lord.

J. BROWNLIE.

"This do in remembrance of Me."—1 CORINTHIANS xi. 24.

EDGAR PETTMAN.

$\text{♩} = 60$. *Firmly*.

1. We bless Thee, Lord, that Thou hast spread A ta - ble for Thy peo - ple here;
 2. Here where Thy peo - ple meet Thou art; We hear Thy voice in ac - cents sweet;

1. Where we may taste the Liv - ing Bread, And feel Thy bless - ed pres - ence near.
 2. Thy blood is wine to faint - ing heart, Thy flesh to hun - gry spi - rits meat.

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- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3. Oh, help us Lord, to feast with joy
 Upon the bounties of Thy grace;
 Here may no anxious thoughts annoy,
 Here may we see Thy loving face.</p> <p>4. O Christ, who, in Thy love untold,
 Didst give Thyself to death for man,
 Here at Thy table, Lord, unfold
 The beauty of Redemption's plan.</p> | <p>5. Oh, send Thy Spirit to our aid—
 That Spirit promised long ago,
 When first the solemn feast was laid,
 E'en in the valley of Thy woe.</p> <p>6. And let Him bring sweet comfort near;
 And when we see the thorn-decked brow
 We may remember He who died
 Is crowned with life immortal now</p> |
|---|---|

A Song of Home.

W. A. ESSERY. "The Lord blessed Obed-Edom and all his household."—2 SAM. vi. 11.

Adapted by E. P.

♩ = 108.

1. For our home we sing to bless Thee, Ma - ker of the sa - cred tie;
 2. Let our home be like the ark, when No - ah rode a - bove the flood;
 3. Let our home be as a for - tress, Guard - ing all who dwell with - in

1. Fa - ther, mo - ther, chil - dren wor - ship God, their Fa - ther in the sky.
 2. Safe a - mid life's waves and tem - pests, In the keep - ing of our God.
 3. From the shafts of Sa - tan's mal - ice, And the world's dis - cor - dant din.

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4. Let our home be as a garden,
 Rich with flowers, fed with dew;
 Let it be a joyful temple,
 Filled with prayers and praises true.

5. For our home we seek Thy blessing,
 Holy concord, peace, and love;
 Then our earthly habitation
 Figures Thy pure home above.

From every Stormy Wind.

HUGH STOWELL.

"I will commune with thee from above the mercy-seat."
(EXOD. xxv. 22.)

EDGAR PETTMAN.

♩ = 66.

1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell - ing tide of woes,
 2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads—
 3. There is a scene where spi - rits blend, Where friend holds fel - low - ship with friend;

1. There is a calm, a sure re - treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.
 2. A place than all be - sides more sweet; It is the blood - stain'd mer - cy - seat.
 3. Tho' sun - der'd far, by faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy - seat.

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4. There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
 And sense and sin molest no more;
 And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
 And glory crowns the glory-seat!

5. Oh, let my hand forget her skill,
 My tongue be silent, cold, and still;
 This bounding heart forget to beat,
 If I forget the mercy-seat!

"Neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand."—JOHN x. 28.

H. F. TAYLOR.

$\text{♩} = 84.$

f 1. O gra - cious Shep-herd, bind us With cords of love to Thee,

And ev - er - more re - mind us How mer - cy set us free!

Oh, may Thy Ho - ly Spi - rit Keep this be - fore our eyes,

That we Thy death and mer - it A - bove all else may prize.

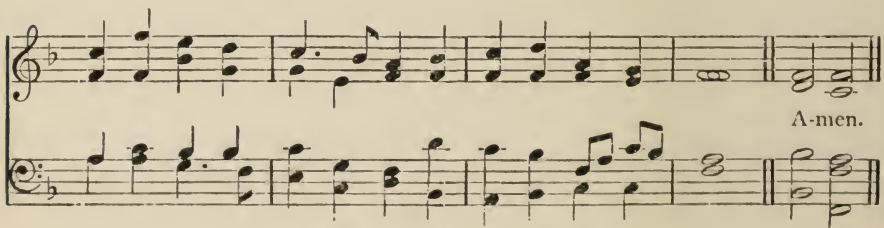
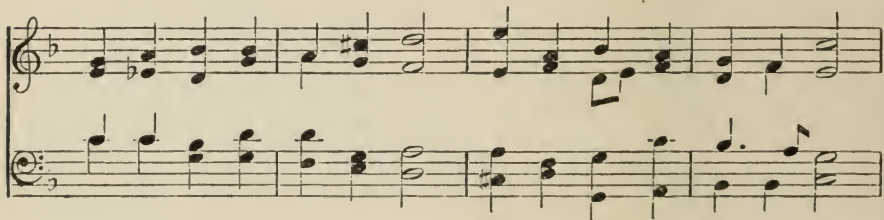
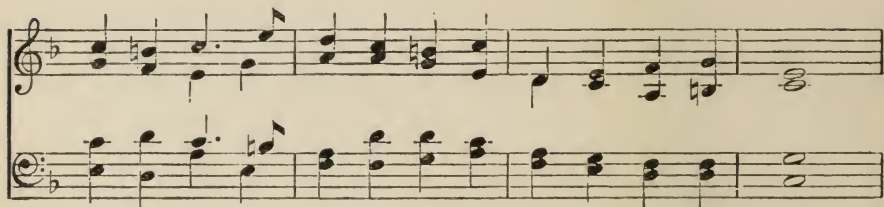
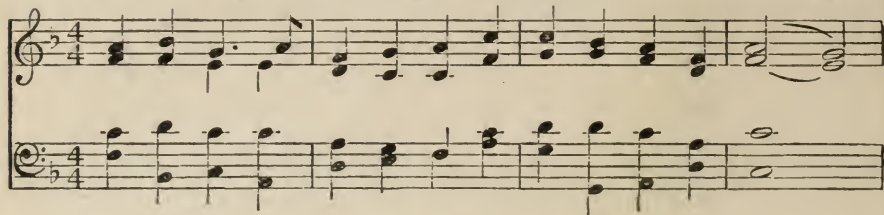
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2. We are of God's salvation
Assured, through Thy love,
Yet oft on slight occasion
How faithless do we prove!
Thou hast our sins forgiven;
Then, leaving all behind,
We would press on to heaven,
Bearing the prize in mind.

3. Grant us henceforth, dear Saviour,
While in this vale of tears,
To look to Thee, and never
Give way to anxious fears:
Thou, Lord, wilt not forsake us,
Though we are oft to blame;
Oh, let Thy love then make us
Hold fast Thy faith and name!

"Thy faith hath saved thee: go in peace."—LUKE vii. 50.

C. WESLEY. (ST. JAMES'S, BURY ST. EDMUNDS. 7.6.7.6.7.7.6.) ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



A-men.

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1. LAMB of God! Whose bleeding love

We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find:
Think on us, who think on Thee,
Every struggling soul release;
Oh, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

2. By Thine agonising pain,

And bloody sweat, we pray,
By Thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away.
Burst our bonds, and set us free,
From iniquity release;
Oh, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

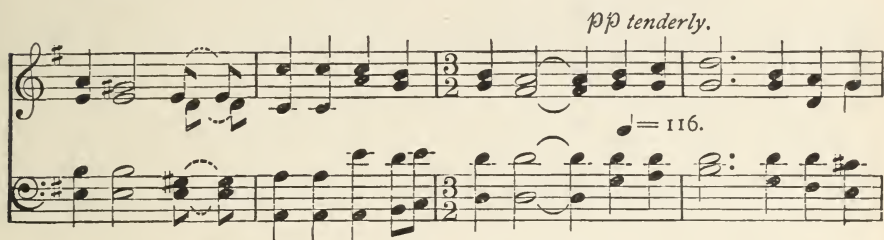
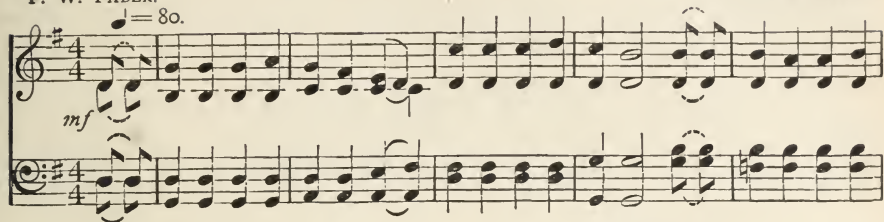
3. Let Thy blood, by faith applied,

The sinners' pardon seal,
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal:
By Thy Passion on the tree,
Let our griefs and troubles cease;
Oh, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

"The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."—JOHN x. 12.

F. W. FABER.

EDGAR PETTMAN.



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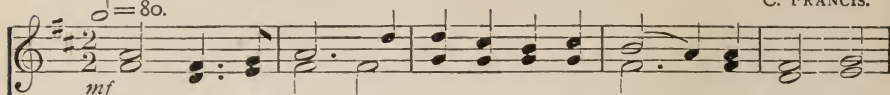
2. I WAS wand'ring, sad and weary,
When the Saviour came unto me;
For the paths of sin were dreary,
And the world had ceased to woo me:
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way:
"O wandering soul, come near Me:
My sheep should never fear Me:
I am the Shepherd true,
I am the Shepherd true!"
2. At first I would not hearken,
But put off until the morrow,
Till life began to darken,
And I grew sick with sorrow:
Then I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way:

3. At last I stopped to listen—
His voice could ne'er deceive me—
I saw His kind eye glisten,
So anxious to relieve me:
Then I *knew* I heard Him say,
As He came along His way:
4. I thought His love would weaken,
As more and more He knew me,
But it burneth like a beacon,
And its light and heat go thro' me;
And I ever hear Him say,
As He goes along His way:

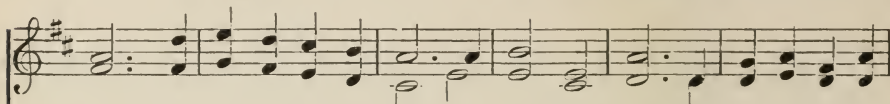
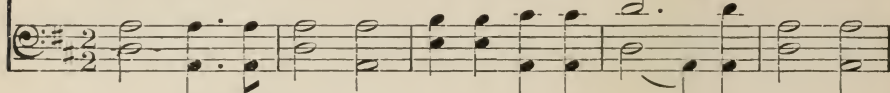
God's Love is Everywhere!

W. A. ESSERY. "The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord."—PSALM xxxiii. 5.

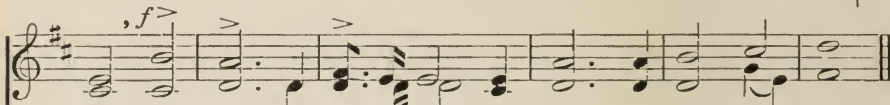
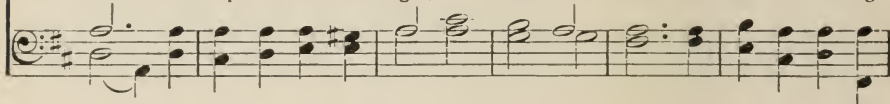
C. FRANCIS.

 $\text{♩} = 80.$ 

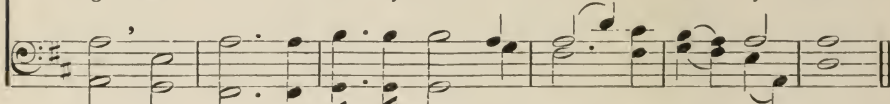
1. Hark, hark the song which an - gels ev - er sing In ho - ly
 2. Those queen - ly stars which march a - cross the night, And from a



1. chant, in ev - er - last - ing hymn, With which they make the Gold - en Ci - ty
 2. thou - sand lamps shed down their light, Re - flect God's love as well as sov - reign



1. ring: God's love is ev - 'ry - where! God's love is ev - 'ry - where!
 2. might: God's love is ev - 'ry - where! God's love is ev - 'ry - where!



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3.

That kingly orb whose morning fire doth glow
 In ruby flames aslant the mountain's brow,
 Proclaims, whilst beautifying all below,
 God's love is everywhere!

4.

The hills and vales, the flocks take up the strain;
 The chorus rings throughout this vast domain,
 While all creation shouts the glad refrain:
 God's love is everywhere!

5.

Can silence reign in man's cold heart alone?
 Can he be dumb and not his Master own?
 Arise! and lead the strain with gladsome tone:
 God's love is everywhere!

6.

On Calvary's brow behold the lonely tree,
 Whereon there hung the Lord who died for thee—
 The Lord who died to set the sinner free:
 God's love is everywhere!

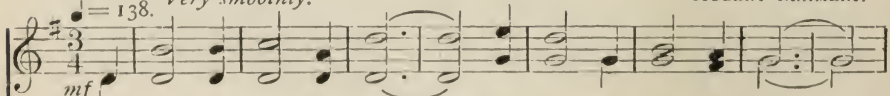
How Vast, how Full!

"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—REV. xxii. 17.

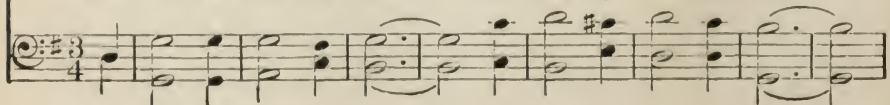
A. MIDLANE.

Very smoothly.

HUBERT BRAMLRY.

 $\text{♩} = 138.$ 

1. How vast, how full, how free,..... The mer - cy of our God!.....



How Vast, how Full!—continued.

Pro - claim the bless - ed news a - round, And spread it all a - broad.....

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2. How vast ! "Whoever will"
May drink at mercy's stream,
And know that faith in Jesus brings
Salvation e'en for him.
3. How full ! It doth remove
The stain of every sin,
And leaves the soul as white and pure
As though no sin had been.

4. How free ! It asks no price,
For God delights to give ;
It only says (a simple thing) :
" Believe in God and live."
5. Poor trembling sinner, "Come !"
God waits to comfort thee ;
Oh, cast thyself upon His love—
So vast, so full, so free !

231

In the Advent Light.

"We shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."—1 JOHN iii. 2.

E. MAY GRIMES.

EDGAR PETTMAN.

♩ = 108.

1. In the Ad - vent Light, O Sa - viour, I am liv - ing day by day ;
[2. In the Ad - vent Light earth's dark - ness Hath for ev - er pass'd a - way :

1. Wait - ing, work - ing, watch - ing ev - er, Know - ing Thou art on Thy way.
2. Mar - vel - lous il - lu - mi - na - tion, Her - ald of un - end - ing day !]

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3. In the Advent Light beholding
Thus the glory of the Lord ;
Transformations He is working
Through the power of His Word !
4. So "from glory unto glory,"
Gladdened by the Advent ray,
All the path is growing brighter,
Shining unto "perfect day" !
5. In the Advent Light to witness
To a dark and dying world ;
This the holy ordination—
May His banner be unfurled.
6. In the Advent Light rejoicing !
Songs of praise along the road
Seem to make the journey shorter,
Mounting upward to our God !

- [7. Blessed, happy, holy service,
Labouring in the Advent Light !
Soon the Master's commendation
Every effort will requite.
8. In the Advent Light enfolded,
'Neath the shadow of the cross,
"Given unto us to suffer,"
We can count our gain but loss.]
9. He is coming ! He is coming !
Pass the heavenly watchword on !
Go ye forth to meet the Bridegroom,
Hail to God's anointed Son !
10. See the Advent glory breaking !
Faith will soon be lost in sight ;
"Face to face" I shall behold Him—
Bathed in His eternal light !

E. H. HAMILTON.

"He cried, saying, Lord, save me."--MATT xiv. 30.

L. J. KENNEDY.

$\text{♩} = 112.$

I. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry; Un - less Thou help me I must die:

f

Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!.....

CHORUS. $\text{♩} = 80.$ *mf*

pp And take me as I am!..... And take me as I am!..... My

pp Slower.

on - ly plea—Christ died for me! Oh, take me as I am!.....

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2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt;
But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt,
And take me as I am!
3. No preparation can I make,
My best resolves I only break;
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake,
And take me as I am!
4. Behold me, Saviour, at Thy feet,
Deal with me as Thou seest meet;
Thy work begin, Thy work complete,
But take me as I am!

Hear ye not your Saviour Calling?

"There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest."—JOB iii. 17.

Anon.

Very smoothly.

(8.7.8.7. D.)

E. W. SHUTTLEWORTH.

$\text{♩} = 80.$
pp

1. Hear ye not your Sa-viour call-ing, Call-ing from the dis-tant shore;
 2. Peace-ful are its liv-ing wa-ters Rip-pling in the gold-en light,

1. Call-ing o'er the trou-bled wa-ters Ev-er and for ev-er-more?—
 2. Bright-er than a sea of crys-tal With e-ter-nal glo-ry bright:

1. "Trust the o-cean now no long-er, Clouds are ri-sing in the west;
 2. There no sud-den storm or tem-pest Beats up-on its tran-quil shore;

1. Come to Me, and seek the ha-ven Where the wea-ry are at rest."
 2. There no sound, but songs of glad-ness Ev-er and for ev-er-more.

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3. Listen, for the days are fleeting;
 Listen to your Saviour's call;
 Listen, whilst the heart is beating;
 Ere the evening shadows fall;
 Listen, for His call is louder
 Than the loudest call of mirth;
 Listen, for His voice is sweeter
 Than the sweetest voice on earth.

4. Earthly joys are few and failing,
 Waning is the summer's day;
 See the shadows as they lengthen
 Chasing evening lights away;
 Darkness o'er your life is creeping,
 Storms are brooding in the sky—
 Hear ye not your Saviour calling?
 Hasten to Him ere ye die.

- [5. Hasten, ere the storm that's brooding
 Bursts in torrents o'er your head,
 Ere the sun that now is setting,
 Setteth o'er your dying bed;
 Hasten, ere the leaves are fallen,
 Ere the winter days are come,
 Ere the year has lost its sweetness;
 Hasten, pilgrim, hasten home.]
6. Lost in holy contemplation,
 Yearning for a higher sphere,
 Learn to pass the night of sadness
 Till the dawning draweth near;
 Till ye hear your Saviour calling,
 Calling from a nearer shore,
 Having crossed the troubled waters
 Ever and for evermore.

234

Lord, to Song Attune my Heart.

J. BROWNLIE.

"I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart."—PSA. ix. 1.

EDGAR PETTMAN.

♩ = 104.

1. Lord, to song at - tune my heart, Wa - ken mem'-ries of Thy grace;
2. Ev - 'ry morn - ing with the sun Is Thy lov - ing thought ex - press'd

1. Bid my sel - fish - ness de - part, All in - gra - ti - tude ef - face;
2. As the hours to ev - 'ning run, Day is crowd - ed with the best;

1. Let my soul thro' all my days Rise to Thee on wings of praise.
2. Gifts un - mer - it - ed by me Come un - ceas - ing - ly from Thee.

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3. Blessèd Christ ! I lift mine eyes
To the cross where Thou didst make
That most awful sacrifice
For Thy loving kindness' sake,
And my self-bound soul in shame
Bows in reverence at Thy name.

4. Ah, the chill that binds my soul
Let Thy heavenly warmth remove;
May I feel the sweet control
Of Thy love-inspiring love,
Till my heart in joyful lays
Pours its meed of thankful praise.

235

Come, take My Yoke.

ROBERT SMITH.

"Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me."—MATTHEW xi. 29.

FREDERICK GUNTER.

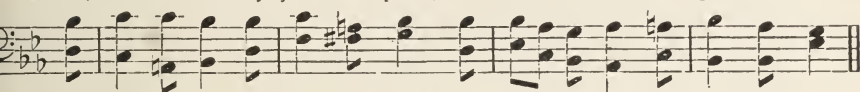
♩ = 68.

1. Come, take My yoke, the Sa - viour said; To fol - low Me be not a - fraid
2. The yoke of plea - sure may al - lure, And pro - mise bliss that will en dure

Come, take My Yoke—continued.



1. For I in heart am low - ly, meek, And of - fer you the rest you seek.
2. But, when it has thy youth de-spoil'd, 'Twill cast thee off as gar - ment soil'd.



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3. Take not on thee the yoke of wealth;
'Twill eat thy soul, destroy thy health,
And make thee feel how cheap the cost,
If worlds could buy the peace it lost.
4. Then take my yoke, 'tis soft and light,
'Twill ne'er disturb thy rest at night,
But guide thee to that world above
Where no restraint is known but love.

236 Come, ye People, Praises Sing.

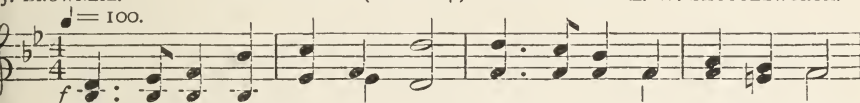
"All nations shall come and worship before Thee."

(REV. xv. 4.)

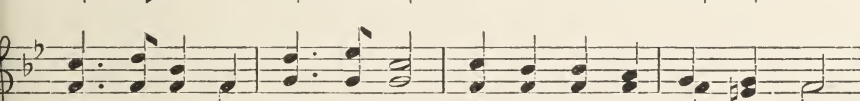
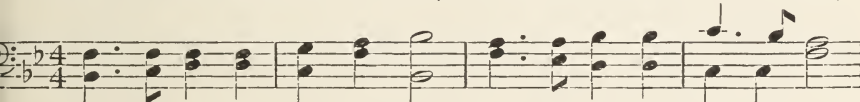
E. W. SHUTTLEWORTH.

J. BROWNLIE.

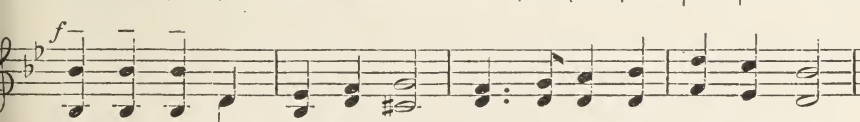
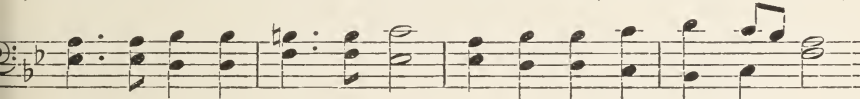
$\text{♩} = 100.$



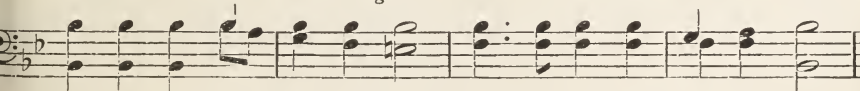
1. Come, ye peo - ple, prais - es sing, Bring your hom - age to your King;
2. Once He dwelt with man be - low, Bore his name and shared his woe;



1. Hearts ex - ult - ing, voi - ces sweet, Give your wor - ship at His feet;
2. Once for sin - ners He was borne To a cross, to die in scorn;



1. For He reigns in heav'n a - lone, Seat - ed on the Fa - ther's throne.
2. Once He knew the aw - ful gloom And the si - lence of the tomb.



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3. Jesus, Lord of Life, to Thee
Laud and praise unending be;
On Thy throne in glory set,
Thou canst ne'er Thy folk forget:
Lord, when earthly toil is past,
Bring them to Thy home at last.
4. God, to Thee our praise we give;
Christ, to Thee in whom we live;
And to Thee, O Spirit blest,
Be our ceaseless praise exprest--
To the Father, Spirit, Son,
Trinity, yet ever One.

237

Saviour, Teach me Day by Day.

J. E. LEESON.

"We love Him because He first loved us."—1 JOHN iv. 19.

ADOLPH BRETT.

$\text{♩} = 100.$

1. Sa - viour, teach me day by day,..... Love's sweet les - son
 2. With a child - like heart of love,..... At Thy bid - ding
 3. Teach me all Thy steps to trace,..... Strong to fol - low

1. to o - bey; Sweet - er les - son can - not be,.....
 2. may I move; Prompt to serve and fol - low Thee,....
 3. in Thy grace; Learn - ing how to love from Thee,....

1. Lov - ing Him who first loved me, Lov - ing Him who first loved me.
 2. Lov - ing Him who first loved me, Lov - ing Him who first loved me.
 3. Lov - ing Him who first loved me, Lov - ing Him who first loved me.

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4. Love in loving finds employ,
 In obedience all her joy;
 Ever new that joy will be,
 Loving Him who first loved me.

5. Thus may I rejoice to show
 That I feel the love I owe;
 Singing, till Thy face I see,
 Of His love who first loved me.

238

My Life I Consecrate.

L. SHOREY.

"Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God."—ROM. xii. 1.

HUGH BUCKLEY.

$\text{♩} = 56.$

1. My life I con - se - crate, My all is at Thy feet;
 2. Do Thou, my Lord, in me Thy ho - ly will, not mine;
 3. I will not go out free, With pier - ced ear I stand,
 4. No mer - its of my own, No good have I to plead,

My Life I Consecrate—continued.

1. Thy love is all so free and great, Thy mer - cy so com - plete.
 2. Do with me just what plea - ses Thee, And mould my will to Thine.
 3. Thy ser - vant ev - er - more to be, A - wait - ing Thy com - mand.
 4. I trust in Je - sus' work a - lone; He cov - ers all my need.

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5. No longer servant I,
 Thou callest me a son;
 So now I "Abba, Father!" cry.
 In me Thy will be done.

6. And now from day to day
 Sweet is my portion here;
 I singing go along my way,
 For I have naught to fear.

239

Jesus, our Lord!

J. G. DECK.

"Who loved me, and gave Himself for me."—GALATIANS ii. 20.

HUGH ROSS.

1. Je - sus! that name is love: Je - sus, our Lord! Je - sus, all
 2. As Son of Man it was, Je - sus, the Lord! Thou gav'st Thy

1. names a - bove— Je - sus, the Lord! Thou, Lord, our all must be; No - thing that's
 2. life for us, Je - sus, our Lord! Great was in - deed Thy love, All o - ther

1. good have we; No - thing a - part from Thee, Je - sus, our Lord!
 2. loves a - bove; Love Thou didst dear - ly prove, Je - sus, our Lord!

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3. Righteous alone in Thee,
 Jesus, the Lord!
 Thou wilt a refuge be,
 Jesus, our Lord!
 Whom, then, have we to fear—
 What trouble, grief, or care,
 Since Thou art ever near,
 Jesus, our Lord?

4. Soon Thou wilt come again,
 Jesus, the Lord!
 We shall be happy then,
 Jesus, our Lord!
 When Thine own face we see
 Then shall we like Thee be,
 Then evermore with Thee,
 Jesus, our Lord!

Again the Morn of Gladness.

"Upon the first day of the week the disciples came together."—ACTS xx. 7.

JOHN ELLERTON.

mf Not too fast.

HUGH BUCKLEY.

1. A - gain the morn of glad - ness, The morn of light, is here; And

earth it - self looks fair - er, And heav'n it - self more near: The

The bells.....

bells, like an - gel voi - ces, Speak peace to ev - 'ry breast, And

.....

*poco rit. e dim. al fine.**p Slower.*

all the land lies qui - et To keep the day of rest.

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

Glo - ry be to Je - sus! Let all His chil - dren say: He

Again the Morn of Gladness—*continued.*

più rit. e dim. *a tempo.*

rose a - gain, He rose a - gain, On this..... glad day!

2. Again, O loving Saviour,
The children of Thy grace
Prepare themselves to seek Thee
Within Thy chosen place.
Our song shall rise to greet Thee,
If Thou our hearts wilt raise ;
If Thou our lips wilt open
Our mouth shall show Thy praise.
3. The shining choir of angels
That rest not day or night ;
The crowned and palm-decked martyrs,
The saints arrayed in white ;
The happy lambs of Jesus
In pastures fair above—
These all adore and praise Him,
Whom we too praise and love.

4. The church on earth rejoices
To join with these to-day ;
In every tongue and nation
She calls her sons to pray :
Across the Northern snowfields,
Beneath the Indian palms,
She makes the same pure offering,
And sings the same sweet psalms.
5. Tell out, sweet bells, His praises !
Sing, children, sing His name !
Still louder and still farther
His mighty deeds proclaim ;
Till all whom He redeemed
Shall own Him Lord and King,
Till every knee shall worship,
And every tongue shall sing !

241

"Thou art my Portion."

J. BROWNLIE.

"Thou art my portion, O Lord."—PSALM cxix. 57.

HENRY WHITE MATTHEWS.

$\text{♩} = 120.$

1. "Thou art my por - tion," saith my soul, And I am rich in Thee ;

My God, there is no want I crave But Thou sup - pliest for me.

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2. The labour of my hands may fail,
My path be girt with care ;
But plenty crowns the heavenly board,
And I am welcome there.
3. Like mountain-brooks in summer-time
Earth's streams of bliss may fail ;
But joys perennial flow from Thee
When parching droughts prevail.

4. Oh, rich and full from God's right hand
Are joys eternal given ;
That stream of bliss can never fail
That has its source in heaven.
5. "Thou art my portion," saith my soul ;
I have no want denied,
For from the bounties of Thy grace
Are all my needs supplied.

"This Man receiveth sinners!"—LUKE xv. 2.

Arr. from NEUMEISTER (tr. MRS. BEVAN).

E. W. SHUTTLEWORTH.

♩ = 80.

1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive; Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him, for His word is plain;

1. Who the heav'n - ly path - way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
2. He will take the sin - ful - est: Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.

CHORUS.

Sing it out in joy - ful strain, Shout a - broad the glad re - frain:

"Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men"; Come, your great sal - va - tion claim!

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3. Now my heart condemns me not,
Pure before the law I stand;
He who cleansed me from its spot
Satisfied its last demand.

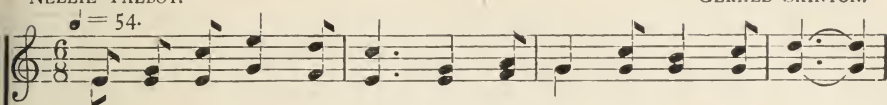
4. Christ receiveth sinful men,
Even me with all my sin;
Purged from every spot and stain,
Heaven with Him I enter in.

"That we should live together with Him."—1 THESSALONIANS v. 10.

NELLIE TALBOT.

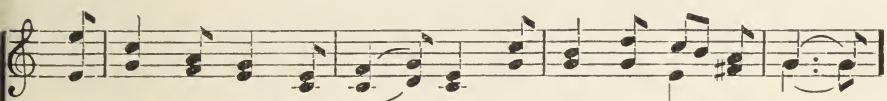
GERALD SAINTON.

$\text{♩} = 54$.



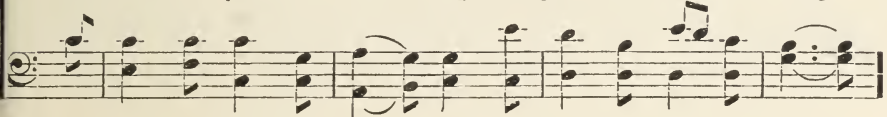
1. How can we live for Je - sus, And serve Him as we would,

2. We'll turn to Him be - liev - ing, As each day dawns a - new,



1. When earth - ly cares en - twine us, And hide from us the good?

2. His con - scious pres - ence seek - ing, To guide and help us through.



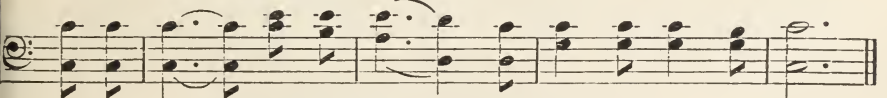
CHORUS.



We may live and work for Je - sus, And serve Him ev - 'ry day;



We may serve, we may work, And live for Him al - way.



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3.

We then can live for Jesus,
Our souls prepared by prayer;
God's Spirit ever with us
Christ's yoke to nobly bear.

4.

So let us live for Jesus
While here on earth we stay;
Toil on till He receives us
To realms of endless day.

Love came down at Christmas.

"God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son."—JOHN iii. 16.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

By per. Macmillan & Co. Ltd.

EDGAR PETTMAN.

With added Noel.

mf ♩ = 108. *With spirit.*

1. Love came down at ... Christ - mas, Love all love - ly, Love Di - vine;...

Love was born at ... Christ - mas, Star and an - gels gave the sign.

f *cres* *cen - do.*
Sing No - el, Sing No - el, Sing..... No - el.
f
Sing No - el, Sing No - el.

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2.

Worship we the Godhead,
Love incarnate, Love Divine;
Worship we our Jesus:
But wherewith for sacred sign?

3.

Love shall be our token,
Love be yours and love be mine;
Love to God and all men,
Love for plea, and gift, and sign.

"Where is He that is born King of the Jews?"—MATT. ii. 2.

L. SHOREY.

E. W. SHUTTLEWORTH.

$\text{♩} = 92.$

f x. Once up - on a star - ry night, Shone a star ex -

- ceed - ing bright; And the sa - ges from a - far Fol - lowed, till this

f A little slower.

won - drous star Guid - ed them To... Beth - le - - hem.

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2. When the sages saw the star
In their Eastern home afar,
Shepherds saw a greater sight
On the plains that lovely night :
Heard a song,
By angel throng.

3. Heard a song of heavenly grace,
Heard a song of joy and peace,
Heard a message angel-given,
Of a Saviour sent from heaven :
Christ was born
That lovely morn.

4. Swift the shepherds went to see
If such things could really be ;
Found the Baby, as was said,
Lying in a manger bed :
Could it be
The Christ was He ?

5. Sages came, the Infant sought,
Gave the presents they had brought ;
Myrrh and frankincense unfold,
At His feet they lay the gold,
Acknowledging
The Christ the King.

6. King of kings, we at Thy feet,
Bring to Thee an off'ring meet ;
Bring our praise, our love to Thee,
Bring our trust, our loyalty -
All we bring
To Thee our King.

"God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son."—JOHN iii. 16.

A. M. B.

♩. = 60.

ALICE M. BODE.

mf.

1. Now set the bells ring - ing on Christ - mas morn, Pro - claim the glad ti - dings that

Christ is born; The days may be drear - y, the win - ter long, But

no - thing must sad - den His birth - day song. ORG.

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2.

Bring holly, bring ivy, on Christmas morn,
With glory and beauty God's house adorn,
And then, humbly kneeling, with low bow'd head,
Adore we the Child on His manger bed.

3.

'Tis many a year since the Angel came,
But the Christmas message is still the same—
"God so loved the world that He gave His Son"
To suffer and die for a race undone.

4.

Then, let us with love God's love requite
By trying to please Him and do the right;
Nor be it in vain that Christ was born,
And came to us sinners on Christmas morn.

Rude was the Manger.

"She . . laid Him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn."—LUKE ii. 7.

E. M. DAWSON.

By per. from "Verses and Carols."

From an early French
Melody, by E. P.

p $\text{♩} = 54$

1. Rude was the man - ger, Rough was the bed, Where Thou a

mf

Stran - ger, Pil - low'd Thy head; Yet an - gels clus - ter,

pp

Stars round the Sun,... Crown-ing with lus - tre, Earth's life be - gun !

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2. Poor Thy arrayment,
Scanty and mean,
Though angels' raiment
Flutters unseen;
Courtiers all lowly,
Beasts of the stall;
While angels holy
Worshipping fall.

3. Gloomy Thy dwelling,
Yet gleams on high
All stars excelling
Thine in the sky;
Silence surroundeth,
Yet far above
Loudly resoundeth
Chorus of love.

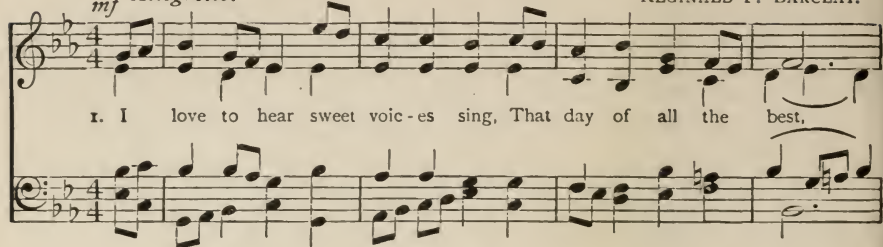
4. Lo, we adore Thee,
Voices uplift,
Hearts laid before Thee,
This, Lord, our gift;
Star of the Morning,
Saviour Divine,
Now, till heaven's dawning.
Keep us for Thine !

248 I Cope to Hear Sweet Voices Sing.

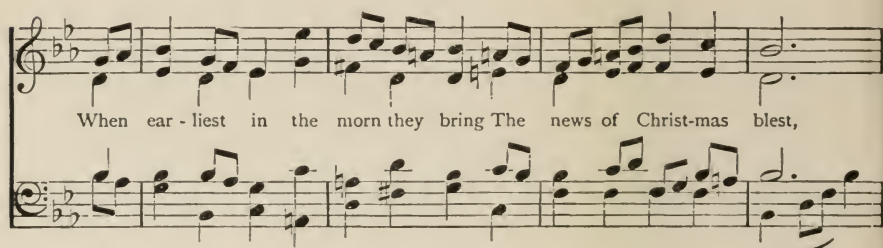
"I bring you good tidings of great joy."—LUKE ii. 10.

mf Allegretto.

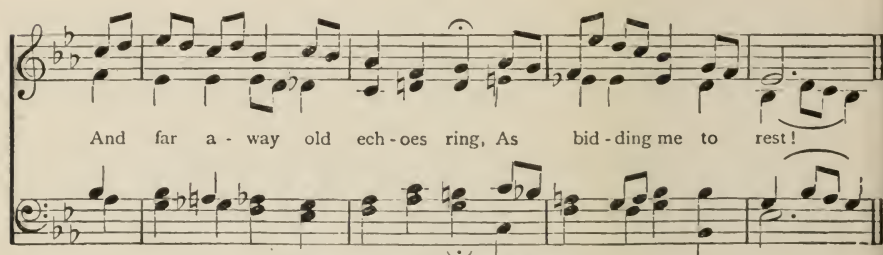
REGINALD F. BARCLAY.



1. I love to hear sweet voices sing, That day of all the best,



When earliest in the morn they bring The news of Christmas best,



And far away old echoes ring, As bidding me to rest!

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2.

For then with waking thoughts intent
My soul looks up on high,
And mingles musing with relent
As fain 'twould see Christ nigh;
Hear for itself, ere time be spent,
Peace from the azure sky!

3.

But though no longer in our race
By flesh the virgin-born
Is known to us, yet Jesus' grace
Leaves not His own forlorn;
Since now good Christians see His face
By faith, on Christmas morn!

4.

Then come, ye faithful, great and small,
Come hasten to the sight,
Where Jesus at our festival
Comes down, the shining Light,
To fill all hearts, who hear His call,
With glory beaming bright!

249 Who is this so Weak and Helpless?

"All the city was moved, saying, 'Who is this?'"—MATT. xxi. 10.

BISHOP W. W. HOW.

F. BURNLEY.

$\text{♩} = 76$ throughout.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff with a 3/4 time signature. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system introduces a 2/4 time signature and is marked 'Brightly.' with a forte 'f' dynamic. The fourth system concludes the piece with a final chord and the text 'A-men.' written below the staff.

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- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. Who is this, so weak and helpless,
 Child of lowly Hebrew maid,
 Rudely in the stable sheltered,
 Coldly in a manger laid?
 'Tis the Lord of all creation
 Who this wondrous path hath trod;
 He is God from everlasting,
 And is everlasting God.</p> | <p>3. Who is this—behold Him raining
 Drops of blood upon the ground?
 Who is this—despised, rejected,
 Mocked, insulted, beaten, bound?
 'Tis our God, who gifts and graces
 On His church now poureth down,
 Who shall smite in holy vengeance
 All His foes beneath His throne.</p> |
| <p>2. Who is this, a Man of sorrows,
 Walking sadly life's hard way—
 Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping,
 Over sin and Satan's sway?
 'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,
 Who above the starry sky
 Now prepares the many mansions,
 Where no tear can dim the eye.</p> | <p>4. Who is this, who hangeth dying
 With the thieves on either side—
 Nails His hands and feet are tearing,
 And the spear hath pierced His side?
 'Tis the God who ever liveth
 'Mid the shining ones on high,
 In the glorious golden city
 Reigning everlastingly.</p> |

Away in a Manger.

"There was no room for them in the inn."—LUKE ii. 7.

From MARTIN LUTHER.

An old Normandy Carol,
Arranged by E. P.

1. A - way in a man - ger, no crib for a bed, The

lit - tle Lord Je - sus laid down His sweet head; The stars in the

bright sky looked down where He lay, The lit - tle Lord

Verses 1 & 2. Je - sus a - sleep on the hay. *Verse 3.* live with Thee there.

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2. The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes;
But little Lord Jesus, no crying He makes:
I love Thee, Lord Jesus; look down from the sky,
And stay by my side until morning is nigh.
3. Be near me, Lord Jesus; I ask Thee to stay
Close by me for ever, and love me, I pray;
Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care,
And fit us for heaven to live with Thee there.

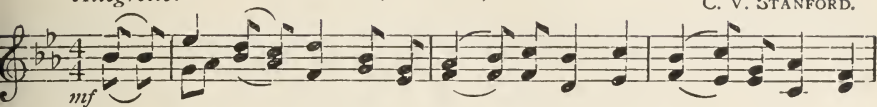
In the Snow.

K. W. LUNDIE. "They came with haste, and found . . the Babe lying in a manger."

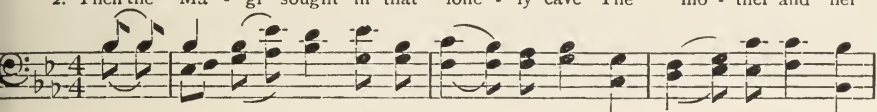
Allegretto.

(LUKE II. 16.)

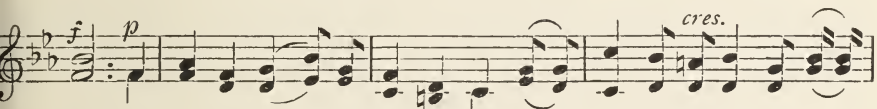
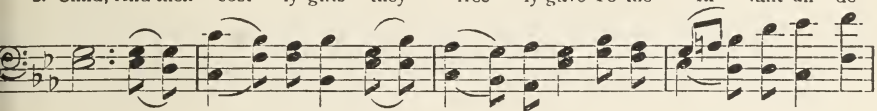
C. V. STANFORD.



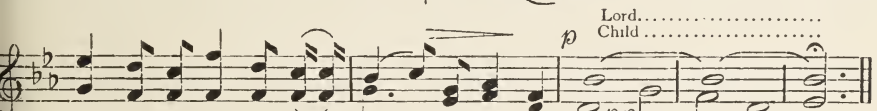
1. Oh, nev - er a foot - print was seen in the snow, And nev - er a sound was
2. Then the Ma - gi sought in that lone - ly cave The mo - ther and her



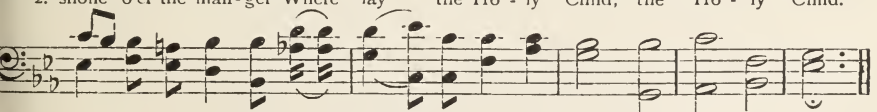
1. heard, That first Christmas morning, when shepherds did go To the man - ger to greet their
2. Child, And their cost - ly gifts they free - ly gave To the In - fant un - de -



1. Lord. They left their sheep In the snow so deep; They heed - ed not dan - ger In
2. - filed. The East - ern Star Had led them far; But they stay'd not for dan - ger Till it



1. seek - ing the man - ger Where lay their in - fant Lord, their in - fant Lord.
2. shone o'er the man - ger Where lay the Ho - ly Child, the Ho - ly Child.



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3. No others came in those far-off days
To greet the King of heaven;
But His mother sang sweet songs of praise
For the Child whom God had given.
She knew her Son
Was the Holy One,
And she feared not the danger
She faced in the manger
When she bore the King of heaven.

4. Now many a footprint is seen in the snow,
And joyous tones are heard,
As we leave our toil and cares and go
To the manger to greet our Lord.
Peace and good will
Our spirits fill;
Nor trouble nor danger
Can enter the manger
Where lies our Infant Lord.

254 The Stars are Shining Bright and Clear.

"Glory to God in the highest."—LUKE ii. 14.

J. THRELFALL. By per.

L. J. KENNEDY.

$\text{♩} = 96.$

1. The stars are shin-ing bright and clear, The hills are white with snow;.....

Our Christ-mas - tide has come a - gain, Our hearts with joy o'er - flow;.....

The Christ-mas car - ols, sweet and glad, Are sound - ing on the air;

And Christ-mas wreaths, in glisten-ing show, Make bright the house of prayer.

The Stars are Shining Bright and Clear—*continued.*

2. Not here across the snow was heard
The first sweet Christmas song ;
But where the crimson lilies bloom,
Judæa's hills among ;
Those hills where David long before
His father's sheep had kept ;
And where o'er Rachel's lonely tomb,
The mourning Jacob wept.
3. And not by earthly choristers
Was the first carol sung ;
Not through the shining temple courts
Its faultless music rung ;
No listening crowds had gathered there,
That wondrous chant to hear ;
Save watchful shepherds on the hills
No human soul was near.
4. 'Twas sung by countless multitudes
Of angels pure and bright,
And o'er the bare and silent hills
There shone a glorious light ;
Such heavenly music ne'er was heard
Before by sons of men,
And never more shall song like that
Be heard on earth again.
5. We know the tidings which they brought
Of Christ our Saviour's birth,
Their song of "Glory be to God,
Good will and peace on earth ;"
In crowded church and quiet homes
We chant that carol still ;
'Tis heard from city streets and courts,
From vale and lonely hill.
6. For us the gracious Saviour came,
For us He lived and died,
For us was born a little Babe,
For us was crucified :
And so the Christmas carol, sung
By angels long ago,
Is sweeter than all other songs
Which Christians sing below.

The Shepherds had an Angel.

"The angel said, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy."—LUKE II. 10.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.
By per. of the S.P.C.K.

(INGOLDMELLS.)

ARTHUR H. BROWN.

1. The shep - herds had an an - gel, The wise men had a

star ;..... But what have I, a lit - tle child, To

guide me home from far,..... Where glad stars sing to -

- geth - er, And sing - ing an - gels are? A - men.

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- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Lord Jesus is my Guardian,
So I can nothing lack :
The lambs lie in His bosom
Along life's dangerous track :
The wilful lambs that go astray
He, bleeding, fetches back.</p> | <p>4. Christ watches me, His little lamb,
Cares for me day and night,
That I may be His own in heaven ;
So angels clad in white
Shall sing their Glory, glory,
For my sake in the height.</p> |
| <p>3. Those shepherds through the lonely night
Sat watching by their sheep,
Until they saw the heavenly host
Who neither tire nor sleep ;
All singing Glory, glory,
In festival they keep.</p> | <p>5. Lord, bring me nearer day by day,
Till I my voice unite,
And sing my Glory, glory,
With angels clad in white.
All Glory, glory, given to Thee,
Through all the heavenly height.</p> |

On Easter Morn.

Tr. J. W. HEWETT.

"He is risen, as He said."—MATT. xxviii. 6.

A Flemish Carol arr. by E. P.

mf Allegretto.

1. On Eas-ter morn Christ rose a - gain! Re - joice, re - joice, good Chris-tian men:

Al - - le - lu - ia! Al - - le - lu - ia! But

two days since He deign'd to die, That we no more in death might lie.

Al - - le - lu - ia! Al - - le - lu - ia!

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2. The holy women to the tomb
With gifts of precious ointment come: Alleluia!
They seek within the guarded grave
The Lord, who died mankind to save. Alleluia!
3. An angel clad in white appears,
Who brings glad tidings to their ears; Alleluia!
"Ye trembling daughters, do not fear;
Ye seek the Christ; He is not here." Alleluia!
4. Go, bid the glad disciples see
Their risen Lord in Galilee: Alleluia!
Of Simon Peter, next, I ween,
Then of th' eleven, He was seen. Alleluia!
5. This time of holy paschal joy,
In hymns to Christ let all employ: Alleluia!
The Holy Trinity be praised,
Glad thanks to God Almighty raised. Alleluia!

257 To Him Who for our Sins was Slain.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."—REV. v. 12.

A. T. RUSSELL.

Arr. by E. P.

TREPLES ONLY. (*Not too slow.*)

mp

1. To Him who for our sins was slain, To Him, for all His dy-ing

> FULL HAR. *mf* **MEN ONLY.**

pain, Sing... we Al - le - lu - ia! To

Him, the Lamb our sac - ri - fice, Who gave His soul our ran - som

f>

price, Sing..... we Al - le - lu -

verses 1, 2, 3. *mf*

ia! **ORGAN.** *verses 2, 3, 4.* 2. To

To Him Who for our Sins was Slain—continued.

verse 4. *f* *faster.*

ia! Al . . . le - lu . . . ia!

mf *p*

Al . . . le - lu . . . ia! A . . . men.....

2. To Him who died that we might die
To sin, and live with Him on high,
Sing we Alleluia!
To Him who rose that we might rise
And reign with Him beyond the skies,
Sing we Alleluia!
3. To Him who now for us doth plead,
And helpeth us in all our need,
Sing we Alleluia!
To Him who doth prepare on high
Our home in immortality,
Sing we Alleluia!
4. To Him be glory evermore;
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore!
Sing we Alleluia!
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
One God most High, our joy and boast,
Sing we Alleluia!

Alleluia! Sing the Triumph.

"I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore."—Rev. i. 18.

E. M. DAWSON.

Allegro.

HUGH BUCKLEY.

ff

** i.* Al - le - lu - ia! sing the tri - umph Of the Vic - tor

in the strife, Who thro' death, Him - self hath brought us

mf

To the Re - sur - rec - tion Life, Lo, the bars of

mf *f*

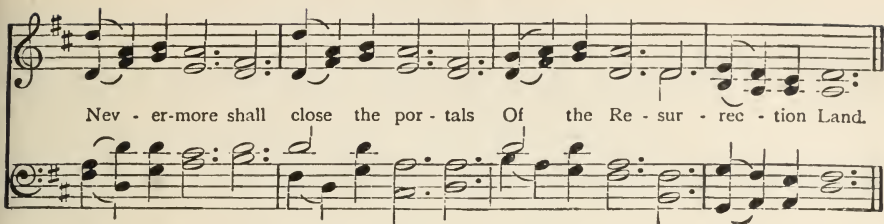
death are ri - ven; Now for ev - er o - pen stand,

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* If preferred the first bar may be sung thus—

Al - le - lu - ia!

Alleluia! Sing the Triumph—*continued.*



2. Alleluia! lo, the darkness
Breaks in everlasting dawn;
Fled for ever in the radiance
Of the Resurrection Morn.
Now is past the night of weeping,
With the morning cometh joy;
By His glorious Resurrection
Death's fell power did He destroy.
3. Lo, the keys of death are holden
By the Victor glorified;
Christ the gates of heaven hath opened
Unto all believers wide.
Day and night the great procession
Of the ransomed enters in;
Jesus lives! Because He liveth,
Life eternal man may win.
4. Alleluia! Christ is risen!
He hath triumphed gloriously:
Now, through Christ, may man triumphant,
Joyful gain the victory.
Alleluia! Saviour, keep us
By Thy heavenly grace, we pray,
That we keep with Thee in heaven
Everlasting Easter Day.
5. Alleluia! Lord, we hail Thee,
Join the chorus of the skies,
And with angels and archangels
Bid the hymn of praise arise.
Alleluia! praise and glory,
Laud, thanksgiving, honour, might,
Worship, blessing, adoration,
To the Victor Infinite!

Night's Glittering Morn.

"The Lord reigneth; He is clothed with majesty."—PSALM xciii. 1.

Tr. J. M. NEALE.

From an old lowland Carol, circa 1400? Arr. by E. P.

1. Light's glit - t'ring morn be - decks the sky; Heaven thun - ders

forth... its vic - tor - cry; The glad earth shouts her tri - umph high, And

più rit. | *except last verse.* | *Last verse.*

groan - ing hell makes wild re - ply;..... praise. A - men. ...
a tempo. *a tempo.*

più rit. *a tempo.* *a tempo.*

Night's Glittering Morn—*continued.*

PART 1.

2. While He, the King, the mighty King,
Despoiling death of all its sting,
And, trampling down the powers of night,
Brings forth His ransomed saints to light.
3. His tomb of late the threefold guard
Of watch and stone and seal had barred ;
But now, in pomp and triumph high,
He comes from death to victory.
4. The pains of hell are loosed at last ;
The days of mourning now are past ;
An angel robed in white hath said,
"The Lord is risen from the dead."

PART 2.

5. The apostles' hearts were full of pain
For their dear Lord so lately slain,
By rebel servants doomed to die
A death of cruel agony.
6. With gentle voice the angel gave
The women tidings at the grave ;
"Fear not, your Master shall ye see ;
He goes before to Galilee."
7. Then, hastening on their eager way
The joyful tidings to convey,
Their Lord they met, their living Lord,
And, falling at His feet, adored.
8. The eleven, when they hear, with speed
To Galilee forthwith proceed,
That there once more they may behold
The Lord's dear face, as He foretold.

PART 3.

9. That Easter-tide with joy was bright,
The sun shone out with fairer light,
When, to their longing eyes restored,
The apostles saw their risen Lord.
10. He bade them see His hands, His side,
Where yet the glorious wounds abide ;
The tokens true which made it plain
Their Lord indeed was risen again.
11. Jesu, the King of gentleness,
Do Thou Thyself our hearts possess,
That we may give Thee all our days
The tribute of our grateful praise.

The following may be sung at the end of each part :—

O Lord of all, with us abide,
In this our joyful Eastertide ;
From every weapon death can wield
Thine own redeemed for ever shield.

"If these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out."—LUKE xix. 40.

NELLIE TALBOT.

$\text{♩} = 58$.

CORBYN MAITLAND.

1. Sing a hymn of praise to Je - sus, All a - long the pil - grim way;
 2. Sing of His great love to save us, Here on earth to live and die;
 3. Sing with glad - ness! for our Sa - viour Loves to hear the chil - dren's song;

1. For our hearts are full of glad - ness, He has bless'd us ev - 'ry day.
 2. Gave His life a ran - som for us, That we all might dwell on high.
 3. He de - lights to see us hap - py, As our days pass quick - ly on.

CHORUS.

Sing..... for Je - sus, live..... for Je - sus! We are His, and His for aye!

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4. Sing His praises—Jesus ever
 All our hope and help and stay;
 Living for Him, helping others—
 Thus to greet each opening day.

5. So we sing to Thee, dear Jesus,
 Songs of thankfulness and praise;
 Come and bless us with Thy presence,
 Till in heaven one song we raise!

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me"—MARK x 14.

C. WESLEY.

(ALDINGTON. 7.7.7.7.)

GERALD PENLEY.

$\text{♩} = 76$.

1. Gen - tle Je - sus, meek and mild, Look up - on a lit - tle child;
 2. Fain I would to Thee be brought; Bless - ed Lord, for - bid it not;
 3. Fain I would be as Thou art; Give me Thy o - be - dient heart;

Gentle Jesus, Meek and Mild—continued.

1. Pi - ty my sim - pli - ci - ty, Suf - fer me to come to Thee.
 2. In the King - dom of Thy grace Give a lit - tle child a place.
 3. Thou art pi - ti - ful and kind; Let me have Thy lov - ing mind.

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- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>4. Oh, supply my every want;
 Feed the young and tender plant;
 Day and night my Keeper be;
 Every moment watch round me.</p> | <p>5. Let me above all fulfil
 God my heavenly Father's will;
 Never His good Spirit grieve,
 Only to His glory live.</p> |
|--|---|

262

If I Come to Jesus.

F. J. CROSBY.

"Jesus called a little child unto Him."—MATT. xviii. 2.

TREBLES ONLY (or SOLO VOICE).

HUGH BUCKLEY.

$\text{♩} = 72$, *Not too fast.*

1. If I come to Je - sus, He will make me glad; He will give me
 2. If I come to Je - sus, He will hear my prayer; He will love me

CHORUS. *Firmly (may be sung in harmony).*

1. plea - sure, When my heart is sad..... } If I come to Je - sus,
 2. dear - ly, He my sins did bear..... }

mp *Slower.*

Hap - py I shall be;..... He is gen - tly call - ing Lit - tle ones like me.

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- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3. If I come to Jesus,
 He will take my hand;
 He will kindly lead me
 To a better land.</p> | <p>4. There, with happy children,
 Robed in snowy white,
 I shall see my Saviour
 In that world so bright.</p> |
|---|--|

"Thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart."—JEREMIAH xv. 16.

E. PAXTON HOOD.

(THE LAMP OF LIFE. 7.6.7.6.D.)

LAWRENCE HOWLETT.

Very brightly.

The musical score is written for a four-part vocal ensemble (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It consists of four systems of staves. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo/mood is marked 'Very brightly.' The second system continues the melody. The third system includes the instruction 'a little' above the final measure of the vocal line. The fourth system begins with the instruction 'slower.' and ends with the vocal line marked 'A - men.' The piano accompaniment is written in the bass clef and provides harmonic support throughout.

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1. WE love the good old Bible,
The glorious words of God ;
The lamp for those who travel
O'er all life's dreary road ;
The watchword in life's battle,
The chart in life's dark sea ;
The beautiful, dear Bible,
It shall our teacher be.

2. Who would not love the Bible,
So beautiful and wise !
Its teachings charm the simple,
And all point to the skies ;
Its stories all so mighty
Of men so brave to see,
The beautiful, dear Bible,
It shall our teacher be.

3. But most we love the Bible,
For there we children learn
How Christ for us became a child
Our hearts to Him to turn ;
And how He bowed to sorrow,
That we His face might see ;
The Bible, oh, the Bible—
It shall our teacher be !

4. Then we will hold the Bible —
The glorious book of God :
We'll ne'er forsake the Bible,
Through all life's future road,
And when we shall be dying,
Whenever that may be,
The beautiful, dear Bible,
It shall our solace be.

Oh, Come in Early Morning.

"Those that seek Me early shall find Me."—PROVERBS viii. 17.

J. BROWNLIE.

REGINALD F. BARCLAY.

♩ = 144.

1. Oh, come in ear - ly morn - ing, The Sa - viour's heart is kind;
 2. Oh, come in ear - ly morn - ing, The dew is on the flow'r;
 3. Oh, come in ear - ly morn - ing, The sun is climb - ing high;

1. And they who seek Him ear - ly Are ev - er sure to find;....
 2. There's laugh - ter in the wood - land, And mu - sic in the bow'r;....
 3. And all the world is smi - ling Be - neath a cloud - less sky;....

1. They can - not miss the path - way, When all a - round is bright;
 2. The world is full of glad - ness, And sings the Ma - ker's praise;
 3. There's not a pi - ping black - bird, But sings with lus - ty glee;

1. They lose the path and stum - ble, Who tar - ry till the night.
 2. There's not a note of sad - ness To mar the ma - tin lays.
 3. There's not a lit - tle lamb - kin, But fro - lics on the lea.

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4. Oh, come in early morning,
 It cannot aye be bright;
 The night shall fold its curtains,
 And hide the joyous light;
 And gloom, and grief, and sadness,
 Shall be in every song:
 Oh, come in early morning,
 And serve Him all day long.

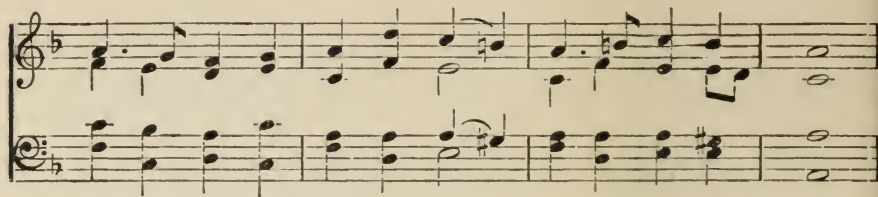
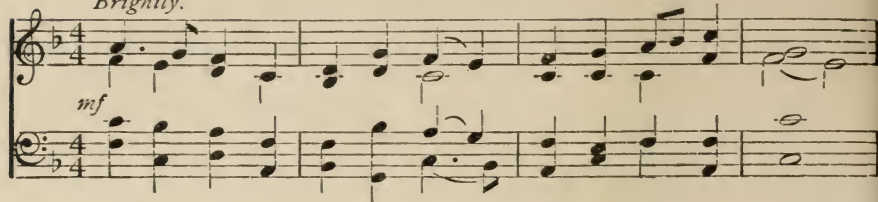
5. Oh, come in early morning;
 Oh, come with laughing eye;
 Oh, come with pulses bounding,
 And hope that's soaring high:
 The joy of morn shall linger
 Throughout a joyous day,
 And in the night the gladness
 No gloom shall chase away.

"Thine eyes shall . . . behold the land that is very far off."—ISA. xxxiii. 17.

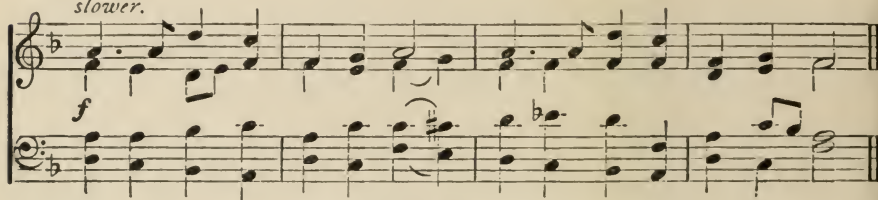
(SAINTS' BAY. 7-5-7-5-7-7.)

GERALD F. HAMILTON.

Brightly.



slower.



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1. EVERY morning the red sun
Rises warm and bright ;
But the evening cometh on,
And the dark cold night:
There's a bright land far away,
Where 'tis never-ending day.
2. Every spring the sweet young flowers
Open bright and gay,
Till the chilly autumn hours
Wither them away :
There's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are always green.
3. Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long ;
But in colder, shorter days

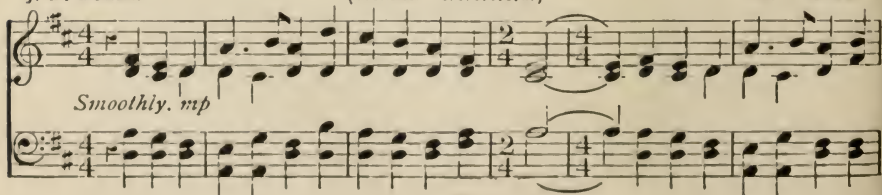
- They forget their song :
There's a place where angels sing
Ceaseless praises to their King.
4. Christ our Lord is ever near
Those who follow Him ;
But we cannot see Him here,
For our eyes are dim :
There is a most happy place,
Where men always see His face.
 5. Who shall go to that fair land?
All who love the right ;
Holy children there shall stand
In their robes of white :
For that heaven, so bright and blest,
Is our everlasting rest. Amen.

"The Lord called Samuel : and he answered, Here am I."—1 SAMUEL iii. 4.

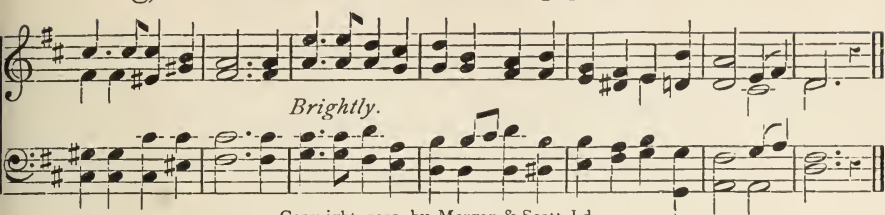
J. D. BURNS.

(HILLDA. 6.6.6.6.8.8.)

G. F. COBB.



Hushed was the Evening Hymn—continued.



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- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. HUSHED was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark:
When suddenly a voice Divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.</p> <p>2. The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.</p> | <p>3. Oh, give me Samuel's ear!
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word;
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.</p> <p>4. Oh, give me Samuel's heart!
A lowly heart, that waits
When in Thy house Thou call;
Or watches at Thy gates
By day and night—a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.</p> <p>5. Oh, give me Samuel's mind!
A sweet, unurm'ring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death:
That I may read, with child-like eyes,
Truths that are hidden from the wise.</p> |
|---|---|

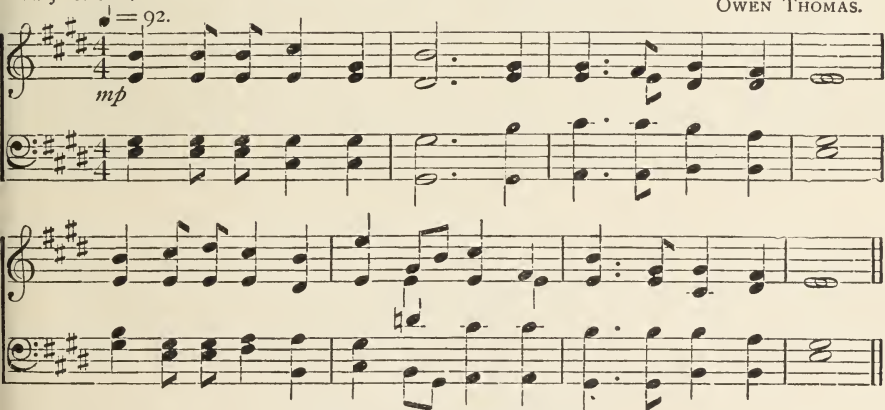
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Come, Little Child, with me.

E. JACKSON.

"I will teach you the fear of the Lord."—PSALM xxxiv. 11.

OWEN THOMAS.



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- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. COME, little child, with me,
And learn the way to heaven!
There is to little ones like thee
A blessed welcome given.</p> <p>2. Come now, because the gate
At which thou must begin
Is very low and very strait,
And children best go in.</p> <p>3. Come now and learn the way,
It is both rough and steep;
And they who learn not whilst they may
Will scarce their footing keep.</p> | <p>4. Come now, for round thee here,
Here in this world below,
Are snares and dangers everywhere,
Which thou shouldst never know.</p> <p>5. Come now, in these spring days;
Whilst waiting for thy love,
The good, the gracious Shepherd stays
To guide thee home above.</p> <p>6. Come! for where He is King,
Up in the glorious sky,
The flowers are sweet, the angels sing,
And children never die.</p> |
|---|--|

I Came to Hear the Story.

E. H. MILLER.

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"—ROM. viii. 35.

JOHN HARFORD.

*Andante.**mf* SOLO VOICE, OR TREBLES ONLY.

mf

1. I love to hear the sto-ry Which an-gel voi-ces

f

tell, How once the King of Glo-ry Came down on earth to

cres.

cres.

dwell: I am both weak and sin-ful, But this I sure-ly

I To be to Hear the Story—continued.

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It is in 2/4 time and G major. The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the first two staves of music, with lyrics 'know— The Lord came down to save me, Be - cause He loves me'. The second system contains the next three staves of music, with lyrics 'so ! Be - cause He loves, be - cause He loves me so !'. The score includes various musical markings such as 'rit.' (ritardando), 'cres.' (crescendo), 'a tempo', 'f' (forte), 'mp' (mezzo-piano), 'No Pedal.', and 'Pedal.'. The piano part features a prominent bass line with sustained notes and chords.

know— The Lord came down to save me, Be - cause He loves me

so ! Be - cause He loves, be - cause He loves me so !

CHORUS.

Be - cause He loves, Be - cause He loves me so.

No Pedal. Pedal.

2. I'm glad my blessed Saviour
 Was once a child like me,
 To show how pure and holy
 His little ones might be ;
 And if I try to follow
 His footsteps here below,
 He never will forget me,
 Because He loves me so !

3. To sing His love and mercy,
 My sweetest songs I'll raise ;
 And though I cannot see Him,
 I know He hears my praise ;
 For He has kindly promised—
 That I shall surely go
 To sing among His angels,
 Because He loves me so !

* When the Solo part is sung by all the Trebles, they must divide for the Chorus.

Lamb of God, I Look to Thee.

"I have given you an example."—JOHN xiii. 15.

C. WESLEY.

(SYDNEY. 7-7-7-7.)

EDGAR PETTMAN.

Very slow, smooth, and soft.

A-men.

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- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. LAMB of God, I look to Thee ;
Thou shalt my example be :
Thou art gentle, meek and mild ;
Thou wast once a little child.</p> <p>2. Thou didst live to God alone ;
Thou didst never seek Thine own ;
Thou Thyself didst never please ;
God was all Thy happiness.</p> | <p>3. Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am ;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art ;
Live Thyself within my heart.</p> <p>4. I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days ;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.</p> |
|--|---|

270 Saviour, while my Heart is Tender.

"I am Thine ; save me."—PSALM cxix. 94.

J. BURTON, Jun.

(BRABOURNE. 8.7.8.7.)

CONSTANCE PHILLIPS.

A-men.

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- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. SAVIOUR, while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to Thee,
All my powers to Thee surrender,
Thine, and only Thine, to be.</p> <p>2. Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me ;
Let my youthful heart be Thine ;
Thy devoted servant make me ;
Fill my soul with love Divine.</p> <p>3. Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me,
Only do Thou guide my way ;</p> | <p>May Thy grace through life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.</p> <p>4. Let me do Thy will or bear it ;
I would know no will but Thine ;
Shouldst Thou take my life or spare it,
I that life to Thee resign.</p> <p>5. Thine I am, O Lord, for ever,
To Thy service set apart ;
Suffer me to leave Thee never
Seal Thine image on my heart.</p> |
|--|--|

J. KING.

(HOSANNA. 7.6.7.6. D.)

NOEL JOHNSON.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a final measure containing a whole note chord.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 2/4. The melody consists of four measures: G4 (quarter), A4-B4 (beamed eighth notes), C5 (quarter), and B4-A4 (beamed eighth notes). The accompaniment consists of four measures: G3 (quarter), A3-B3 (beamed eighth notes), C4 (quarter), and B3-A3 (beamed eighth notes). The piece ends with a double bar line.

[illegible]

A-men.

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1. WHEN His salvation bringing
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His name:
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But as He rode along
He bade them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.
2. Then since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,

We'll flock around His banner
Who sits upon the throne,
And sing aloud, Hosanna!
To David's royal Son!

3. For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But should we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.

H. BATEMAN.

"Thou God seest me."—GENESIS xvi. 13.

Andante. ♩ = 82.

HORACE BARFORD.

p

1. In my soft bed, when quite a - lone, God watch-es me with care!

p

Sees me at ris - ing, kneel - ing down, And list - ens to my prayer.

CHORUS.

f

God watch - es me with care,..... God watch - es

God... watch - es me..... with

mp

me with care,..... God watches me... and list - ens to my prayer...

care, with care,.....

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2. He follows me through all the day,
Knows everything I do;
Remembers every word I say,
My thoughts and temper too.

3. If I am kind, God knows it well;
If I am cross, He hears;
A falsehood from the truth can tell:
He sees my smiles and tears.

4. Great God, my footsteps guide and bless,
And may it be to me
A thankfulness and happiness,
That "Thou, God, seest me."

The Hours of Day are Over.

"Abide with us, for it is toward evening."—LUKE xxiv. 29.

J. ELLERTON.

UNIS. $\text{♩} = 94$

HAR.

REGINALD F. BARCLAY.

mf
1. The hours of day are o - ver, The ev - 'ning calls us home;

UNIS.

HAR.

Once more to Thee, O Fa - ther, With thank - ful hearts we come;

UNIS.

HAR.

For all Thy count - less bles - sings We praise Thy ho - ly Name,

And own Thy love un - chang - ing, Thro' days and years the same.

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- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3. But these, O Lord, can show us
Thy goodness but in part;
Thy love would lead us onward
To know Thee as Thou art:
Thy Son came down from heaven
To take away our sin;
Thy Spirit dwells among us
To make us clean within.</p> | <p>4. For this, O Lord, we bless Thee,
For this, we thank Thee most—
The cleansing of the sinful,
The saving of the lost;
The Teacher ever present,
The Friend for ever nigh,
The Home prepared by Jesus
For us above the sky.</p> |
| <p>5. Lord, gather all Thy children
To meet Thee there at last,
When earthly tasks are ended,
And earthly days are past;
With all our dear ones round us
In that eternal home,
Where death no more shall part us,
And nigh shall never come!</p> | |

"Let my prayer be as the evening sacrifice."—PSALM cxli. 2.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

J. H. S. FOTHERGILL.

Andante.
pp ORGAN. *mf*

p TREBLE VOICES.
 1. Sa - viour, now the day is end - ing,
più rit. *a tempo.*

And the shades of eve - ning fall: Let Thy Spi - rit,

Sabour, Now the Day is Ending—continued.

now de-scend - ing, Bring Thy mer - cy to us all.

CHORUS.
p a tempo.

Set Thy seal on ev - 'ry heart, Je - sus, bless us ere we part.

2. Bless the gospel message spoken,
In Thine own appointed way;
Give each fainting soul a token
Of Thy tender love to-day.
3. Comfort those in pain and sorrow,
Watch each sleeping child of Thine;
Let us all arise to-morrow
Strengthened by Thy grace Divine.
4. Pardon Thou each deed unholy;
Lord, forgive each sinful thought;
Make us contrite, pure, and lowly,
By Thy great example taught.
5. Parents, teachers, friends, and pastor,
Fold them to Thy loving breast;
Guard them safely, gracious Master,
Bless them, and they shall be blest.

The Time is Drawing Near.

"There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."—2 TIMOTHY iv. 8.

J. BROWNLIE.

HUGH ARTHUR WENTWORTH.

mp $\text{♩} = 44$

1. The time is draw - ing near, It may not tar - ry long,
2. Let sun - shine flood the soul, When threat - ning night de - scends,

1. When they who face the con - flict here Shall join the glo - rious throng,
2. That I may see the light se - rene No sun - set ev - er ends.

CHORUS.

f

Where glad - ness fills the heart, And hon - our crowns the brow;

For tire - less ser - vice fit me, Lord, By will - ing ser - vice now.

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3. Let strength my spirit nerve,
That, with each labour done,
I may, like those who serve above,
See some new task begun.

4. The time is drawing near:
Till that bright morning break,
May I, with those who see Thy face,
Thy will, my pleasure make.

To Thy Blest Cross.

J. BROWNLIE.

"While we were yet sinners Christ died for us."—ROMANS v. 8.

HUGH BUCKLEY.

$\text{♩} = 56.$

mf

1. To Thy blest cross, O Christ, we come, And fall-ing down a - dore Thee, And humbly make con-
fes-sion full Of all our sins be - fore Thee, Of all our sins be - fore Thee.

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2. For Thou Thyself art very God,
And freely cam'st to save us ;
And in our flesh the fetters broke
With which our sins enslave us.

3. Therefore we own with grateful hearts
The joy the Saviour brought us,
Who came to earth, and in our sins
With love and pity sought us.

The Crimson Blush of Morning.

J. BROWNLIE.

"The Lord's mercies . . . are new every morning."—LAMENTATIONS iii. 23.

HUGH ARTHUR WENTWORTH.

$\text{♩} = 92.$

mf

1. The crim - son blush of morn - ing glows On tow'r-ing peaks where clouds re - pose ;
2. O Light Di - vine, each op - 'ning day Il - lume our souls with glad - ning ray :

1. And, lo! the som-bre robe of night Is rent with shafts of gold - en light.
2. And, as the sun his course pur-sues, With grow - ing light our lives dif - fuse.

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3. In childhood's morn, when wondering eyes
Behold the light that fills the skies ;
And loins are girt at opening day
Life's myriad voices to obey :
4. O Light Divine, serene and pure,
Shine on a path of life, secure ;
Let joy, like songs the morn that greet,
Make music for the willing feet.

5. When, prompted by the will of God,
A path we tread, before untrod ;
And doubts our onward course attend,
Thy light upon our path extend.
6. O Light of lights, when day is done,
And night pursues our setting sun,
Be ours to hail that better day,
Whose light Thou art eternally.

I've Seen the Face of Jesus.

"Sweet is Thy voice, and Thy countenance is comely."—SONG SOL. II. 14.

W. SPENCER WALTON.

JOHN HUBERT CRAIG.

$\text{♩} = 56.$

1. I've seen the face of Je - sus, He smiled in love on me; It filled my heart with

rap - ture, My soul with ec - sta - sy. The scars of deep - est an - guish Were

lost in glo - ry bright: I've seen the face of Je - sus, It was a won - drous sight!

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2. And since I've seen His beauty,
All else I count but loss;
The world, its fame and pleasure,
Is now to me but dross.
His light dispelled my darkness,
His smile was oh, so sweet!
I've seen the face of Jesus,
I can but kiss His feet!
3. I've heard the voice of Jesus;
He told me of His love,
And called me His own treasure,
His undefiled, His dove!
It came like softest breezes
Across an ocean caln,
And seemed to play so gently
Some wondrous holy psalm!

4. I've felt the touch of Jesus:
My brow it throbbed with care;
He touched it oh, so softly!
And whispered, "Do not fear!"
Like clouds before the sunshine
My cares have rolled away;
I'm sitting in His presence:
It is a cloudless day.
5. I know He's coming shortly
To take us all above,
To sing redemption's story—
The story of His love.
We'll hear His voice of music,
We'll feel His hand of care;
He'll never rest, He says so,
Until He has us there!

He could not Love me Better.

"The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."—EPHESIANS III. 19.

W. SPENCER WALTON.

E. W. SHUTTLEWORTH.

$\text{♩} = 144.$

1. He could not love me bet - ter, A sin - ner, dark as night; For me He left the

2. He could not love me bet - ter; He gave His life for me, A will - ing, spotless

3. He could not love me bet - ter; As Vic - tor o'er the tomb, He took the sting of

He could not Love me Better—continued.

1. glo - ry— That glo - ry fair and bright. From heights of cloud - less sun - shine, To
 2. vic - tim, Up - on Mount Cal - va - ry! And there a - lone He suf - fer'd; He
 3. death-a-way, Dis - pel - ling all the gloom. Cap - tive He led cap - tiv - i - ty, And

1. depths of deep - est woe; Oh, love that pass - eth know - ledge, To think He loved me so!
 2. bore the curse, the guilt; The Just One for the un - just, His precious blood was spilt.
 3. set the pris - ner free, Brought peace, and joy, and glad - ness, In place of mis - e - ry.

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4. He could not love me better,
 He keeps me all the way,
 And when I grasp His pierc'd hand,
 He never lets me stray.
 When empty, then He fills me;
 When weak, He makes me strong;
 And e'en the wail of sorrow
 He turns into a song.

5. He could not love me better;
 For me He doth prepare,
 Among His many mansions,
 A special place up there:
 And I, with many another,
 Am called to be His bride,
 His own especial treasure,
 His Church for whom He died.

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O Father God who Lovest us.

"God sent His only-begotten Son . . . that we might live through Him."

A. SMALL.
 ♩ = 96.

(1 JOHN iv. 9.)

JOHN WALTER MASON.

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1. O FATHER GOD who lovest us,
 And who Thy Son didst give
 To show that wondrous love of Thine:
 Oh, teach us how to live,
 That we may joyfully fulfil
 The purpose of Thy holy will!

2. O Thou who dost Thy Spirit send
 To all who love the light,
 Inspire our souls that we may learn
 To love and do the right,
 And so by faith and grace to win
 The vict'ry over self and sin!

3. As Thou Thy rain and sunshine dost
 On just and unjust send,
 So may we see with eyes of love
 In every man a friend!
 May we such grace to others show
 That they shall learn Thy love to know!

4. Increase, O Lord, our trust in Thee!
 Increase our faith and love!
 And lead us by Thy Spirit's power,
 Until in heaven above
 We may at last Thy glory see,
 And reign with Christ eternally!

E. MAY GRIMES.

(HEB. iii. 1; xii. 3.)

E. W. SHUTTLEWORTH.

$\text{♩} = 63.$

mf

1. "Con - sid - er Him"; let Christ thy pat - tern be,..... And know that

He hath ap - pre - hend - ed thee..... To share His ve - ry life— His power Di -

- vine..... And in the like - ness of thy Lord to shine.....

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- [2. Oh, purpose far above all thought! so grand,
So wonderful! how canst thou understand
Except the blessed Paraclete draw nigh,
And with empowering touch anoint the eye?
3. So shalt thou see the glory of the Lord—
The glory of a life of love outpoured,
Till blinded by that vision thou art won
To follow in the pathway He has gone.]
4. "Consider Him"; so shalt thou day by day
Seek out the lowliest place, and therein stay,
Content to pass away, a thing of naught,
That glory to the Father's name be brought.
5. Shrink not, O child of God, but fearless go
Down into death with Jesus. Thou shalt know
"The power of an endless life" begin,
With "glorious liberty" from self and sin.
6. "Consider Him," and thus thy life shall be
Filled with self-sacrifice and purity:
God will work out in thee the pattern true,
And Christ's example ever keep in view.
7. "Consider Him": thy great High Priest above
Is interceding in untiring love; [vail"
And He would have thee thus "within the
By Spirit-breathed petitions to prevail.
8. "Consider Him"; and as you run the race,
Keep ever upward looking in His face;
And thus transformed, illumined thou shalt be,
And Christ's own image shall be seen in thee.

282 I cannot Breathe Enough of Thee.

"I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys."—SOL. SONG II. 1.

W. SPENCER WALTON.

EDGAR PETIMAN.

$\text{♩} = 92.$

f

1. I cannot breathe e-nough of Thee, O gen - tle breeze of Love; More fragrant than the

I cannot Breathe Enough of Thee—continued.

myr - tle - tree The Rose of Sha - ron is to me—The balm of heav'n a - bove!

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2. I cannot gaze enough on Thee,
Thou fairest of the fair;
My heart is filled with ecstasy
As in Thy face of radiance
I see such beauty there.

3. I cannot work enough for Thee,
My Saviour, Master, Friend;
I do not wish to go out free,
But ever, always, willingly,
To serve Thee to the end.

4. I cannot sing enough of Thee,
The sweetest name on earth;
A note so full of melody
Comes from my heart so joyously,
And fills my soul with mirth.

5. I cannot speak enough to Thee:
I have so much to tell,
Thy heart it beats so tenderly,
As Thou dost draw me close to Thee
And whisper, "All is well!"

283 Father, Accept the Little Gifts.

A. SMALL. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."—PSALM ciii. 2.

GERTRUDE MAYHEW.

♩ = 112.

1. Fa - ther, ac - cept the lit - tle gifts We bring in grat - i - tude
2. Fa - ther, ac - cept the hum - ble prayers We of - fer to Thee now;

1. For all Thy won - drous gifts to us From day to day re - new'd;
2. Thou know'st the se - crets of each heart— Our hope and joy art Thou!

1. And fill our hearts with pure de - sire To seek each o - ther's good.
2. Grant us, O Lord, for Je - sus' sake, Thy Ho - ly Spi - rit now!

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3. Father, accept the lowly hymns
That our weak voices raise;
May we with praise within our hearts
Go through the world always,
Until we join in heaven at last
The angels' song of praise.

4. Father, accept ourselves, we pray!
Our hearts, our lives, are Thine;
And all we have and all we are
We lay upon Thy shrine,
That, consecrated to Thy use,
All may be made Divine!

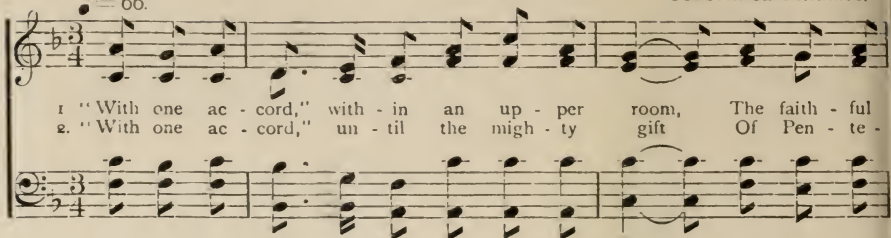
"With One Accord."

E. MAY GRIMES.

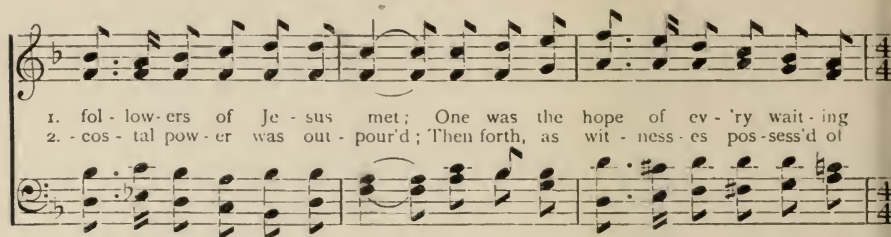
"They were all with one accord in one place."—Acts ii. 1.

CONSTANCE PHILLIPS.

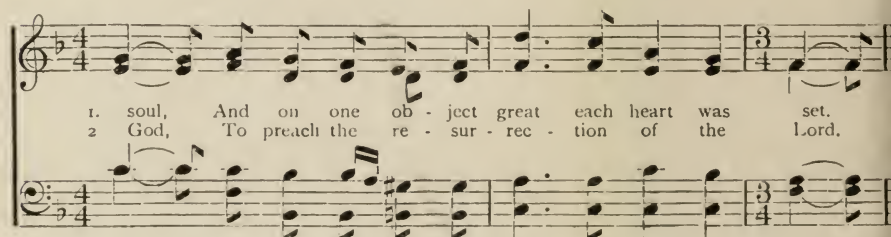
♩ = 66.



1. "With one ac - cord," with - in an up - per room, The faith - ful
2. "With one ac - cord," un - til the migh - ty gift Of Pen - te -



1. fol - low - ers of Je - sus met; One was the hope of ev - 'ry wait - ing
2. - cos - tal pow - er was out - pour'd; Then forth, as wit - ness - es pos - sess'd of



1. soul, And on one ob - ject great each heart was set.
2. God, To preach the re - sur - rec - tion of the Lord.

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3.

All things in common now! 'tis joy to share
The Father's bounty as the Father's love!
Oh, blessed days of heaven upon earth,
A foretaste of the harmony above!

4.

"With one accord," within the House of God,
A hallelujah song is daily raised;
As with the voice of one, from vocal hearts
Jehovah's name is glorified and praised.

5.

Their hand is on the throne, the throne of power!
Oh, blessed souls who thus take hold of God!
To each request an answer swift is given,
Prevailing prayer has won a great reward.

6.

Pour down Thy Spirit once again, dear Lord;
Our cry goes up to Thee for "latter rain":
Unite Thy people as the "heart of one,"
And Pentecostal days shall come again!

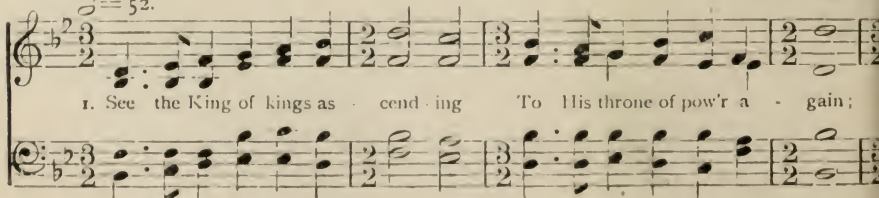
See the King of Kings Ascending.

"Angels and authorities and powers being made subject unto Him."—1 PETER iii. 22.

J. BROWNLIE.

HUGH BUCKLEY.

♩ = 52.



1. See the King of kings as - cend - ing To His throne of pow'r a - gain;

See the King of Kings Ascending—*continued.*

Who in hum-ble garb de - scend - ing Came to dwell with low - ly men.

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2. Glad the angel-hosts adoring
Fling the golden gates aside;
Mortals, view the Victor soaring,
Heav'n receives the Lord with pride.

3. Strike your harps, ye choirs supernal;
Lift your songs of welcome now;
For behold, your King eternal
Comes with laurels on His brow.

4. Gone the sorrow and the sighing,
All the anguish and the pain;
Gone the weakness and the dying—
Choirs immortal, raise the strain:

5. Hallelujah! endless glory
To the King of Glory give;
Mortals, heed the glad some story,
Christ is ris'n, and thou may'st live!

286

Saviour of Souls.

W. R. SCOTT.

"Ye shall find rest unto your souls."—MATT. xi. 29.

E. W. SHUTTLEWORTH.

1. Sa-viour of souls, to Thee we come In all our wretch-ed - ness and woe,

Long have we wan - der'd from our home, Been woun - d - ed oft by many a foe;

We long for rest, we long for Thee, We long for heav'n's e - ter - ni - ty.

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2. Saviour of souls, to Thee we pray
In all our sins and griefs and tears;
Oh, keep us in the narrow way,
And rid our souls of empty fears;
Thyself hast suffered on the tree,
Thy blood hath gained the victory.

3. Saviour of souls, we seek Thy face;
Oh, when shall we Thy beauty see?
Grant us Thy grace to run the race,
Which ends in joy and peace and Thee;
Then, Saviour, take Thy power that we
May reign with Thee eternally.

"I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine."—SOL. SONG vi. 3.

W. SPENCER WALTON.

HENRY HADLOW.

$\text{♩} = 100.$

1. Dis - sat - is - fied with earth - ly joy,..... O Lord, I turn to Thee;

The bro - ken cis - terns all have fail'd, But now in Thee I see

Deep springs of life and joy, which flow In sweet - est pu - ri - ty.

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2. I craved for love, but found it not,
Except an ebb and flow;
But now in Thee I have a love
That sets my heart aglow—
A love that's measured at the cross,
I ne'er can fully know.
3. My weary heart it longed for rest
From sin's cruel sway within;
I've found it now, my precious Lord,
For Thou dost reign as King:
My sins before Thy presence fled,
And Thou hast made me clean.

4. My eyes were once so dim, dear Lord,
No beauty could I see
In Thy sweet face, once marred with pain
Upon dark Calvary;
But now I gaze without a cloud
In deepest ecstasy.
5. I'm satisfied so fully now
With Thine own boundless love,
My heart's at rest—Thou callest me
Thy undefiled, Thy dove;
It is a foretaste deep, Divine,
Of Thy blest heaven above.

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins."—1 JOHN i. 9.

M. J. PALMEK.

C. FRANCIS.

$\text{♩} = 60.$

1. I have sin - ned, oh, how deep - ly! Sinn'd a - gainst a God of grace;

2. E - vil do - ings long in - dulged in Now sur - round me like a flood,

3. Let that blood, Lord, like a foun - tain Cleanse my heart while here be - low,

I have Sinned, oh, how Deeply!—continued.

1. Bro - ken all His ho - ly sta - tutes, And pro - voked Him to His face.
 2. Yet Thy pro - mise doth as - sure me Can be purged by Je - sus' blood.
 3. And re - move all stains and black - ness, Ma - king me as white as snow.

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- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>4. Now I come in deepest sorrow
 To the One who died to save,
 And beseech Thee of Thy mercy
 For the blessing that I crave.</p> <p>5. Thou hast never spurned the guilty
 From Thy throne of grace and love,
 But hast welcomed them with pity,
 Giving hope of rest above.</p> | <p>6. Lord, I come in full reliance
 On the blood which Thou hast shed;
 Hungry, thirsty, broken-hearted,
 Feed me with the Living Bread.</p> <p>7. Give Thy Holy Spirit's guidance
 To my erring foolish heart;
 Form in me the hope of glory,
 In Thy Kingdom give me part.</p> |
|---|---|

289

Jesus Called a Little Child.

E. MAY GRIMES. "And set him in the midst of them."—MATTHEW xviii. 2. HUGH BUCKLEY.

$\text{♩} = 54.$

1. Whose is that win - ning and won - der - ful voice? List - en! the
 2. So gen - tle the voice and so sweet the face, The lit - tle one
 3. The Sa - viour is call - ing, He's call - ing thee now, With the same sweet
 4. It was all for thee that He bled and died On the cross by His
 5. He will lift thee up in His arms of love; And al - though the

1. tones are so ten - der and mild; Who is the Stran - ger that's stand - ing
 2. stopp'd in its play and smiled; Then fear - less - ly ran to the Stran - ger's
 3. ac - cents so soft and mild; Oh, come as the lit - tle one came of
 4. en - vi - ous foes re - viled; No suff - ring too great for the one He
 5. path may be rough and wild, He will car - ry thee safe till the glo - ry

pp Slower.

1. there? It is Je - sus call - ing a lit - tle child.
 2. side, For Je - sus was call - ing the lit - tle child.
 3. old, For Je - sus is call - ing thee, lit - tle child!
 4. loved, And now He is call - ing His lit - tle child.
 5. gates Shall o - pen to wel - come His ran - som'd child.

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290 A Fount of Mercy, Lord, Thou art.

J. BROWNIE.

"Jesus touched her hand, and the fever left her."—MATT. viii. 15.

E. W. SHUTTLEWORTH.

$\text{♩} = 72.$

I. A fount of mer - cy, Lord, Thou art, Pe - ren - nial and Di - vine;.....

Thou Source of ev - 'ry last - ing good, All need - ed grace is Thine:.....

Now to the suff - 'rer heal - ing give, And touch the sick, that he may live.....

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2. O Saviour, who alone art God,
Thy hand is quick to heal,
For Thou didst wear our feeble flesh,
And all its ailments feel;
And Thou canst make the sufferer whole,
And save the sin-afflicted soul.

3. O Christ, the great Physician Thou,
Tender and full of power;
Now with the oil of grace anoint
The sufferer at this hour;
Bid Thou the pain and weakness cease,
And give the sore afflicted peace.

291 O Gracious Christ, Thy Power Reveal.

J. BROWNIE.

"The prayer of faith shall save the sick."—JAMES v. 15.

HERBERT LIONEL MASON.

$\text{♩} = 92.$

1. O gra - cious Christ, Thy power re - veal, And let Thy sin - sick ser - vant live;
2. My strick - en soul for suc - cour cries, For Thou, O Lord, com - pas - sion art;
3. Thou, Lord, didst jour - ney long a - go Where sick and sor - rowing lives were spent;

O Gracious Christ, Thy Power Reveal—*continued.*

1 Speak but the word, for Thou canst heal, And from its wounds my soul re-lieve.
 2 Now, while I lift my plead-ing eyes, Thy heal-ing grace in love im-part.
 3 And Thou didst heed the call of woe, And joy and health from heav'n were sent.

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4. And Thou hast power to-day as then,
 And Thou with love art loving still;
 Still art Thou with the sons of men
 Thy healing mission to fulfil.

5. Teach me, O Christ, my rest to find
 From all my sickness and my care,
 Upon Thy love exceeding kind,
 That finds the needy everywhere.

292

Thou, Lord, hast Power to Heal.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, . . . who healeth all thy diseases."—Psa. ciii. 2, 3.

J. BROWNLIE.

HUGH BUCKLEY.

$\text{♩} = 84.$

1. Thou, Lord, hast pow'r to heal, And Thou wilt quick-ly aid;
 For Thou dost deep-ly feel The stripes up-on us laid—
 Thou who wast wound-ed by the rod Up-lift-ed in the hand of God.

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2. Send speedy help, we pray,
 To him who ailing lies,
 That from his couch he may
 With thankful heart arise;
 Through prayers which all availing find
 Thine ear, O Lover of mankind.

3. Oh, blinded are our eyes,
 And all are held in night;
 But like the blind who cries,
 We cry to Thee for light.
 In penitence, O Christ, we pray
 Give us the radiant light of day

"We see Jesus . . . crowned with glory and honour."—HEB. ii. 9.

J. BROWNIE.

GRAHAM MARTIN.

♩ = 92.

1. Glo - rious from the field of strife, Lo! the Vic - tor mounts His throne;
2. Wake to glad - ness, sons of men! Heav'n, your gates e - ter - nal raise!

1. Lord of death and King of Life, His the tri - umph, His a - lone—
2. Wel - come to your bliss a - gain Him, the wor - thi - est of praise—

1. Glo - rious from the field of strife, Christ, Im - mor - tal King of Life.
2. Glo - rious from the field of strife, Christ, Im - mor - tal King of Life.

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3. Ah, the rage of angry foes!
Ah, the garments rolled in blood!
Where were dealt the fiercest blows,
There the valiant Victor stood—
Glorious on the field of strife,
Christ, Immortal King of Life.

4. Sin and death—the twain assailed,
And the Christ expiring fell;
But the Death o'er death prevailed,
And the might of sin and hell;
Victor from the field of strife,
Hail! Immortal King of Life.

"That blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ."

E. MAY GRIMES.

(TITUS ii. 13.)

HUGH BUCKLEY.

♩ = 104.

1. "Up - held by hope"—a glo - rious hope, As days and years roll by;
2. "Up - held by hope"—that won - drous hope, That I shall see His face,
3. "Up - held by hope"—that He who hath The work of grace be - gun.

"Upheld by Hope"—continued.

1. The com - ing of our Lord and King Is sure - ly draw - ing nigh.
 2. And to His like - ness be con-form'd, When I have run the race.
 3. Will per - feet it un - til the day Of Je - sus Christ shall dawn.

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4. "Upheld by hope." "Beloved one,"
 I hear the Bridegroom say,
 "Awake! arise! go forth to meet
 My chariot on its way."

5. "Upheld by hope," how glad the heart!
 My soul is on the wing!
 E'en now His hand is on the door,
 He comes! my glorious King!

295

Father, I Come to Thee.

"Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk."—PSALM cxliii. 3.

E. MAY GRIMES.

HUGH BUCKLEY.

$\text{♩} = 84.$

1. Fa - ther, I come to Thee; I dare not tread Up - on the un-known
 2. Thy pres - ence is e - nough, I do not ask To un - der-stand the

1. way with - out Thy hand; I am not strong to go a -
 2. ma - ny change - ful ways; This on - ly do I seek— my

1. - lone, But Thou wilt lead me in the path Thy - self hast plann'd.
 2. Lord, my God— That Thou wilt tune my life to sound Thy praise.

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3.
 Thy hand has been upon me, Lord, for good;
 Through all the bygone years Thy love I trace,
 Gleaming athwart my path with changeless glow—
 One long unbroken chain of tenderness.

4.
 With restful confidence I onward go,
 Not knowing what may be in store for me,
 But well content if Thou, dear Lord, dost know,
 And I may walk each day and hour with Thee.

"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."—HEB. xiii. 5.

A. E. NAISH.

GEORGE HINCKLEY READ.

$\text{♩} = 63.$

mf

1. Nev - er a - lone, while He, thy Lord, is near, Thy ev - 'ry

thought His love doth un - der - stand; The way is long, the sha - dows dark and

dim.

drear, Look up; He will yet clo - ser hold thy hand: The Lord is

ev - er mind - ful of His own, His trust - ing child He will not leave a - lone.

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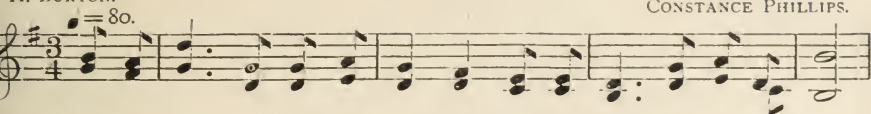
2. That sorrow deep, thy Lord doth fully know,
 'Twas sent to draw thee closer to His side;
 Oh, let His love thy solace be! e'en though
 No word reveals the grief thou fain wouldst
 hide:
 That very care the Lord hath made His own;
 True comfort take—thou art not left alone.
3. Is thy heart grieved for sin? still He is nigh,
 His precious blood hath yet its cleansing
 power;
 His ear of love doth heed thy every sigh,
 He waits to pardon now this very hour:
 Thy faintest whisper in His love to own,
 He waiteth still—thou art not left alone.
4. The strife is fierce! the Lord is at thy side,
 His banner still of love is over thee;
 Full strength for conflict He doth now provide,
 And in that strength thy foe must vanquished
 be:
 The battle o'er, in triumph thou dost own
 Thy Lord was Victor! thou wert not alone.
5. A home of joy, a palace wondrous fair!
 Sweet strains of music greet each royal guest!
 The King of Light and Love doth welcome
 there
 All His belov'd to endless peace and rest:
 And in that home of joy, before His face,
 Where none can be alone, thou hast thy place.

The Bright To-morrow.

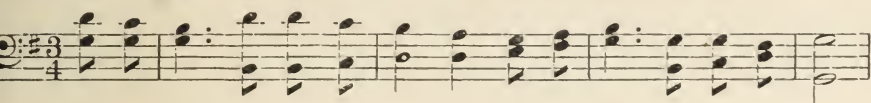
"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying."—REV. xxi. 4.

H. BURTON.

CONSTANCE PHILLIPS.



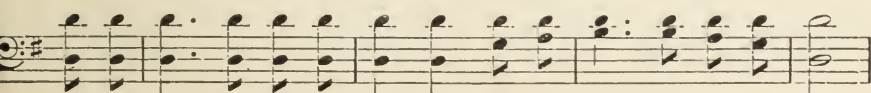
1. We may part, but ah! the meet-ing Lies a lit-tle way be-fore;



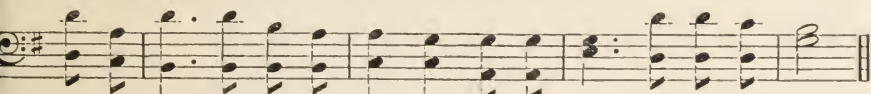
By-and-by will come the greet-ing On a fair-er, bright-er shore.



Here is grief, and here is sor-row— Sor-row there can nev-er come;



Oh, the bright, the bright to-mor-row, When we all are ga-ther'd home!



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2. We have travelled on together,
 Joined in heart and joined in hand;
 On through bright and cloudy weather,
 Seeking for the Better Land.
 We are pilgrims; but before us,
 Lo! the Golden City waits!
 Hark! we hear the angel-chorus
 Coming through the pearly gates.

3. Let us bear the scoffs and frowning
 Of a world that seeks our harm;
 By-and-by will come the crowning,
 By-and-by we'll bear the palm!
 We shall meet again where never
 Is the tear of parting known;
 We shall meet, and sing for ever
 With the angels round the throne.

E. MAY GRIMES.

"Walk humbly with thy God."—MICAH vi. 8.

GERALD HOPE RAPSON.

$\text{♩} = 76.$

1. "Keep step with Je - sus!" Can that be for me? Oh, may I
2. Yes, for Thy blood is cleansing from all sin; It is for

1. real - ly walk by faith with Thee? I who have of - ten
2. me, for Thou dost reign with - in; So to my heart the

1. wan - der'd far a - way And grieved Thee with my cold - ness day by day?
2. pre - cious words have come, "Keep step with Je - sus all the jour - ney home."

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3. Thou knowest how I long to walk with Thee—
So very close that all around may see
Thyself alone; and may Thy glory hide
The faltering child that follows at Thy side.

4. How often, Master, I have "lagged behind"
And feared to follow, when Thy voice so kind
Has called me on, bidding me trust in Thee,
However dark the pathway seemed to me.

5. Afresh to-day I put my hand in Thine,
With childlike trust would all to Thee resign;
Just lead me where Thou wilt and guide me still,
Fulfilling in me all Thy blessed will.

6. Thus keeping step with Jesus may I know
A life of holy fellowship below;
The light of heaven illumining the way
Which leads me upward to eternal day.

J. BROWNIE.

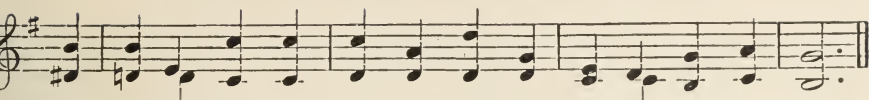
"It is a good thing . . . to show forth thy faithfulness every night."—PSA. xcii. 1, 2.

HUGH ARTHUR WENTWORTH.

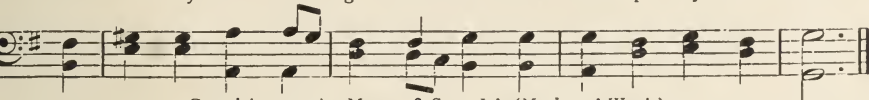
$\text{♩} = 63.$

1. Now at this ev - 'ning hour, O Thou, my Christ, to Thee,
2. From Thee the Spi - rit comes, Third beam of peer - less light,

Now at this Evening Hour—continued.



1. Thou Word of God, E - ter - nal Light, All grate - ful prais - es be.
2. And in Thy - self one glo - rious orb The tri - ple rays u - nite.



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3. Thy word and wisdom Thou
To lighten man hast given,
That he the splendour might reflect
That shines superb in heaven ;

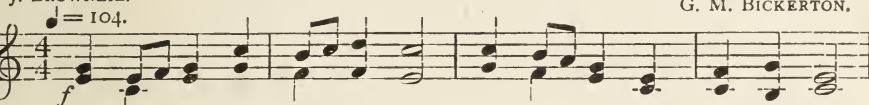
4. And having light within,
Might see Thine image bright,
And daily rise, till he himself
Is altogether light.

300 Rise, thou Glorious Orb of Day.

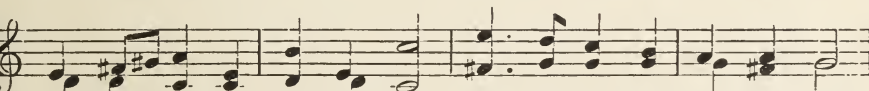
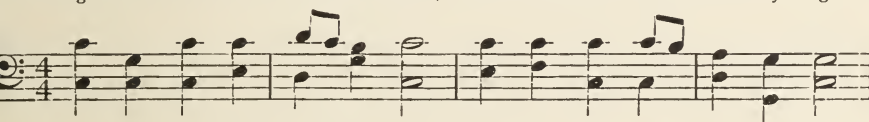
"He that followeth Me . . . shall have the light of life."—JOHN viii. 12.

J. BROWNIE.

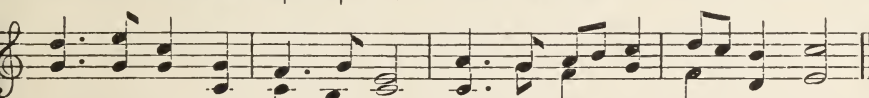
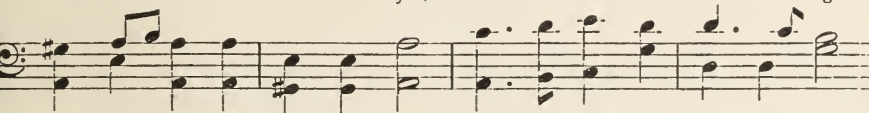
G. M. BICKERTON.



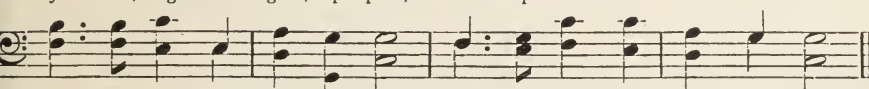
1. Rise, thou glo - rious orb of day, Draw the cur - tains from the sky ;
2. Light tran - scen - dent ! fill the skies, Glo - rious Orb of heav'n - ly light !



1. Let thy light in glad ar - ray All cre - a - tion beau - ti - fy :
2. Take the dark - ness from our eyes, Fill our souls with vis - ions bright :



1. Bid the fears of dark - ness born Melt be - fore the light of morn.
2. Je - sus, Light of lights, ap - pear, Rise up - on our souls with cheer.



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3. From Thy throne of splendour bright
Shed Thy glory far abroad ;
Let the wanderers in their plight
See the path that leads to God,
And upon their pathway shine,
Heavenly Orb of light Divine.

4. There no sun illumines the day
Where the wanderers find their rest ;
Moon nor stars their light display
In the kingdom of the blest ;
For the Christ Himself is Sun,
And the day is never done.

"To know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."—EPHESIANS iii, 19.

A. E. NAISH.

C. FRANCIS.

♩ = 108.

mf

1. Do you know the love of Je - sus, Know the joy from day to day,
2. Do you know the love of Je - sus, How it giv - eth peace and rest
3. Do you know the love of Je - sus? Oh, then let its light thro' you,

1. That it brings to those who trust Him As they jour - ney on life's way—
2. To the wea - ry, hea - vy - la - den, As with sin or grief op - prest
3. In this world of sin and sor - row, Shine with bless - ing glad and true;

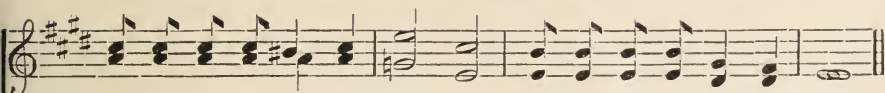
1. How it shi - neth with a lus - tre Ev - er bright and pure and true,
2. Now they seek the lov - ing Sa - viour, Who doth ev - er wait to bless,
3. Lead - ing o - thers to the Sa - viour, Who is wait - ing to be - stow

1. In this world of sin and sor - row, Shi - neth now with love for you?
2. Wel - come all who tru - ly seek Him, In His love and ten - der - ness?
3. Par - don, peace, and tru - est glad - ness, That they too His love may know?

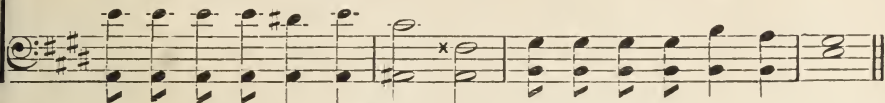
CHORUS.

Yes! the won - drous love of Je - sus Shi - neth on with bless - ing true,

Do you know the Love of Jesus?—continued.



In this world of sin and sor - row, Shine now with love for you.



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302

Thy Mighty Love, O God!

"We love Him because He first loved us."—1 JOHN iv. 19.

E. MAY GRIMES.

GRAHAM MARTIN.

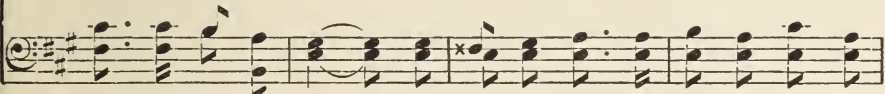
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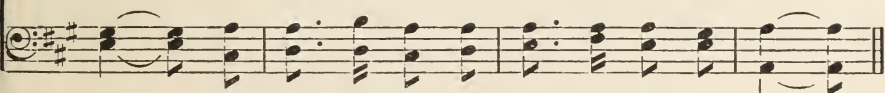
1. This mighty love, O God, constrain-eth me;..... As some strong tide it
2. Shall I not yield to that constrain-ing power? Shall I not say, "O



1. press-eth on its way,..... Seek-ing a chan-nel in my self-bound
2. tide of love, flow in"?..... My God, Thy gen-tle-ness hath con-quer'd



1. soul,..... Yearn-ing to sweep all bar-ri-ers a-way.....
2. me,..... Life can-not be as it hath hi-ther be:n.



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3. Break through my nature, mighty heavenly love,
Clear every avenue of thought and brain,
Flood my affections, purify my will—
Let nothing but Thine own pure life remain.
4. Thus wholly mastered and possessed by God,
Forth from my life, spontaneous and free,
Shall flow a stream of tenderness and grace—
Loving, because God loved eternally.

"Be Ready in the Morning!"

"Be ready in the morning, and come up in the morning unto Mount Sinai."
 E. MAY GRIMES. (EXODUS xxxiv. 2.)

LESLIE HERBERT WILSON.

$\text{♩} = 92.$

1. "Be rea - dy in the morn - ing!" Dear Lord, I heard Thee say;
 2. "Be rea - dy in the morn - ing!" Oh bless - ed, ho - ly tryst!

1. And now with wing - ed foot - steps I hast - en to o - bey.
 2. O hush of glad com - mu - nion With Thee, my Sa - viour Christ.

1. Up thro' the part - ing sha - dows In - to the clear, pure air
 2. No one "shall come up with me" To share this sa - cred hour,

1. Of lone - ly moun - tain sum - mit I rise to meet Thee there....
 2. For here a - lone with Je - sus I feel His touch of power....

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3. Thus "ready in the morning"
 May I be found each day,
 For intercourse with Jesus
 Will speed me on my way;
 And then the mount descending,
 With glory in my face,
 Reflect His blessed likeness
 And witness to His grace.

4. "Be ready in the morning!"
 For lo! the Bridegroom's near;
 Th' eternal morning breaketh
 When Jesus shall appear.
 Yes, keep me ever ready
 With garments undefiled,
 With watching heart expectant,
 Till Thou shalt call Thy child.

"Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray."—PSALM lv. 17.

Anon.

(FELLOWSHIP. S.M.)

FRANK HARVEY.

1. Come to the morn - ing prayer; Come, let us kneel and pray;
 2. At noon, be - neath the Rock Of A - ges, rest and pray;
 3. At eve, shut - to the door, Round the home - al - tar pray;
 4. When mid - night seals our eyes, Let each in spi - rit say,

1. Prayer is the Chris - tian pil - grim's staff, To walk with God all day.
 2. Sweet is the sha - dow from the sun That smi - leth day by day.
 3. And find ing there the "house of God," At "heav'n's gate" close the day.
 4. "I sleep; but my heart wa - keth, Lord, With Thee to watch and pray."

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305

S.M.

- 4 All praise to Thee, the God of Light;
 All praise to Christ, the glorious Son;
 And to the Spirit, Lord of might,
 Now, and while endless ages run.

J. Brownlie.

307

L.M.

THERE is no darkness where Thou art,
 O Jesus Christ, Thou Light serene;
 Clouds fold their curtains and depart,
 And darkness melts where Thou art seen.

- 2 Fair Morning Star! more glorious Sun!
 Thou Light of lights, Thy beams display,
 Till darkness owns the victory won,
 And night is lost in endless day.
- 3 Where slumbering souls in bondage lie,
 Because the night hath hemmed them in,
 Descend, as morning from the sky,
 And wake them from their sleep of sin.

- 4 Where sorrow dims the downcast eye,
 And luring hope is lost to view,
 With light the tear-drops beautify,
 As sunlight on the morning dew.

- 5 O Jesus Christ, Thy light is life;
 Shine on our souls and life revive,
 That they may stand before the strife,
 And conquer as the strong who strive.

- 6 O Jesus Christ, Thy light is joy;
 Restore our souls from sorrow's blight,
 And win them to the glad employ
 Of those who praise both day and night.

J. Brownlie.

306

L.M.

THINE be the glory, God of Light.
 For all the joy from morn that springs;
 Oh, may a morn dispel each night,
 And bless our lives with beauteous things.

- 2 Give us this day the light that dwells
 In every heart Thy presence fills;
 That night with all its fears dispels,
 And life, and hope, and joy instils.
- 3 Then shall our nights no darkness bring,
 But morn, bright morn, for ever shine;
 And when night spreads her dusky wings
 More bright shall be the light Divine.

- SPIRIT of Light, Thy glory pour,
And let mine eyes Thy radiance see;
From sin's dark night my soul restore,
To dwell in light for aye with Thee.
- 2 Spirit of Love, whose heavenly wiles
Can lure the heart from meaner bonds,
Come to my life as love that smiles,
And wakens love that quick responds.
- 3 Spirit of Grace, whose gifts more rare
Than all the stores of earth possess,
Now to my soul Thy riches bear,
Of pity, love, and tenderness.
- 4 Spirit of Light, and Love, and Grace,
Welcome, Thy entrance to my heart;
Take to Thyself its chiefest place,
Who of the Triune Godhead art.

J. Brownlie.

309

- 1 ORD, may Thy Holy Spirit calm
Our troubled souls, and give them rest;
And with His touch, like healing balm,
Allay the pain of the distressed.
- 2 We hear the promise Thou didst make
To lone disciples long ago;
And peace and hope our souls o'ertake,
And joy dispels our brooding woe.
- 3 Now let us feel the Spirit's power,
And let us hear His gracious word;
Fulfil to us this holy hour
The promise of our dying Lord.

J. Brownlie.

310

- CHRISTIAN soldiers in the conflict,
Bear the banner of the cross;
Rich reward shall crown the victor,
More than recompense for loss.
- 2 Not with paltry palms that wither
Shall the brow be gaily crowned;
But with light that shines eternal,
And with heavenly joy renowned.
- 3 Yours are mansions fair and comely,
There your souls in bliss shall rest:
Stars shall sparkle in their radiance
On the pathway of the blest.
- 4 Earthly joys are faint and fleeting,
Earthly favours quickly fade;
Heavenward lift your eyes, expecting
There your true reward is laid.
- 5 God be praised, who crowns the victor;
Christ be praised, who saves from sin;
Equal praise to God the Spirit,
By whose aid we fight and win.

J. Brownlie.

311

- ALMIGHTY GOD, Thy power controls
The surging sea that ceaseless rolls;
Its waves obey Thy high behest,
And mount to heaven or sink to rest.

- 2 Creation owns its rightful Lord,
And bows submissive to Thy word;
No will against Thy will prevails,
He sinks to earth who God assails.
- 3 When passions surge within the soul,
As waves before the tempest roll;
When wild desires the heart entice
From yielding aught to sacrifice;
- 4 Then, Lord, command the surge to cease,
And give the soul Thy lasting peace;
For Thou hast power who stilled the sea
That wildly raged at Galilee.
- 5 Lord, when our souls by care oppress,
By sorrow grieved, or doubt distressed,
Peer through the darkness for the ray
That tells of dawn and coming day:
- 6 Speak, and the Voice that bade the light
O'erthrow the reign of primal night,
Shall bring the sunshine that shall scare
Those prowling terrors in their lair.
- 7 O Christ our Lord, Thy power proclaim,
Ours wills control, our passions tame;
Be near us, and unrest shall cease
Amid the calm of heavenly peace.

J. Brownlie.

312

- GOD of all grace, Thy mercy send;
Let Thy protecting arm extend;
Save us, and keep us to the end;
Have mercy, Lord.
- 2 And through the coming hours of night
Fill us, we pray, with holy light;
Keep us all sinless in Thy sight:
Grant this, O Lord.
- 3 May some bright messenger abide
For ever by Thy servants' side,
A faithful guardian and our guide:
Grant this, O Lord.
- 4 From every sin in mercy free
Let heart and conscience stainless be,
That we may live henceforth for Thee:
Grant this, O Lord.
- 5 We would not be by care oppress,
But in Thy love and wisdom rest—
Give what Thou seest to be best:
Grant this, O Lord.
- 6 While we of every sin repent,
Let our remaining years be spent
In holiness and sweet content:
Grant this, O Lord.
- 7 And when the end of life is near
May we, unshamed and void of fear,
Wait for the Judgment to appear:
Grant this, O Lord.

J. Brownlie.

313

- LET a shining robe be mine,
Spotless as the snow-drift white,
Thou, who for Thy form Divine,
Mak'st a garment of the light.

- 2 Darkness from Thy presence flies,
Thou art light ; and where Thou art,
Radiance, as from heavenly skies,
Seeks, effulgent, every heart.
- 3 Far I wandered from the right,
Dark around and dark within ;
Groping in the gloom of night,
Wounded in the ways of sin.
- 4 And my rags with mire defiled
Clothe my naked soul with shame ;
For, from Thee, a wayward child,
I have wandered to my blame.
- 5 Let Thy presence fill my soul,
Let my heart Thy nearness feel ;
Speak the word, and I am whole ;
Touch my wounds, and they shall heal.
- 6 Then the night that round me lies
At Thy presence shall depart ;
And a glorious light arise
In the darkness of my heart.
- 7 Let a shining robe be mine,
Spotless as the snow-drift white ;
Thou, who, for Thy form Divine,
Mak'st a garment of the light.

J. Brownlie.

314

6.6.8.6.8.8.

- THE day fades into night,
The shadows lengthening fall,
And see, the deepening purple light
Throws on the hills its pall :
Lord, be our Light when suns decline,
And in our souls unclouded shine.
- 2 Still is the eventide,
Calm is the soft repose,
When earthly toil is laid aside,
And eyelids drooping, close ;
Lord, let Thy peace my soul possess,
In everlasting restfulness.
 - 3 Night of my life draws near ;
Lord, when the light departs,
Be all to me that Thou hast been
To other trusting hearts,
And in the calm that night bestows
Let me in peace with Thee repose.
 - 4 The night gives place to morn,
The gloom shall pass away,
And an eternal day be born,
Whose sun shall shine for aye ;
Lord, wake me when the morn is come,
And let me find with Thee my home.

J. Brownlie.

315

8.7.8.7.8.8.

- WE have heard the wondrous story
Of the Resurrection morn ;
We have seen its matchless glory,
Christ the risen Lord adorn :
Let us worship and adore Him,
Let us now fall down before Him.
- 2 Men with erring sinners found Thee,
Found the only sinless One ;
And upon a cross they bound Thee
For the good that Thou hadst done :
Let us worship and adore Him,
Let us now fall down before Him.

- 3 We have heard the wondrous story
Of the Resurrection morn ;
Christ our God, to Him be glory,
For the bands of death are torn :
Let us worship and adore Him,
Come and let us fall before Him.
- 4 Come, ye faithful, come with gladness,
To your God thanksgiving pay ;
For the cross was shorn of sadness
On the Resurrection day :
Let us worship and adore Him,
Come and let us bow before Him.

J. Brownlie.

316

6.6.8.6.8.8.

- ACCEPT our evening prayer,
O Holy Christ our Lord,
And grant forgiveness of our sin
According to Thy word,
Who, by Thy rising, hast revealed
A power that lay from man concealed.
- 2 Oh come, ye people, come,
Give praise to Christ your God ;
The glory of His rising tell
To all the world abroad :
For He is God, whose power hath hurled
The great accuser from the world.
 - 3 Encompass Zion round,
And in her midst proclaim
The glory of the Son of God,
Who back from bondage came ;
Who burst the gates of death, to win
Our freedom from the yoke of sin.
 - 4 Thy passion, Lord, hath freed
Our souls from passion's reign ;
Nor may we know corruption base,
Since Thou hast risen again ;
Glory to Thee, O Christ the Lord,
Son of our God, Incarnate Word !

J. Brownlie.

317

108.

- REST in the Lord, O servant by His grace ;
Dwell in His courts, and gaze upon His face ;
Know naught of toil, of weariness, or woe :
They rest who serve, not weary, as below.
- 2 Rest in the Lord : the strife of war is past,
Wear now the wreath of victory at last ;
E'en death is slain—the cross of Christ sufficed ;
Death is not death to those who live in Christ.
 - 3 Rest in the Lord : the goal of life is won,
To thee 'tis given to hear the glad " Well done " ;
Great their reward who, till their Lord appear,
Serve in the vineyard of the Master, here.
 - 4 Rest in the Lord : none can His honour claim—
They honour have who honour most His name ;
Thine this reward who counted gain but loss,
Nor felt it shame to glory in the cross.
 - 5 Rest in the Lord : swift comes the happy time
When we who strive shall reach Thy fairer clime :
Christ, give us welcome when the toil is past,
And bring us to the bliss of heaven at last.

J. Brownlie.

- LORD, upon our night descending,
 Bid the light with gladness shine ;
 Let its rays, through darkness wending,
 Round our fears in beauty twine.
- 2 Thou art Light, and where 'Thou dwellest,
 Like a traveller, gloom departs ;
 Come, who threatening clouds dispellest,
 And abide within our hearts.
- 3 Ah, the visions Thou impartest
 With the morn and with the noon ;
 With what glory 'Thou attiest
 Eve, that falleth late or soon.
- 4 Flood our lives with varied beauty,
 Morn, and noon, and coming night ;
 Light us in the path of duty,
 And at eve let there be light.

J. Brownlie.

- GLORY in the highest ! Hark, what angels sing :
 Was there e'er such music borne on rising
 wing ?
 See, the gates of heaven on their portals rise,
 And the song that charms us comes from Paradise.
- 2 Glory in the highest ! Christ our Lord is born ;
 Hail His glorious advent on this happy morn :
 Ages long have waited 'mid their brooding ills ;
 Now the herald-voices wake the silent hills.
- 3 Herdsmen in their watching lift their eyes amazed ;
 Sages from the sunland at the starlight gazed ;
 And they bear their treasures, gold for diadem,
 Meet to crown the Monarch born at Bethlehem.
- 4 Glory in the highest ! with the sages bring
 What is best and fairest for an offering :
 Lay before the manger, where the Infant lies,
 All your heart's devotion, love's best sacrifice.

J. Brownlie.

- ON the cross, the Saviour dying,
 Wounded, sore, and faint, and sighing,
 Bow'd beneath the burden lying
 On His spotless soul.
- 2 'Tis thy load He falters under ;
 Speaks not Heaven in wrathful thunder ?
 Earth, behold the sight, and wonder—
 Love has borne the rod !
- 3 Canst thou love the sin that bound Him,
 Threw the robe of scorn around Him,
 Mocking, bowed the knee, and crowned Him
 With the cruel thorn ?
- 4 Jesus, at Thy feet relenting,
 Bring I all my guilt, repenting,
 All my cruel sin lamenting :
 Christ, my sin forgive !

J. Brownlie.

- THE time shall surely come,
 The hour is drawing near,
 When in the clouds of heaven the Lord
 To mortals shall appear.
- 2 Not in a lowly garb
 Shall we the Lord desery,
 But decked in glory like the sun
 That lights the morning sky.
- 3 Not as in former days,
 To pain and suffering sore—
 He comes to judge who came to save,
 To reign for evermore.
- 4 Then, O my soul, awake !
 Put on thy garb of light ;
 Look for the dawn that brings the day,
 All glorious and bright.
- 5 Wait, for the hour is nigh ;
 Watch, for His coming nears ;
 Be thou the faithful servant then,
 When He, thy Lord, appears.

J. Brownlie.

- THE Christ on Olive's mount in prayer
 His heart to God exprest ;
 And as they held sweet converse there
 His soul with peace was blest.
- 2 Far from the din of troubled life,
 The tumult, and the swell,
 A silence, stilling earthly strife,
 Upon His spirit fell.
- 3 And there a voice, whose soothing tone
 The trusting spirit filled,
 Came with that grace by which alone
 Our great unrest is stilled.
- 4 Oh, may the blessed thought Divine
 That moved the Christ to prayer,
 Our weary, anxious souls incline
 Like peace and joy to share ;
- 5 And on the mount where God is met
 May we the solace know
 That found His soul on Olivet,
 Who shared our life below.

J. Brownlie.

- OFAIREST morn that ever shone
 Upon the sons of men,
 When, decked with glory, Christ shall come
 To dwell with us again.
- 2 Then sin abashed shall hide its face,
 And from His presence flee ;
 Then light shall clear the clouds away,
 And captive souls be free.
- 3 Ah, blessed Lord, when long ago
 Thou cam'st in humble guise,
 Upon the cross Thy blood was poured
 In awful sacrifice.

- 4 But not in lowly state, to serve,
Wilt Thou, O Christ, descend;
But girt with glory and with power
Thy kingly throne ascend.
- 5 And while they wait their Lord's return,
Thy saints Thy cause maintain;
But long to see the morn awake
When Thou shalt come again.
- 6 Haste, haste, Thy coming, heavenly King,
Our souls weary, wait;
We scan the hills, and lo! the gleam
Awakes at heaven's gate.
- 7 For Thou art near; the time is late,
Soon comes the promised age,
When Thou shalt take Thy blood-bought right
And rule Thy heritage,

J. Brownlie.

324

C.M.

THE Christ of God to sorrowing hearts
A gracious promise made,
To send to them when He departs
The Holy Spirit's aid.

- 2 And when the time appointed came,
Lo! with a rushing power
The house was filled with tongues of flame
That Pentecostal hour.
- 3 And souls received new power from God,
And hearts with zeal were fired,
When once the word of truth abroad
The lives of men inspired.
- 4 O Comforter, the Holy Ghost,
Now, as of old, come down,
And with the power of Pentecost
Our drooping spirits crown.

J. Brownlie.

325

L.M.

GO, tell the world the Lord hath risen—
See, empty stands the mortal prison;
Now morn illumines the Eastern skies;
Awake, my soul! with Christ arise.

- 2 Dawn of a day no night shall shroud,
When sun declines in darkling cloud;
But brighter still, and brighter grows,
As morn illumines and noontide grows.
- 3 Go, tell the world that death no more
Rules with the power he held before;
For, in the grave, the Lord of life
The tyrant crushed in glorious strife.
- 4 Why bear ye spices for the dead?
Lo! He is ris'n, even as He said;
And empty stands the mortal prison—
Go, tell the world that Christ hath risen.
- 5 Glory to Thee, O Christ our King!
Our hearts, our songs, our voices bring;
For sin is crushed and death is slain
By Him who died and rose again.

J. Brownlie.

326

L.M.

THE day is past and night is near,
And Thou art with us, blessed Lord,
To wake our praise, our prayers to hear,
To feed us with Thy living Word.

- 2 May darkness ne'er our minds oppress,
Though dark the night around us lies;
But give the light our souls to bless,
That fadeless shines in Paradise.
- 3 O gracious Christ, our minds control;
Our hearts possess and make them Thine;
Our sin-inflicted wounds make whole,
And to Thy paths our steps incline.
- 4 Reveal to us Thy will Divine,
That we may make that will our own;
So from our lives a light shall shine,
To lead the erring to Thy throne.
- 5 The day is past, the night is near,
O gracious Christ, our prayers attend;
And while we bow in lowly fear,
In mercy, Lord, Thy blessing send.

J. Brownlie.

327

L.M.

WHEN Jesus at the feast reclined,
And sad disciples sorrowed most,
He gave, to soothe their troubled mind,
The promise of the Holy Ghost.

- 2 "I not will leave you," thus He spake,
"As orphans here alone to dwell;
With you My sure abode I'll make,
And all your loneliness dispel."
- 3 And when amid the clouds of heaven
The ascending Lord to sight was lost,
The promised gift of Christ was given
Upon the hallowed Pentecost.
- 4 He came upon a rushing wind,
The faint apostles to inspire;
And on their waiting band declined,
In form of cloven tongues of fire.
- 5 And as the Spirit utterance gave,
Their tongues expressed the thought inspired;
And faltering, timid hearts were brave,
And fainting souls with zeal were fired.
- 6 O Spirit, Gift of Christ adored!
Our need behold, in power descend;
And, as was promised by our Lord,
Abide our Comforter and Friend.

J. Brownlie.

328

L.M.

O BLESSED Christ! Thy love Divine
Hath found my heart and sealed its love;
Now claim my all and make it Thine,
That I in life Thy love may prove.

- 2 Betrayed by friends, and scorned by those
Who knew Thee not, nor cared to know—
On faithless friends and cruel foes
Thou didst that wondrous love bestow.
- 3 O Blessed Christ! I bow in shame,
And smite my breast to think of this,
That I should e'er have soiled the name
Of One who wore such loveliness.

- 4 But Thou hast touched my wayward heart,
And love hath found a place to dwell ;
Now bind me, Lord, that naught may part
My soul from One who loves so well.

J. Brownlie.

329

6.5.6.5. D.

- WHEN the toil is ended
And the battle won,
Christ shall greet the victor
With the glad " Well done ! "
When the pilgrim journey
Every step is trod,
Then shall rest the pilgrim
In the home of God.
- 2 When the will is moulded
To the will Divine,
And we crave no blessing,
Lord, that is not Thine ;
When Thy love reflected
In our life appears,
Heavenly hope disperses
Earthly doubts and fears.
- 3 Till the toil is ended,
Strengthen by Thine arm ;
Till the conflict's over,
Keep us safe from harm ;
Till our pilgrim journey
On the earth is past,
Tell us of the country
Where we rest at last.
- 4 Bend, and mould, and fashion,
Will and heart and mind ;
Be Thy love, O Saviour,
With our life entwined :
Then when life is ended
And from earth we part,
We shall see and know Thee,
Saviour, as Thou art.

J. Brownlie.

330

6.5., 12 lines.

- HAL the smile of morning,
Hills and valleys sing,
Sunlight is adorning
Every pleasant thing ;
Not a note of sadness
Mars the tuneful lay,
Melody of gladness
Greets the coming day.
- Lend your gleeful voices,
Children, to the lay,
Morn of life rejoices,
As the morn of day.*
- 2 Love is like the morning
Smiling from the hills,
All our life adorning,
Banishing our ills ;
In the love that greets us
Every opening day,
God our Father meets us,
Smiling on our way.
- Let our hearts adoring,
God of love adore ;
Aye His grace imploring
That we love Him more.*

J. Brownlie.

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8.6.8.6.8.8.

- THE Son of God has come to earth,
We've heard the angels sing,
Now let us gladly hail His birth
Who comes to be our King ;
And humbly seek the hallowed place
Where lies the Child of heavenly grace,
- 2 Where sages bring their gifts of gold,
And myrrh, and incense sweet,
What shall our treasure-house afford
When we our Lord shall greet ?
Have we no gift our love to tell
For Him who loves our souls so well ?
- 3 Where shepherds bow in worship low
Before the manger-bed,
Have we no homage to bestow
When to His presence led ?
How can we come before a King
Without a seemly offering !
- 4 O Jesus Christ, Thy gifts of love
All human gifts exceed,
Who from the heart of God above
Beheld our utmost need,
And gav'st Thyself by humble birth
To save the souls of men on earth.
- 5 Our best is poor return for Thine,
But what is best we bring,
Our pure devotion to entwine
Thy wondrous offering ;
And all the service love demands
From loving hearts and willing hands.

J. Brownlie.

332

8.7.8.7.D.

- LET the golden gates be opened,
That the Christ may enter in,
Who hath freed the weary captives
From the cruel thrall of sin ;
Let the highest place be given
Where the throne of God is set,
For He riseth, crowned with glory,
From the slopes of Olivet.
- 2 O Thou Christ, our Elder Brother,
Who hast trod the vale of tears,
When the light of heaven was darkened
'Mid the clouds of earthly fears ;
Thou hast shed a ray of sunshine
Where our lonely pathway lies,
That the way of every pilgrim
May be lit to Paradise.
- 3 Oh, our longing eyes behold Thee
As Thou passest from our sight,
But the azure dome is darkened,
And the day declines to night ;
But Thou comest in the morning,
When the night of strife is past,
And the gate of heaven shall open
For Thy followers at last.

J. Brownlie.

- O PEACE of every troubled mind,
Amid the storm and stress of life;
A shelter from tempestuous wind,
A calm in strife:
- 2 Wilt Thou descend, O heavenly Guest,
As Thou art wont to those who pray,
And make Thy home within our breast,
Our fears allay;
- 3 And take the word of Christ, and fill
Our souls with hope His word inspires,
Reveal His love, and guide our will
To His desires?
- 4 And when the world's seductive tone
Would lure our hearts to passing things,
Then let us know, His gift alone
Contentment brings.
- 5 O Spirit blest, Thou Holy Ghost,
Abide with us, nor e'er depart;
Bestow what should be prized the most
By every heart.
- 6 Now praises meet to Thee we bring,
And praise to Thee, the God of heaven;
And to the Son, enthroned as King,
Be homage given.

J. Brownlie.

- O LOVE Divine, from heaven that came,
Impelled by love no souls possess,
And wore our poor enfeebled frame,
That Thou might'st sympathise and bless:
Oh, let my soul that love receive,
That I may comfort those who grieve.
- 2 O Love Divine, whose ready ear
Perceived the mourner's burdened sigh,
And when the needy soul drew near
In pity heard his earnest cry:
Lord, may my self-bound spirit learn
For needy souls in love to yearn.
- 3 O Love Divine, whose words of grace
Brought comfort to the troubled mind;
Whose smile, as from the Father's face,
Gave light for darkness to the blind:
In comfort speak, and let me see
Thy loving smile bestowed on me.
- 4 O Love Divine, whose hand was laid
With virtue on the sick and faint;
And when the soul for succour prayed,
In mercy heard the sinner's plaint:
Thy hand upon my sickness lay,
And grant forgiveness as I pray.
- 5 O Love Divine, who freely gave
His life an offering for my sin,
And poured His blood my soul to save,
And life for me, immortal, win:
To Thee, O Christ, in whom I live,
My heart, my life, my all I give.

J. Brownlie.

- CHRIST, Thou art mine! Thy love hath won
my heart;
Thou gav'st Thyself, and I myself have given;
Not height nor depth, not length nor breadth
can part
What love hath bound, and holds secure for
heaven.
- 2 Christ, Thou art mine! the purchase is complete;
Upon the cross the awful price was paid:
'Twas love, 'twas love alone the cost could meet,
When on Thy head the mocking crown was laid.
- 3 Christ, Thou art mine! Thy wondrous love I
know;
It sought me out when wandering in the wild:
It led my steps where living waters flow,
And cleansed my soul, with sinfulness defiled.
- 4 Christ, Thou art mine! Be mine to own Thy
claim,
To bear for Thee, as Thou hast borne in love;
To honour in my life Thy blessed name,
Till I pronounce it at Thy throne above.
- 5 Christ, Thou art mine! Thy love hath won my
heart,
Thou gav'st Thyself, and I myself have given;
Not height nor depth, not length nor breadth
can part [heaven].
What love hath bound, and holds secure for

J. Brownlie.

- IF I could talk till the day was done,
And the light began to wane,
And on through the darkest hours of night
Till morning dawned again,
I could never tell all the wonderful love
Of Jesus on Calvary slain.
- Oh, the love, the wonderful love,
That God to the world hath shown,
When He sent His Son, His only Son,
To make salvation known;
To bleed and die upon the tree,
To die for you, to die for me.*
- 2 If I could sing with a tireless voice,
And the years were ages long,
Or could I join the angelic choirs
And sing with the angel throng,
I never could sing all His wonderful love,
Till I sing the glad new song.
- 3 If I could write till my eyes were dim,
And my pens were worn and old,
Till my weary hands refused their work,
With fingers cramped and cold,
I could never write all His wonderful love.
For His love can never be told.
- 4 So I will sing while I have a voice,
I will write with ready pen,
And tell, while I have the power to speak,
His wonderful love to men;
And when I awake in the life that will be
His love will my theme be then.

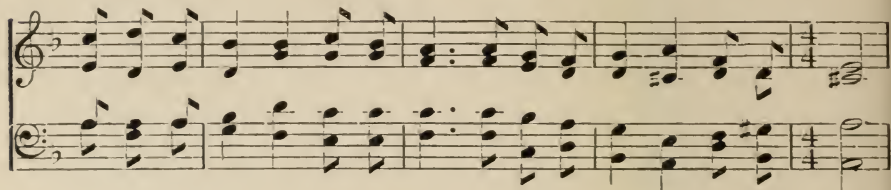
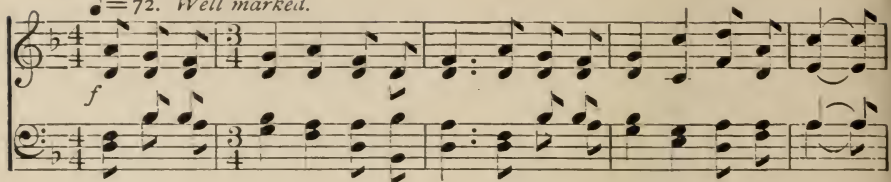
L. Shorey.

"Beware, lest thou forget the Lord."—DEUTERONOMY vi. 12.

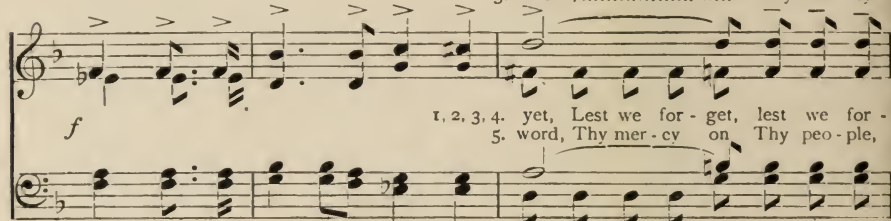
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EDGAR PETTMAN.

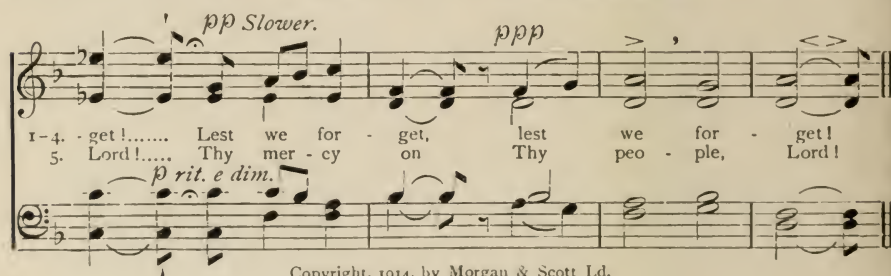
♩ = 72. Well marked.



1, 2, 3, 4. yet, ... Lest we for -
5. word, ... Thy mer - cy



1, 2, 3, 4. yet, Lest we for - get, lest we for -
5. word, Thy mer - cy on, Thy peo - ple,



1-4. - get ! Lest we for - get, lest we for -
5. Lord ! Thy mer - cy on, Thy peo - ple, Lord !

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Slower.

1. *f* GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
ff Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, (*pp*) lest we forget !
2. *mf* The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart,
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart :
ff Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, (*pp*) lest we forget !

3. *p* Far-called, our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire ;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre !
f Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
p Lest we forget, (*pp*) lest we forget !
4. *f* If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
ff Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, (*pp*) lest we forget !

5. For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
mp For frantic boast and foolish word—
p rit. e dim. Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord !

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* * Each Tune with a Chorus or Refrain is printed in *italics*.

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Oh, they tell me He is coming	28
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He cheers me with His presence ..	14
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Jesus, I am resting, resting ..	53
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Keep step with Jesus ..	298
Lo, I am with you always ..	183
Lord God, in Thee confiding ..	42
Loved with everlasting love ..	90
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For me to live is Christ ..	190
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How shall we climb the hill of God ? ..	122
I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus ..	148
I cannot breathe enough of Thee ..	282
I saw His face of sorrow ..	76
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Jesus, tender Shepherd ..	37
Keep step with Jesus ..	298
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Take my life, and let it be ..	10
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Upheld by hope—a glorious hope ..	29
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What wilt Thou have me to do, Lord ? ..	20

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Join all the glorious names ..	17
Keep watch for the Master ..	21
Never alone, while He thy Lord is near ..	29
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Quit you like men ..	9
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Haste, traveller, haste ..	19
I have a Saviour, He's pleading in glory ..	4
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Fill Thou my life, O Lord my God ..	117
For our home we sing to bless Thee ..	224
For the beauty of the earth ..	121
For Thy temple, Lord, we bless Thee ..	137
God is love ! His mercy brightens ..	9
God is love ! that anthem olden ..	64
God of our fathers, known of old ..	337
God's dealings are so wonderful ..	161
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah ..	80
Hark, hark the song which angels ..	229
Ho, ye that thirst ..	192
If I could talk till the day was done ..	336
Jehovah is our strength ..	193
Lord God, in Thee confiding ..	42
Lord of might and Lord of glory ..	163
Mighty God, while angels bless Thee ..	109
My God, in Thee I do rejoice ..	133
O Father God, who lovest us ..	280
O God, where'er Thy Word is cast ..	140
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Souls of men, why will ye scatter ..	123
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In the cross of Christ I glory ..	214
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Oh, what a wondrous Saviour ..	27
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Cling to the Mighty One ..	59
Come with the load of sorrow ..	24
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Consider Him—let Christ thy pattern be ..	281
Do you know the love of Jesus ? ..	301
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He could not love me better	279
He speaketh yet, whose loving words	153
He watcheth thee: thy Shepherd true	169
Hush, my soul, thou canst not murmur	61
I cannot breathe enough of Thee	282
I have a Friend so precious	25
I have a Saviour: He's pleading in glory	4
I heard of a Saviour	32
I know I have eternal life	116
I know, O Lord, though all around is dark	138
I need Thee, precious Jesu	188
I saw the wondrous fountain	34
If we knew the One who lingers	35
In evil long I took delight	179
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Jesus, I am resting, resting	53
Jesus is my Guiding Star	13
Jesus is the same for ever	176
Jesus, tender Shepherd	37
Jesus! that name is love	239
Join all the glorious names	172
Keep step with Jesus	298
Lo! the voice of Jesus	171
Lord, give me sight	162
Lord, Thou wert wounded	218
O blessed Christ! Thy love Divine	328
O Jesus, ever-present Friend	154
O Jesus, Friend unfailing	118
O Light that knew no dawn	158
O Love Divine, how sweet Thou art	128
O One with God the Father	82
O Saviour dear, Thou art indeed	203
O Trinity of love and power	156
O weary soul, with guilt opprest	174
Oh, take my hand, Lord Jesus	177
Oh, the wondrous love of Jesus	40
Oh, what a wondrous Saviour	27
Oh, where is He that trod the sea?	29
One by one, oh, seek them gladly	81
Rise, thou glorious orb of day	300
Saviour, by Thy love constraining	221
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See, oh see, what love the Father	210
Souls of men, why will ye scatter	123
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There is no darkness where Thou art	307
To the sad cross He came	41
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Lord, Thou knowest all the hunger	165
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See, oh see, what love the Father	210
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I saw His face of sorrow	76
In the cross of Christ	214
I've seen the face of Jesus	278
Jesus calls us o'er the tumult	76
Jesus, I am resting, resting	53
More love to Thee, O Christ	65
Oh, teach me what it meaneth	2
See, oh see, what love the Father	210
Show me myself, O holy Lord	31
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Do you know the love of Jesus?	301
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I heard of a Saviour	32
I heard the voice of Jesus say	173
I saw the wondrous fountain	34
I was wandering, sad and weary	228
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Jesus our Saviour is lovingly calling	16
Jesus! the only blest name	51
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Look to Jesus, weary one	147
Lo! the voice of Jesus	171
Oh, the wondrous love of Jesus	40
Oh, what is that sweet voice I hear?	105
O sin-afflicted soul	220
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I have sinned, oh, how deeply	288
I linger round the fold of God	48
I need Thee, precious Jesu	188
I was wandering, sad and weary	228
I'm one day nearer eternity	115
Jesus, I rest on Thee	141
Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry	232
Lamb of God! whose bleeding love	227
Let a shining robe be mine	313
Lord of might and Lord of glory	163
Lord, Thou wert wounded	218
Oh, teach me what it meaneth	2
Oh, what is that sweet voice I hear?	105
On the cross the Saviour dying	320
Though afar from my Saviour I wandered	7
Thou hast called me, loving Saviour	124
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GUIDANCE, UNION.

Be ready in the morning	303
Breast the wave, Christian	127
Christ, Thou art mine! Thy love hath won	335
Come and help me	201
Come, take My yoke, the Saviour said	235
Come unto Me! oh, list the voice	167
Down in the pleasant pastures	119
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah	80
Hast thou heard Him, seen Him?	185
He watcheth thee: thy Shepherd true	169
Hush, my soul, thou canst not murmur	61

GUIDANCE, UNION—continued.

NO.

I have a Friend so precious	25
I know I have eternal life	116
I would not have a hand to guide	100
In the secret of His presence	74
Jesus is my Guiding Star	13
Jesus, take my hand and lead me	55
Jesus! that name is love	239
Lo, I am with you alway	183
Lord, I know a work is waiting	72
Master, speak! Thy servant heareth	150
My life I consecrate	238
My presence shall go with thee	98
Nothing between, Lord	84
O gracious Shepherd, bind us	226
O Jesus, Friend unfailing	118
O One with God the Father	82
O Saviour, dear, Thou art indeed	203
Oh, rest in His love	120
There is no friend like Jesus	60
Thou hast called me, loving Saviour	124
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Holy Father, in Thy mercy	134
Sweet are the memories	85

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Cleansed in our Saviour's precious blood	182
Father, accept the little gifts	283
He speaketh yet, whose loving words	153
Hush, my soul, thou canst not murmur	61
I heard the voice of Jesus say	173
I know I have eternal life	116
In evil long I took delight	179
In the cross of Christ I glory	214
I've seen the face of Jesus	278
Lord, to our humble prayers attend	132
Loved with everlasting love	90
Mighty God, while angels bless Thee	109
More love to Thee, O Christ	65
My God, in Thee I do rejoice	133
Oh, bliss of the purified	23
Oh, rest in His love	120
Saviour, teach me day by day	237
Sing, Christian, sing	1
Though afar from my Saviour I wandered	7
When peace, like a river	36

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O Love Divine come down from heaven	211
O perfect Love, all human thought	213
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	NO.
A thousand times ten thousand	104
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High on the throne	135
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I am waiting by the river	108
I'm one day nearer Eternity	115
In the morning, in the morning	49
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Rest in the Lord, O servant by His grace	317
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We may part, but ah! the meeting	297
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Be valiant for Jesus	166
Call Him by His name of Jesus	136
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God is love! that anthem olden	64
God is working His purpose out	11
Hark! the swelling breezes	111
Hark the voice of Jesus crying	91
Lord, I know a work is waiting	72
My presence shall go with thee	98
O God, where'er Thy Word is cast	140
Oh, the happy time is coming	89
One by one, oh, seek them gladly	81
Some have crossed the swelling flood	126
Sound the trumpet, go to war	205
Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand	50
The Master comes: He calls for thee	142
What wilt Thou have me to do, Lord?	206
Work, for the Day is coming	101
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Again the morn of gladness	240
Come to the morning prayer	304
Ere each morning breaketh	157
For Thy temple, Lord, we bless Thee	137
Lord, to song attune my heart	234
O hallowed morn of heavenly peace	144
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As thy day thy strength shall be	209
Breast the wave, Christian	127
Come to the morning prayer	304
Come with the load of sorrow	24
Ere each morning breaketh	157
Father, hear my humble pleading	198

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	NO.
For me to live is Christ	190
Gently, Lord, oh gently lead us	178
God is love! His mercy brightens	9
God's dealings are so wonderful	161
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah	80
He cheers me with His presence	14
How shall we climb the hill of God	122
If we knew the One who lingers	35
I have a Friend so precious	25
I need Thee, precious Jesu	189
I was wandering, sad and weary	228
I'm walking in the shadow	155
In the cross of Christ I glory	214
Is thy spirit wounded	139
Jesus is my Guiding Star	13
Jesus is the same for ever	176
Jesus, take my hand and lead me	55
Keep your light shining for Jesus	3
Let the golden gates be opened	332
Lo, I am with you always	183
Lo! the voice of Jesus	171
Lord, give me sight	162
Loving the Saviour every day	56
O gracious Shepherd, bind us	226
O Jesus, ever-present Friend	154
O Jesus, Friend unfailing	118
Oh, take my hand, Lord Jesus	177
Saviour, by Thy love constraining	221
Sing, Christian, sing	1
Tell everything to Jesus	33
The crimson blush of morning glows	277
There is no friend like Jesus	60
Thou hast called me, loving Saviour	124
Through the day Thy love	88
Walk in the light, so shalt thou know	175
Was there ever such a Shepherd	45
We may part, but ah! the meeting	297
We would see Jesus	151
What wilt Thou have me to do, Lord?	206
When peace, like a river	36
When the storm of life is raging	217
When the toil is ended	329

PRaise AND ADORATION.	
All glory to Jesus be given	70
A thousand times ten thousand	104
Call Him by His name of Jesus	136
Cleansed in our Saviour's precious blood	182
Come, ye people, praises sing	236
Earth with a thousand voices	63
Father, accept the little gifts	283
Fill Thou my life, O Lord my God	117
For the beauty of the earth	121
Glorious from the field of strife	293
God is love! His mercy brightens	9
God is love! that anthem olden	64
God's dealings are so wonderful	161
Great Son of God, supremely brave	73
Hark, hark, the song which angels	229
He could not love me better	279
He watcheth thee: thy Shepherd true	169
High on the throne	135
How vast, how full, how free	230
I cannot breathe enough of Thee	282
I know I have eternal life	116
I've seen the face of Jesus	278
If I could talk till the day was done	336
In the cross of Christ I glory	214
Jehovah is our strength	193

PRAISE AND ADORATION—*contd.*

NO.

Jesus, I am resting, resting	53
Jesus is the same for ever	176
Jesu, who from Thy Father's throne	160
Join all the glorious names	172
Look, ye saints	39
Lord God, in Thee confiding	42
Loved with everlasting love	90
Loving the Saviour every day	56
Mighty God, while angels bless Thee	109
My God, in Thee I do rejoice	133
O Light that knew no dawn	158
O Love Divine, how sweet Thou art	128
Oh, bliss of the purified	23
Oh, give thanks to Him who made	130
Oh the wondrous love of Jesus	40
Oh, what a wondrous Saviour	27
Onward, Christian soldiers	69
See, oh see, what love the Father	210
See the King of kings ascending	285
Sing, Christian, sing	1
Singing for Jesus, our Saviour and King	125
The roseate hues of early dawn	168
There is no darkness where Thou art	307
There is no friend like Jesus	60
Thou art my portion, saith my soul	241
'Tis the Church triumphant singing	106
Upward and onward	95
What things were gain to me	196
When all Thy mercies, O my God	159
Where is the sweetest music	43

PRAYER.

As thy day thy strength shall be	209
Be ready in the morning	303
Call Him by His name of "Jesus"	136
Come and help me	201
Come, Holy Spirit, come	96
Come to the morning prayer	304
Dissatisfied with earthly joy	287
Ere each morning breaketh	157
Fill Thou my life, O Lord my God	117
Father, accept the little gifts	283
Father, hear my humble pleading	198
Father, I come to Thee; I dare not tread	295
For Thy temple, Lord, we bless Thee	137
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